INDICATIONS.

GENERALLY FAIR TONIGHT AND SUNDAY; WARMER TONIGHT.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS—ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.

A SUGGESTION.

MEN WERE BORN FOR THE SAKE OF MEN, THAT EACH SHOULD ASSIST THE OTHERS.

ESTABLISHED 1833. SATURDAY EVENING, [illegible] AUGUST 20, 1910. 28 PAGES—5 CENTS.

AVIATOR FALLS THOUSAND FEET

Lieutenant Vivaldi's Body is Crushed to Unrecognizable Mass.

OFFICER'S MACHINE DASHES TO EARTH

Moissant Finds Air Current Too Strong for His Early Start.

Rome, Aug. 20.—Lieut. Vivaldi, of the Italian army, was killed this morning by a fall from his aeroplane. He had made a trip in the morning hours from the military aviation field at Centocelle to Cittavecchia, on the Mediterranean sea, thirty-eight miles from Rome, and was returning to Rome when the accident happened. A few miles outside of Rome, for some unexplained reason, the machine dashed to earth.

Lieut. Vivaldi had just returned from Chalons-sur-Marne, France, where he had taken up aviation. He used a Farman biplane. He started from Centocelle this morning accompanied by Lieut. Savolain in another aeroplane, but the later was unable to keep pace with him and returned to Rome before reaching Cittavecchia.

At the time of the accident the aeroplane was maintaining a height of 1,000 feet and the body of Vivaldi was crushed to an unrecognizable mass by the fall.

AIR CURRENT TOO STRONG.

Moissant Is Compelled to Await Better Conditions.

Chatham, Eng., Aug. 20.—John Moissant ascended this morning on the last leg of his flight to London. A strong wind was blowing. Moissant made a circle of three miles towards Medway and was then compelled by the strong air current encountered aloft to descend. He announced that he found the wind too strong and would not be able to make a new start for several hours.

He also had trouble with his apparatus and after his descent was obliged to take the machinery of his monoplane to pieces in order to clean certain valves. Part of the engine was brought to the workshop of the Royal Engineers here for repairs.

The wind later became so boisterous it is doubtful if he will be able to start on the last twenty-five miles of his journey today. The flight, if at all possible, can be made only toward evening.

IN NAVAL WARFARE.

French Minister of Marine Sees Importance of Aeroplane.

Paris, Aug. 20.—Admiral De Lapeyrere, the French minister of marine,

[Continued on Page Two.]

STEWART WILL NOT ARBITRATE IN STRIKE

Columbus Council Adopts Some Retaliatory Measures.

Columbus, O., Aug. 20.—General Manager E. K. Stewart, of the street railway company, denied that he will arbitrate the strike of the union carmen. The First regiment Ohio national guard, of Cincinnati, on strike duty here, was ordered to move from the state house grounds to the grounds of the state school for the deaf and dumb. The regiment may be sent home Monday.

As a retaliatory move toward the Columbus Railway and Light company, which refused to arbitrate the strike, the city council last night took steps toward equipping the municipal light plant for the purpose of selling electric current for commercial light and power usage. A committee will be appointed to ascertain the cost of enlarging the plant and to present resolutions providing bond issue.

Although the council for months has been opposing Mayor Marshall in all his proposals for municipal reforms, the members adopted resolutions commending him for his attitude during the strike.

Council Takes Reef.

The council went back on its threat of last week that it would not make appropriations for additional expense of police maintenance until both parties to the strike should agree to arbitrate. While it did not appropriate $25,000, as sought by the administration, it bound itself to pay additional bills when contracted. Resolutions were approved commending the union for its willingness to arbitrate and denouncing the company for its refusal.

A reward of $500 was authorized for the capture and conviction of John F. Brady, the leader of the company's new men, who is wanted on warrants charging him with shooting two women and a child. This increases the reward for Brady to $1,500. City Solicitor Weinland let it be known that he would not bring a suit requested by the union's attorney to have the management of the company placed in the hands of an officer of the court.

CALIFORNIA IS ALL INSURGENT

Stand-pat Republicans Have Been Given Beautiful Licking There.

BUT FEW OFFICES STILL IN DOUBT

Friends of Mr. Folk Plan Active Organization in New England.

San Francisco, Aug. 20.—With the continuing today of the official canvass and the receiving of late returns from remote districts indications are that the Lincoln-Roosevelt league, the champion of insurgency in California, elected its entire ticket at Tuesday's primary election. The offices still in doubt are those of lieutenant governor, secretary of state, printer and clerk of the supreme court.

In the contest on the advisory vote in legislative districts for United States senator late returns indicate a slight plurality for John D. Works. Supporters of Albert G. Spalding claim the indorsement for their candidate, declaring he has captured 53 out of the 100 districts, which would oblige his party representatives in the legislature to vote for him regardless of Work's plurality of votes.

Republican leaders throughout the state are making determined efforts to prevent a desertion to the ranks of Bell, the democratic candidate for governor and campaign managers for Curry, Ellery and Stanton had enrolled themselves in Johnson's cause.

MEETING AT PLYMOUTH.

Thirteenth District Democrats Perfect Working Organization.

Plymouth, Ind., Aug. 20.—In response to a call by District Chairman Kruyer, democrats of the thirteenth district met in this city today to outline plans and effect a working organization. State Chairman Jackson was present and in his address urged a thorough and compact organization throughout the district. He said the work from now on depended on the precinct committeemen. Myron King, secretary of the state committee, made a brief address, and was followed by Lew Ellingham, Andrew Adams, Charles Cox and Congressman Barnhart.

FOLK FORCES ORGANIZE.

Will Seek Missourian's Nomination for President.

Saratoga, N. Y., Aug. 20.—At a conference of democrats favoring the candidacy of former Governor Joseph W. Folk, of Missouri, for the democratic nomination for president held here today it was decided to organize Folk progressive democratic leagues in the

[Continued on Page Two.]

THEY VISITED TAFT AND ATTORNEY GENERAL

Yet Were Retained Only to Advise McMurray on "Legal Matters."

Sulphur, Okla., Aug. 20.—Former Senator Chester L. Long, of Kansas, and former Senator John M. Thurston, of Nebraska, are connected with the so-called McMurray contracts only because they were counsel for J. F. McMurray, according to his testimony before the congressional committee investigating Indian land deals today. Mr. McMurray seeks by the contracts to sell $30,000,000 worth of Indian lands in this state on a ten per cent. contingent fee.

In endeavoring to secure approval of the contracts the witness said Mr. Long had called on President Taft and Mr. Thurston had called on Attorney General Wickersham. Asked to explain exactly what the former senators were employed by him to do, McMurray said they were to advise him on legal matters.

Saunders a Doubter.

"You don't call visiting the president and visiting the attorney general, advising you on legal matters, do you?" Representative Saunders asked. McMurray declared the visits were made in relation to legal phases. It previously had been shown that President Taft at such visits had expressed disapproval of the ten per cent. on the ground that it was too high. The witness denied the former senators had been employed to lobby. McMurray was compelled to be in Washington to seek approval of his contracts and he selected the former senators as counsel because he believed they were qualified to assist him.

Questioned about Cecil A. Lyon, national republican committeeman of Texas, the witness said certain indictments were pending against the McMurray law firm in connection with the $750,000 paid in 1905 in the citizenship cases.

Mr. Lyon had been convinced the indictments were not well founded and used his influence at Washington to have an investigation. The investigation resulted in the dismissal of the indictments. Mr. Lyon is not interested in the present contracts, witness said.

Scene in Columbus, O., Street Car Strike, Mayor Marshall and General Manager Stewart, Who Will Not Arbitrate Differences.

CAR F. BECK
WRECKED CAR NEAR COURT-HOUSE, COLUMBUS; ALL WINDOWS WERE BROKEN BY MOB
GEO. S. MARSHALL MAYOR OF COLUMBUS, O.
E. K. STEWART GENERAL MANAGER COLUMBUS RAILWAY AND LIGHT CO.

STARVED SELVES TO AWAIT END OF WORLD

Fast of Queer New Sect at Los Angeles Interrupted by Police.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 20—Lying on pallets too weak to move, detectives found today in an arroyo bungalow, four members of a queer new sect who were deliverately starving themselves to death in anticipation of the end of the world. There were two men, a woman and a girl sixteen years old.

They had not touched a morsel of food for six weeks and for the last ten days had not stirred from their couches on the floor of a room that had not been aired since the long fast began. Last night the officers forced them to take their first nourishment—a pint of milk divided among the four. John Irving O'Neill, one of the four, said he was the leader of the sect which he called Disciples of the Holy Ghost With the Gift of Tongues, and invited the curses of heaven down on those who compelled him to break the fast.

"The appearance of the comet was the sign or the end of the world," he said. "We were starving because fasting will gain us heaven and there is no better way of getting to heaven than starving to death."

His companions, Mrs. Nellie E. Doyle, aged 40, and James E. Butler, an old man, declared that they had willingly entered the death fast, but the girl, Alice Priffon, according to the detectives, said she had been forced to starve and that she was quite willing to live.

The three adults were not taken into custody, but it was announced that the girl would be placed in care of the juvenile court.

SEES HARPOON WIN CUP THAT BEARS HIS NAME

President Taft Witnesses American Victory in Final Race.

Marblehead, Mass., Aug. 20.—President Taft saw the American Sonder yacht, Harpoon, owned and sailed by C. F. Adams II, win the cup that bears the name of the chief magistrate in the fourth race against the Spanish challengers today. The Beaver, owned and sailed by C. H. W. Foster, was second and the Cima, Guy Lowell's entry, was third.

The Spaniards were beaten worse today than in any of the three races. The Chonta, the leading craft of the visitors, was more than two miles astern when the Harpoon crossed the finish line, with the Papoose fifth. The Mosquito II. which outer mark 2½ miles from the finish outer mark 2½ miles fro mthe finish line, only a minute before the Harpoon was saluted as the winner.

The race was sailed in a good whole sail easterly breeze and the yachts were sent twice over a course, giving a 2½ miles beat to windward and return.

ABOARD SHIP AGAIN ON WAY BACK TO ENGLAND

Crippen and Miss Leneve Hurried Away from Quebec Jail.

Quebec, Aug. 20.—Dr. Hawley Harvey Crippen and Miss Ethel Clare Leneve are again aboard ship, this time on the return journey to England. They are aboard the Megantic, due at Liverpool a week from today.

Great secrecy was observed in removing the prisoners from the provincial jail here, as it was desired to avoid attention. They were driven from the jail in two separate hacks. Inspector Dew and Sergeant Mitchell were with Crippen in one and the two Holloway jail wardresses with Miss Leneve in the other. Another hack followed containing local police officers and a representative of the White Star line owners of the Megantic. All three drove to the dock where the party boarded a ferry boat for Lewis, across the St. Lawrence. They were transferred to a tug which started full speed up the river. Meanwhile wireless orders had been sent to the captain of the Megantic to slow up between Silloy and Cape Rouge to permit the party to go aboard. The transfer to the steamer occurred shortly after 11 o'clock in midstream. The prisoners were put in separate cabins where they will be kept out of sight while the Megantic is at the wharf here.

STEARNS CAR LOOKS LIKE WINNER IN 24-HOUR RACE

Only Accident in Contest So Far Comes to Marion Auto.

Brighton Beach, N. Y., Aug. 20.—With a lead of 57 miles at the end of the sixteenth hour and swinging along at a mile a minute gait, the Stearns car driven by Bashke and Poole, appeared to have the 24-hour race, ending at 8:30 tonight virtually won. Since the beginning of the race, the Stearns car has steadily increased its lead.

The only accident occurred early today when the Marion car crossed through a fence and injured its driver, Wally Owen, and the mechanician, Williams. Owen suffered severe contusions and Williams was knocked unconscious. Faulty steering gear is believed to be the cause of the accident.

Morning and Noon Scores.

The 7:30 a. m. or eleventh hour score: Stearns, 575 miles; Matheson, 540 miles; Marion, 491 miles; Cole, 425 miles; Houpt-Rockwell, 383 miles, Midland, 323 miles. Five miles ahead of record.

The 12:30 o'clock score: Stearns, 838 miles; Matheson, 781; Cole 670; Houpt-Rockwell, 626; Midland, 501.

MARRIAGE LICENSE.

George F. Crowe, 30, clerk, and Bessie M. Miller, 30.

STATES SHARE WELL IN FUNDS FOR MILITIA

Indiana Get Above $25,000 from Government for Supplies.

Washington, Aug. 20.—Every state and territory in the union with the single exception of Nevada, which is without a militia, gets a portion of the federal appropriation for the purchase of supplies and ammunition for the organized militia during the present fiscal year in the first allotment of the $1,600,000 fund. The war department has reserved about $400,000 of the fund for emergency.

According to the allotment, which was made according to the enlisted strength of the organized militia in the various states, five states get more than $50,000 each. Of these New York leads with $206,000, Pennsylvania with $140,000, Illinois with $84,000, Massachusetts with $78,000, Ohio with $73,000 and New Jersey with $54,000.

Of the others, Alabama, California, Connecticut, Georgia, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennesse, Virginia and Wisconsin each gets more than $25,000. Utah ends the list with only $4,778, while Delaware, Hawaii, Idaho, North Dakota and Wyoming are the only others to get less than $10,000. The department also has alloted $2,000,000 to the states and territories, on a basis of representation in congress, for arms, equipment, camp purposes and promotion of rifle practice in the militia organizations.

BOXER DIES AFTER BOUT; OPPONENT IN JAIL

Frederick Castor, of Philadelphia, Succumbs to His Injuries.

Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 20.—Another death was added today to the list of fatal boxing bouts in this city, when Frederick Castor, twenty years old, died in a hospital after participating in the six round bout last night at the Frankford Athletic club with Frank ("Spike") Sullivan, of this city.

Sullivan has been committed to the county prison to await the action of the coroner. The managers of the club, promoters of the bout, and seconds of the two principals, nine in all, were held in bail as witnesses.

THE WEATHER.

Washington, Aug. 20.—Forecast for Illinois: Partly cloudy tonight and Sunday.

Indiana: Generally fair tonight and Sunday; warmer tonight; moderate south and southwest winds.

Ohio: Generally fair tonight and Sunday; warmer tonight; moderate south winds.

Lower Michigan: Showers in west portion this afternoon; partly cloudy tonight and Sunday; warmer tonight; moderate south and southwest winds.

ROOSEVELT IN AN EMPHATIC DENIAL

Hasn't Sent Ultimatum to Taft Demanding Break With Sherman.

DECLARES RUMOR ENTIRELY FALSE

Sherman May Step Aside for Roosevelt in State Convention.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 20.—Theodore Roosevelt denied emphatically today that he had sent an ultimatum to President Taft demanding that the president break with Vice President Sherman.

Colonel Roosevelt's attention was called to a report to the effect that Lloyd Griscom, chairman of the republican committee, was to go to the summer capital next week to "carry the terms of peace between Beverly and Sagamore Hill." The report had it that Mr. Sherman was chiefly responsible for the action of the state committee in refusing to select Colonel Roosevelt as temporary chairman of the New York state republican convention and in recommending the vice president instead.

"I have sent no ultimatum to President Taft," Colonel Roosevelt said. "The report is a tissue of falsehood from beginning to end and has no warrant in fact."

The colonel added that he had not sent Mr. Griscom or any one else to Beverly on a mission. He made it clear that he had no intention of doing so and recognized no situation which could call for such a step.

SHERMAN MAY STEP ASIDE.

Vice President Likely to Leave Way Clear for Roosevelt.

New York, Aug. 20.—Republican leaders here today heard the report that Vice President James S. Sherman might announce, in the interest of harmony, that he did not fully understand the position in which he was placed when he let his name go before the state committee for temporary chairman of the state convention, and that he would retire in order that Colonel Roosevelt might have the unanimous vote of the committee for the temporary chairmanship.

THREE INJURED IN CRASH ON AUTO COURSE

Farmers Near Crown Point Hear Victim's Cries and Release Them.

Hammond, Ind., Aug. 20.—Three people were badly injured in an automobile accident at a curve on the Cobec race course last night, between Cedar Lake and Crownpoint. Charles Straight, of Cedar Lake, received internal injuries and a woman companion, whose name the police did not obtain, received serious bodily injuries. J. R. Nelson, the chauffeur, was injured in leaping from the machine.

The car was speeding around a curve when something went wrong. It was overturned and two of the occupants were pinned beneath the wreckage. Farmers attracted by the cries of the victims released them and they were conveyed to Cedar Lake.

DENY ANY ATTEMPT TO HAMPER MR. BINGHAM

Charge of Indiana Attorney General Resented in Washington.

Washington, Aug. 20.—Officials of the department of agriculture today denied the charge made yesterday by Attorney General Bingham, of Indiana, that the department was trying to hamper him in getting the testimony of experts in the benzoate of soda case brought against Indiana manufacturers of condiments.

The action of the department in compelling the Indiana officials to go into court in order to secure the testimony of government experts, was prompted, according to department officials, by the desire to have the courts definitely settle to what extent outside parties had a right to demand the testimony of government witnesses. Dr. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry, continued on the stand today and explained in detail the experiences of his famous "poison squad."

Judge and Mrs. W. B. Skelton have moved their residence to 934 East Wayne street.

NEW WOE COMING FOR BEEF BARONS

Grand Jury is Expected to Indict Individual Officers.

WILL THEN REACH HEART OF PROBLEM

Government Has Acted Only as Against Corporations Up to Present.

Chicago, Aug. 20.—It is expected that the federal grand jury which has been investigating the methods of the so-called "beef trust" for more than a month will attack what the government considers the heart of the problem by returning indictments against the individual officers of the big packing companies.

Hitherto the long war of the federal authorities has been directed against the corporations as corporations. They have been enjoined from fixing prices by agreement. Recently the National Packing company and its subsidiary concerns were indicted, but Judge Landis declared the indictment faulty.

The present investigation followed. By the end of next week it is believed that the inquisitorial body will report results.

LOWER EXPRESS RATES.

Illinois Board Will Order It; Companies Will Ignore Order.

Springfield, Ill., Aug. 20.—As the result of the several hearings which have been held in Chicago regarding express rates in the state the state board of railroad and warehouse commissioners has decided to order a reduction of approximately 10 cents per 100 pounds between Illinois points to go into effect Oct. 1. The express companies will ignore the order as they claim that the legislature has never given the state board of railroad and warehouse commission the power to regulate freight rates and the matter will be fought out in the courts. It is expected the supreme court will hand down a decision before the general assembly adjourns at its next session.

CONFIDENCE IN THE BELL AVIATION CAMP

Everybody Certain That the Machine Will be a Success.

Confidence was supreme in the Bell aviation camp at the Marshall Dupont farm and the inventor and all his assistants were cock sure that the big monoplane that had just been completed would respond when the time arrives for a trial flight.

Inadvertently The Sentinel was made the victim of a joke yesterday afternoon and stated that there had been a successful ascension and flight. Arrangements had been made to keep close tab on the camp and one of the farmers of the vicinity gave out the information that the big machine had disappeared over the tops of some trees near the lot in which it was erected.

The Sentinel's informant was perfectly honest in telling of the event, but this morning Mr. Bell and all of his corps denied that as much as a trial had been made. He was waiting then for better weather and said he might try this afternoon. The rain of Thursday warped some of the woodwork, but this has all been remedied and the machine looked to be like a big bird just ready to mount the air.

Farm duties in the neighborhood have been neglected for the last few days and the farmers and their wives have had their eyes glued on the white spot in the Dupont field looking for it to rise. One thrifty housewife stated this morning she was awfully behind with her work because she watched the flying machine all day yesterday.

Curiosity is not confined to the farmers. Automobiles laden with curious town folks have been at the farm and so determined was one party to inspect the machine that its members arrived about 2 o'clock this morning. There was a woman in the machine and she spread her skirts over a sign forbidding anyone to enter so that the men could not see it. They were not discovered until they were leaving.

This morning arrangements were made to get the side walls of a tent to hide the machinery from the gaze of the unbidden guests. This will be erected and kept up at night.

When the machine goes up it will carry two people. One will take care of the engine and the other will do the steering. This will be of great service in the matter of avoiding accidents, as with only one man in control of the machinery there is too much for him to do.

TENDERED TO DR. ALEY.

Indiana Man Offered Presidency of University of Maine.

Portland, Me., Aug. 20.—The presidency of the University of Maine was tendered to Dr. Robert J. Aley, of Indianapolis, state superintendent of instruction, by a vote of the trustees at a special meeting in this city today. The resignation of President George Emery Fellows, tendered last June, goes into effect September 1.

JUSTICE MOODY MAY NOT AGAIN BE ON BENCH

Supreme Court Jurist Very Ill and Retirement Seems Certain.

Magnolia, Mass., Aug. 20.—There appears not the slightest chance that Justice Moody, of the supreme court of the United States, who has a cottage here for the summer, will be able to resume his seat. Friends who have seen him recently report that he is forced to lie upon air cushions and be wheeled to the porch, where he gets fresh air on pleasant days. It is difficult for him to move his head, and he is scarcely able to use his arm to take a cigarette from his mouth. He will undoubtedly retire before the next session of congress.

Justice Moody has been ill for about two years. When first attacked by rheumatism it was confidently predicted that he would soon be able to resume his duties on the supreme bench. He rallied at times, but relapses always come speedily, and for months past there has been little hope of his ever regaining his health.

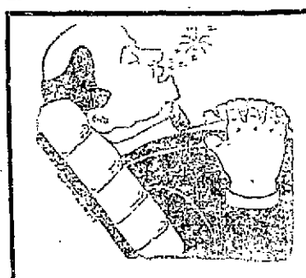
Justice Moody assumed his seat on the supreme bench Dec. 17, 1906. He was born in Newberry, Mass., in 1853, and attended Phillips, Andover and Harvard. He was admitted to the bar in 1878 and was district attorney for the eastern district of Massachusetts from 1890 to 1895. Mr. Moody was elected to congress in 1895 and served three terms. He was later attorney general and secretary of the navy.

SAY MATCH CO. IS BANKRUPT.

Petitioners in Federal Court Ask Receiver for Elkhart Concern.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 20.—Asking that the Star Match company, of Elkhart, Ind., be adjudged bankrupt, C. W. Hocker, C. W. Hocker & Co. and the Elkhart Realty company, of Elkhart yesterday filed a petition with Noble C. Butler, clerk of the United States district court. It is alleged the company's debts aggregate $10,000. Another petition, filed simultaneously, asks for the appointment of a receiver for the concern, which, it is alleged, is insolvent. It is stated Judge Van Fleet, of the Elkhart superior court appointed Walter Brown receiver for the company Aug. 10 and he has advertised a sale of the company's property for Aug. 22. It is said in the petition that the property will be disposed of in a manner which will not be to the best interests of all concerned and it is asked that a receiver be appointed in the federal court without notifying the estate.

We are selling $1.00 Sea Island Balbriggan Underwear for 50c a garment or $1.00 a suit. This is just half price. We still have about thirty dozen. They won't last long.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.



REST FOR TIRED EYES

Can be had in many ways. When you're tired of doing without, disgusted with hit-or-miss glasses, let us suggest

MEIGS' GLASSES

TRULY RESTFUL in every way and for your satisfaction we guarantee them.

EYES EXAMINED WITHOUT CHARGE.

MEIGS
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
LYRIC THEATER BUILDING
1012 CALHOUN ST.

KILLED INSTANTLY WHEN HIT BY AN INTERURBAN

Dennis Brophy Victim of a Fatality Seven Miles West of City.

Failing to get out of the way of a Fort Wayne and Wabash Valley interurban car which he had flagged, Dennis Brophy, aged 40 years, a well-known machinist residing at 1023 Wallace street, was instantly killed at the Ellison crossing, seven miles west of the city, about 10:30 o'clock Friday night.

According to the motorman of the car, W. H. Bruce, Brophy flagged the interurban when it was about 200 feet distant. Bruce says he shut off the power instantly, but was going at a good speed when he hit Brophy. The latter was hurled many feet to the side of the track, and after being picked up by the crew and brought to the Getz & Cahill morgue, it was found that the side of the head and the forehead were terribly crushed and that the left arm had been broken in three places.

Brophy was a member of Machinists' union No. 79, having formerly been employed at the Western Gas Construction company's plant but more recently in the Pennsylvania shops.

The dead man's parents reside in Elkhart and the father, Dennis Brophy, and a brother, of Chicago, are now on their way to this city. There are also two children surviving—Marie and Evelyn, who live with their mother on the Ellison farm.

CALIFORNIA IS ALL INSURGENT

[Continued from Page One.]

New England states, New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania and Delaware. President L. Sanders of the Missouri Democratic league said it was deemed inadvisable to attempt such an organization in New York out of respect to Mayor Gaynor.

DAHLMAN WILL HAVE 1,000.

Shallenberger Has Not Yet Admitted Defeat in Nebraska.

Omaha, Neb., Aug. 20.—Although Governor Shallenberger has not as yet conceded his defeat for the democratic nomination head of the state ticket, a telegram was received here last night from one of his campaign managers, Chris Gruenther, vice chairman of the democratic state committee, giving up the fight. Mayor Dahlman's majority has been considerably reduced from first estimates, but will apparently be not far from 1,000 votes.

Complete returns from fifty-one counties give Congressman Hitchcock, for United States senator on the democratic ticket, a two-to-one majority over both his opponents and more than three times the vote of his nearest competitor, Richard L. Metcalfe.

Late returns from the republican primaries increases the lead of Aldrich over Cady for governor. With but 300 precincts to hear from Aldrich's lead is more than 3,000.

J. B. HARPER TOASTMASTER.

Former President of Methodist College Also to Attend Reunion.

Probably two hundred former students and instructors of the old Methodist college will partake in the reunion at Winona Lake next Thursday. Dr. M. F. Yocum, former president of the college, but now of Florida, will be present at the reunion.

The toastmaster at the banquet during the day will be Hon. J. B. Harper, of this city. Responses will be made by a number of people, among whom will be Dr. C. B. Stemen, Rev. J. A. Beattr, Rev. Chester Church, of this city, and Mrs. Joseph Walmer, of Bluffton.

The president of the alumni association of the college is Mrs. Florence Cartright, of Payne, O., and the secretary is S. A. Guy, of Etna Green, Ind., who asks to be informed by all who intend joining in the reunion.

Mrs. Gottlieb Haller, of West DeWald street, who is spending the summer at the Haller cottage, Rome City, suffered a stroke of paralysis early in the week and is still seriously ill. Mr. Haller returned from the resort last evening and reports that his wife is more comfortable and is showing some improvement.

Named by the Insurgents for Governor of California

HIRAM W. JOHNSON.

ADDITIONAL SOCIETY

Mrs. Edith Andrews is going to Cleveland tomorrow to be present at the birthday anniversary of her little granddaughter and from there will go to Mackinac island on a trip.

Miss Rebecca Gale, of Cleveland, is visiting her uncle, L. P. Hulburd, and family, of Columbia avenue.

Mrs. J. H. Harber, of 1115 Fulton street, returned yesterday from a two weeks' trip to Chicago, Milwaukee and South Haven.

Miss Edith Brush, of Hicksville, O., is the guest of Mrs. Van Avery and sister, Miss Dorothy Stewart, of Cass street.

Mrs. Frank Challenger, of Lakeside, has gone to Mackinac island for a few days' outing.

Mrs. Will Schaver, of Logansport, and her two sons, Paul and George, are spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. Rietz, of 626 West DeWald street.

Mr. and Mrs. Newell Ransom have been at Lake George for a week and will remain several days longer.

Mrs. Peter Certia and daughter, Evelyn, will leave tomorrow morning for Cedar Point and Sandusky, Ohio, for a fortnight's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wischart are in Newcastle for a two weeks' visit. They made the trip by motor.

Mrs. William Kehoe, of Columbia avenue, has gone to New York city to spend a month with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. M. V. B. Archbold have as their guest Mr. Archbold's mother from Decatur.

Mrs. N. C. Coverdale and children, of Marion, Ark., arrived in the city last evening to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hughes, of Columbia avenue, for several weeks.

A party of young men were pleasantly entertained at the home of Miss Edith Robison, 811 East Jefferson street last evening, in honor of Arthur Lepper. The party was a surprise to Mr. Lepper, who will leave the city tomorrow morning. The entertainment of the evening was progressive pedro, the prizes going to Albert Lepper and Arthur Lepper. The other guests were Clarence Koehlinger, Claude J. Lemon, Harry Kaiser, Cloyd A. Morrison, Joseph Meyers, Herschel Keller, Abram Jones, John Spokane, Harry Limbaugh, William Robison and Walter Haskell. After the games a delicious luncheon was served.

COLLISION IN TOLEDO.

Ann Arbor Train Accident; Passengers in Panic.

Toledo, O., Aug. 20.—Two men slightly hurt, a train load of passengers from Frankfort, Mich., badly frightened and shaken up, a baggage and three freight cars demolished, are the results of a collision which occurred at 6:30 this morning when Ann Arbor train No. 40 ran into the rear end of a freight train standing on the southbound Lake Shore tracks south of Dorr street and near Belmont avenue, this city. Misinterpretation of orders is given as the cause.

SOUTHERN CITY GROWS.

Big Population Gain is Made by Atlanta, Ga.

Washington, Aug. 20.—The population of Atlanta, Ga., is 154,839, an increase of 64,967, or 72.3 per cent. as compared with 89,872 in 1900.

The population of Waterbury, Conn., is 73,141, an increase of 27,282, or 59.5 per cent as compared with 45,859 in 1900.

The population of Detroit, Mich., is 465,766, an increase of 180,062, or 63 per cent. as compared with 285,704 in 1900.

SERVICE ALL RESTORED.

Western Union Lines Were Cut Off to East and West.

Service on the wires of the Western Union Telegraph company has all been restored, following a mishap Friday which put the lines both east and west out of commission. City workmen doing excavating work in connection with track elevation cut into a conduit and before it could be closed, rain had seeped in and burned out the wires. A big force of repairmen was immediately put to work and they finished their duties this afternoon.

THINKS IT'S A GUSHER.

Oil Well Will Be Shot Monday on the Houk Farm.

Attorney Amos E. Houk was advised today that oil had been struck on the farm of his father, Samuel Houk, south of Hoagland and that the well which promises to be a gusher will be shot some time Monday morning.

It has been necessary to bale out the oil five times during the drilling which has been going on for four weeks and in addition to oil there is a prospect of gas.

BIG INCENDIARY FIRE.

Uniontown, Pa., Aug. 20.—Fire believed to have been of incendiary origin, is razing today in the McFarland Lumber company's plant on Indian creek, fourteen miles from this place. The loss will total $250,000, according to the mill owners. Connellsville and Uniontown have sent fire fighting apparatus. Oil had been sprinkled on the dry timber.

MOST POWERFUL SEA FIGHTER AFLOAT IS LAUNCHED

The Orion, England's New Battleship, in Class by Herself.

Portsmouth, Aug. 20.—The Orion, Great Britain's newest and greatest battleship, was launched here today in the presence of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria of Spain and a distinguished gathering of naval officers and representatives from public life.

Compared with the armored cruiser Lion of 26,350 tons, just launched, the Orion will displace only 22,500 tons, but her ten 13.5-inch guns and her new, deadly equipment of torpedoes render her by far the most powerful battleship afloat.

The torpedo to be carried by the Orion weighs nearly a ton and its range will exceed 17,000 yards at a speed of forty knots. The torpedo carries a charge of guncotton weighing 250 pounds. The Orion will have a speed of 21 knots and will carry 4,000 tons of fuel, giving her an unusually wide radius of action.

BURIAL AT FASTWELLOW.

Remains of Florence Nightingale Consigned to Earth.

London, Aug. 20.—Florence Nightingale, the "angel of the Crimea," who died Aug. 13 at her London home, was buried this afternoon beside the bodies of her father and mother in the church yard of the little Hampshire village of Fastwellow. In accordance with her oft expressed wishes for a simple private funeral, the ceremony was of the quietest nature, the only feature reminding her of her great services to the army and the nation being the presence of a squad of the Grenadier guards who acted as bearers.

Public tribute was paid at a memorial service at noon at St. Paul's Cathedral at which King George, Queen Mary, the Queen Mother Alexandra, the war office and admiralty and the greater part of the British public bodies and colonies were represented. The United States ambassador, Whitelaw and Mrs. Reid, were present.

ADVANCE MURDER THEORY.

Officers Believe Kansas Girl Slain by Insane Man.

Abilene, Kan., Aug. 20.—Officers investigating the strange case of Miss Bertha Benignus, the telephone operator found smothered in her bed here last Sunday on the eve of her wedding, now believe the girl may have been murdered by an insane man.

Several natives of Abilene have told of the peculiar actions of a man who for weeks before her death was often seen late at night lurking in the shadows of trees along the street. One man told of seeing the stranger hiding behind a tree just across the street from Bertha Benignus' window about midnight the night of the murder. No one has seen the skulker since.

DROPS DEAD IN STREET.

San Francisco, Aug. 20.—W. A. Megill, president of a hardware firm of Chattanooga, Tenn., dropped dead on the street here early today. He had arrived last night. Leaving his hotel early today he had only gone a block when he was overcome.

INFANT SON DIES.

Clarence, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Gust G. Meyers, Swinney avenue, died this afternoon at the age of three days.

Man-Hunt to Find Slayer of Mrs. Umscheid

MR AND MRS JOSEPH UMSCHEID.

New York, Aug. 20.—The man hunt in the swampland near North Bergen, N. J., for Herbert Pond, the slayer of Mrs. Joseph Umscheid, in whose home he was a boarder, continues. The posse is moving under the direction of Captain Leonard Marcy and Sergeant Joseph Connell, and the number of men in the line around the lowlands is so large that escape is impossible.

Captain Marcy says if they are not successful in finding Pond soon the hunted man will either have to come out and surrender or starve to death.

None of the dozen or more policemen who started in the chase have had any sleep. Heavily armed, they have been sent into the marsh land, while the citizen members of the posse have stood guard around the edge of the swamp.

Joseph Umscheid, the husband of the murdered woman, is assisting the posse in the search.

REPORT SHOWS CASH BALANCE IN THE TREASURY

Controller Cutshall Submits Figures to the Board.

City Controller W. S. Cutshall has submitted to the board of public works a report of the financial operations of the municipal lighting plant for the first six months of the year and it shows a balance on hand of more than $82,000. There are no charges made for interest or depreciation but the administration does not think an interest charge against the plant is a fair one. The report follows:

Balance January 1, 1910		$13,570.90
Unredeemed warrants		978.83
Available balance		$12,592.02
RECEIPTS.		
Lamps sold	$ 599.17	
Current	37,214.29	
Steam pump station	3,120.17	
	$40,933.63	40,933.63
Total available and received		$53,525.65
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Fuel	$10,890.12	
Oil	324.66	
Repairs	1,228.54	
Tools, supplies, etc.	1,872.04	
Pay rolls	8,019.52	
Pole rental	.70	
Distributing lines	143.51	
Stationery, postage	121.86	
Total disbursements	$22,600.47	22,600.47
Balance July 31, 1910		$30,925.18
Unredeemed warrants		1,602.98
Balance		$32,528.16

Municipal Notes.

Among the things included in the estimate to be submitted by the board of public works to the city council outlining probable expenses next year is an automobile for the use of the board. The cost is placed at $1,500 and the members say it is badly needed in the matter of inspecting work.

Members of the board have called attention of Trippeer and Son to the fact that public work at the Calhoun street crossing and on Pontiac street is not being pushed and the contractors have consented to rush things along.

By dint of hard work and by putting in a night shift the Fort Wayne and Wabash Valley Traction company expects to have a line under the railroads on Calhoun street by tomorrow morning.

Dr. Eric Crull, secretary of the city health board, will ask the mayor to set a date for a clean-up day when every citizen will be requested to move all the dirt and rubbish out of back yards and alleys.

Mayor Grice says there is great need of better fire protection and he wants more alarm boxes to be put in service. He estimates that about $6,000 will be needed and will probably ask for it.

The removal of the fire plugs from Calhoun street has been practically completed and when the work is finished only two will remain on the thoroughfare. These are absolutely necessary.

SAY DANGER IS PAST.

Physicians Decide Not to Operate on Mayor Gaynor.

New York, Aug. 20.—Mayor Gaynor's condition was excellent today, his physicians said, and the period of danger has now passed. The doctors agree that he will be completely recovered within a short time and he will go to the Adirondacks to complete his recovery. Mayor Gaynor, though, has spoken of going to his home in St. James, L. I., after leaving the hospital. The physicians have practically decided not to operate to remove the bullet.

The following official bulletin was issued this morning on Mayor Gaynor's condition:

"The mayor slept well and ate a hearty breakfast this morning. All symptoms continue favorable and he is practically out of danger.

"ARLITZ,
"STEWART."

DETECTIVE IS SLAIN.

George Gostelli Killed in Fight With Crowd at Oyster Bay.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Aug. 20.—George Gostelli, a New York detective who was well known for his enormous strength, was killed today in a fight with a crowd at the landing of the Seawanhaka Yacht club's boat house. Gostelli had been acting as keeper of the boat house. The keeper had had trouble all summer with a crowd of men who insisted on loitering about the boat house.

Half a dozen of them went to the place last night and Gostelli drove them away. They ret, and in a few minutes, one of them carrying a shotgun. Three shots were fired, two from the detective's revolver and one from the shotgun. Gostelli fell dead on the wharf.

ARE PLANNING A BANQUET.

University of Michigan Men Will Invite President Hutchins Here.

The undergraduates and alumni of the University of Michigan are taking their first steps towards a banquet which it is hoped can be given here in September. Residing in Fort Wayne are over sixty alumni and twenty undergraduates and the arrangements for the affair rest in the hands of the latter. Alumni from surrounding towns will be invited to attend and special invitations are to be sent to several of the Michigan faculty, including President Harry B. Hutchins, who recently succeeded President James B. Angell.

THE CREDITORS PETITION.

Star Match Company of Elkhart Has a Receiver Appointed.

Acting upon a request of the creditors, Referee in Bankruptcy Sol A. Wood this morning appointed Glenn Sawyer, of Elkhart, as receiver for the Star Match company, of the same city. The match plant recently burned down and but $12,000 worth of insurance was carried. It is not thought the firm is thrown into bankruptcy directly on account of the fire, however.

MILLER TRIAL WILL OPEN AT AUBURN MONDAY

About Two Weeks Will be Consumed—News of the Courts.

The second trial of Herman Miller, charged with the murder of Marshal Columbus Croy at Woodburn in June, 1907, convicted and sent to prison for life and granted a new hearing by the Indiana supreme court on the ground that incompetent testimony was introduced against him, will begin on Monday morning at Auburn, a change of venue having been asked for and granted.

Deputy Prosecutor Harry Hilgemann stated today that about two weeks will be necessary to complete the trial and that, while some of the evidence introduced at the first trial has been eliminated by the action of the higher court, enough new will be put in to occupy just as much time as was taken before.

Judge R. K. Erwin, for the defense, stated some time ago that he had a lot of new and valuable evidence and that he is confident of an acquittal. Mayor Jesse Grice, who was sheriff at the time the crime was committed, will be one of the witnesses. Miller has been in the Auburn jail for several weeks.

Will Stay With Mother.

In ruling in the dispute of Minnie Snyder and William Bittsberger over their son, who said that he wanted to stay with his mother and his stepfather, Judge S. L. Morris took into account the wishes of the lad and allowed him to remain in her custody. He relieved the father of the payment of anything toward the support of the lad. His parents were divorced and both have since married.

Want Steel Bridge.

There were a number of citizens of Lakeside and Spy Run before the county commissioners today urging that a steel bridge be built at Tennessee avenue instead of concrete. They do not want an abuttment in the stream for fear of an ice gorge. There were no committees and those who went before the commissioners went as individuals.

Mrs. Davis Wants Her Money.

Proceedings have been entered in the superior court through Barrett and Morris to collect from Leslie B. Davis, formerly connected with a local medical institution, $4,150, and interest due, it is alleged, for the support of his daughter. Mary E. Davis, his former wife, entered the suit in which she cites the fact that he agreed to pay a stipulated monthly sum for the maintenance of the child and that although seven years have elapsed since the decree was entered he has paid only $365. She states he is advertising manager for a medical company in Detroit and gets a good salary.

Property is Divided.

After making a few small bequests to charity, Amelia Ott, whose will was probated today divided her property between Frank, August, Otto, Albert, Ferdinand and Cecelia Ott and Mary Nellesen, her children. The household goods were all bequeathed to Cecelia Ott.

Files Damage Suit.

Edward Boling, one of three painters who fell with a scaffold while the interior of the city hall was being decorated last spring, has filed suit against Gustav Froshang, the contracting painter, asking for $2,000 damages. He says the scaffold was defective and that he broke one of his knee caps in the fall. W. C. and C. J. Ryan filed the suit.

Gets a Decree.

In the superior court Lizzie Springman was granted a divorce from Charles Springman. She charged that her husband cursed and abused her and struck her with his fists.

AVIATOR FALLS THOUSAND FEET

[Continued from Page One.]

has become an enthusiastic convert to the possibilities of the aeroplane in naval warfare, in view of the results attained in the Paris-London flight of Moissant, the great cross-country course just completed by French aviators and other recent achievements in the air.

In a statement today he expressed the wish that the French fleet should take first rank in the world in aerial navigation, as it does now in submarine feats, and proposes the establishment of flotillas of aeroplanes at the French naval base of Cherbourh, Brest, Toulon and Bizerta, Africa, to protect the ports and locate the mines and submarines of a possible enemy.

"For the price of a single cruiser," said the minister, "we may have thousands of aeroplanes. They will be our scouts."

Moissant to Compete.

It is understood that Moissant, the American aviator, now on his way to London, will compete with Latham, Paulhan and Farman for the special Michelin prize of $20,000 for a no-stop flight from Paris to Clermont-Ferrand with a passenger. In many respects this flight is considered far more difficult than previous aeroplane feats, not merely because of the passenger and no-stop stipulations, but because the flight must end on the summit of the Puy-de-Dome, a mountain where the strong and erratic currents will make a landing extremely difficult. The rules provide that the competitor must, upon starting, make a complete circle of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris and completing the twenty-one miles straightaway course and circle the spire of the cathedral at Clermont-Ferrand before landing on the mountain top.

CRUISER BREAKS AWAY.

South Dakota in Collision With Naval Tug Unandwilla.

Vallejo, Cal., The armored cruiser South Dakota, broke fro mits moorings at Mare Island today and drifted down the channel, colliding with the naval tug Unandilla, and coming to a stop in the mud flats. The Unandilla was badly damaged. A hole was stove in her side and her deck sprung. The South Dakota is slightly damaged.

LEAVES FOR MINING CAMP IN OLD MEXICO

E. M. Shutt and Other Fort Wayne Men Have Fine Prospect There.

E. M. Shutt, accompanied by Mrs. Shutt and their daughters, Miss Brilliant Shutt and Mrs. Goldie Shutt Hipkins, and their nephew, Hallie Shutt, left Fort Wayne today for Shutt's mining camp in the state of Durango, Mexico, where Mr. Shutt with a number of other Fort Wayne men, are interested in the mining business.

Mr. Shutt left Fort Wayne in July, 1909, secured the claims, then returned to this city and organized his company. He has made a number of trips to and from the camp, and is now returning with his family to remain on the scene of action until May next.

The camp is forty miles from the nearest railroad point, where the company now has in operation a mill well equipped with modern machinery and a water right of two and one-half miles on the Palomas river, which makes a happy combination of interests. Two shafts already sunk at less than one hundred feet are said to be giving flattering returns since the first of March, when the mill was constructed.

The machinery was made in Chicago and Fort Wayne and was shipped to Mexico in sections. It required three hundred mules to pack or transport the machinery to the camp. A complete lighting plant of Fort Wayne manufacture has been installed and the Deister concentrators are in use by the company. Mr. Shutt says the company has put in lots of hard work and it is being rewarded by most flattering prospects.

Dr. L. L. Gardner, a graduate of a medical school in Baltimore, Md., and for several years house surgeon at the New York Ophthalmic hospital, has come to this city to reside permanently. He has opened offices in rooms Nos. 306-307 Shoaff building and will make eye, ear, nose and throat treatment his specialty.

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WE LEND IT IN ANY AMOUNT UP TO $100
You can borrow what money you need on your household goods, pianos, horses, wagons, fixtures, etc. You can have from one to twelve months time in which to pay it back.
Our contracts are simple and all transactions are clean cut and private.
$1.20 per week for 50 weeks pays a $50.00 loan.
All amounts in proportion.
Reliable Private
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Will show you the full line, $1.00 to $111.00. Pictures finished.
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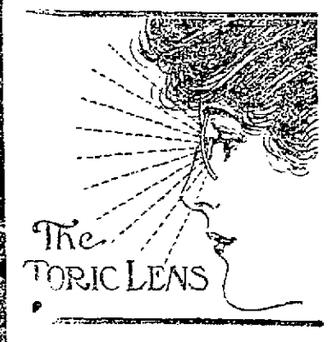

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If you are looking for the greatest degree of COMFORT, SECURITY and STYLE. WHY? Because their construction is SCIENTIFICALLY EXACT. Our large curved lenses are FEATHER WEIGHT and the ROGERS PATENT GUARDS and MOUNTINGS hold WITHOUT THE PINCH.

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Week with the Players

MAJESTIC THEATER

Majestic This Evening—Hugo B. Koch in "The Port of Missing Men." Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, with Friday Matinee—Eugenie Blair in "The Light Eternal." Next Saturday Matinee and Night—"Our New Minister."

"THE PORT OF MISSING MEN."

Meredith Nicholson's New Book Play, With Hugo Koch in the Leading Role, at the Majestic Theater This Evening.

That the majority of theater goers crave, above all things, novelty in theme and treatment, is a fact that every producing manager knows. Mediocrity is the portion of the dramatist who pursues the beaten ways, mediocrity both in financial and artistic results. Meredith Nicholson knew this when he framed his story "The Port of Missing Men," and with one sweep he put himself quite outside the ordinary, the conventional. It is the story of a man who, gaining the knowledge of a plot which threatened the safety and honor of the United States gave up fortune, money, ease to prove to the authorities at Washington, D. C., that he was right, that he was unselfish made of the same stuff as those men who conquered the wilderness and made the words United States a world power. The tremendous thrilling, gripping story has been dramatized by Edward E. Rose and will be presented at the Majestic theater this evening by Managers Rowland and Gaskill with Mr. Hugo B. Koch in the part of John Armitage. Scenically the play is most attractive as the action takes place in Washington, D. C., at the Army and Navy club and among the Virginia mountains. These later scenes have been painted directly from photographs taken in the very localities mentioned in the novel.

Mr. Hugo Koch is well known in this city having been seen here before with a number of high-class attractions. He is one of the foremost leading men on the stage today, and his many local admirers are claiming a rousing reception for him this evening.

MISS EUGENIE BLAIR

Says That Princess Artemia, in "The Light Eternal," is the Most Delightful Dramatic Role She Has Ever Played.

Miss Eugenie Blair, the talented dramatic actress, who will be seen as Princess Artemia in "The Light Eternal," submitted to a newspaper interview that may be of interest.

"I want to ask something original, but for the life of me I don't know what would be an original question for you," said the reporter.

"I'm afraid none of us are original," replied Miss Blair. "We think we are, and pride ourselves on the idea, to find to our chagrin that our originality is as old as the hills."

"Well, then, let me ask: Why are you playing the popular priced theaters after having starred successfully in the higher priced ones?"

"There it is again!—and you started out to be original. I used to receive inquiries as to why I did not abandon such plays as 'Iris,' 'Zaza,' 'The Woman in the Case' and 'Kreutzer Sonata,' and now every one wants to know why I did abandon them. I am playing Princess Artemia in 'The Light Eternal' because it is the most delightful dramatic role I have ever attempted. There is not a single human emotion omitted from the character. I have played other characters because I liked them and the public accepted them, but in this Roman princess I believe I have found a part I would be satisfied to play to the proverbial 'empty benches.' I am not going to tell you that my motto is 'art for art's sake,' for even the theatrical world has its prosaic work-a-day side. While I love my work and glory in the artistic things it stands for, there is also a decided element of commercialism in my make-up, and the present engagement happens to combine the artistic and financial qualities that appeal to me—so why shouldn't I play the popular priced theaters?

"As to the difference between 'Zaza' and 'The Light Eternal' it is only in the story told. The same elements of drama stand out in both plays. Both are vibrant with human interest, and both sweep along to an intense and powerful conclusion. They differ only in the thing portrayed. The law of contrast and the law of variety require that vice be presented in dramatic form to a reasonable extent, and the same law demands plays of the style of 'The Light Eternal.' True enough the latter style is much to be preferred, but were the dramatic diet confined exclusively to either the public would soon become satiated and unresponsive. It is the emotions—love, hate, fear, anger and despair—that go to make any play, and that mould the great world of humanity. Man in conflict with his passions, with the chance of civil and social law, with the right and wrong of circumstances, are the strongest elements of dramatic action. They must be present in every successful play, and the phenomenal vogue of the piece in which I am now appearing is directly traceable to the fact that all these conditions and emotions are beautifully blended into an inspiring and heroic drama."

"My next, and this time truly original query will be: What do you think is the trend of the drama today?" said the interviewer.

"Unfortunately the drama has no mathematical trend, save that of the box office, and that in itself answers the question. What the public wants to see it will pay for. I do not profess to be in touch with the public wants except in a general way, but my experience has shown me that there is a growing demand for the more wholesome drama. Whether there is a corresponding decrease in the patronage of the so-called risque and undesirable plays I cannot say, though such an inference is only natural."

Scene from "The Port of Missing Men," at the Majestic Theater, This Evening.

"OUR NEW MINISTER."

"Our New Minister" is coming to the Majestic August 27. Its a tax on our memory to think of a play that has caught and held the popular fancy that this remarkable comedy has the past nine consecutive years, during which time it has amused many millions of people, and is welcomed back with increased patronage on each successive visit. The life of a really good play is about three years and when we stop to consider that it is over nine seasons ago since we first saw the town constable of Hardscrabble, N. H., and the rest of the interesting folks of that struggling, gossiping community, we wonder wherein lies the charm.

"YOU CANNOT 'SISSIFY' THE AMERICAN BOY," SAYS MAYOR GAYNOR.

The following article appeared in the New York Herald. It is especially appropriate at this time on account of the appearance of the fight pictures at the Majestic Airdome this evening:

"Mayor Gaynor's views on the subject, 'The Municipality and the Child,' are to be published in the September number of the Pictorial Review, advance copies of which became available yesterday. The Mayor said in part: 'The American child may have too much speech in the family circle and too much theoretical education, but it has never had too much attention from the government, national, state or municipal. Take for instance, the problem of the child on the streets. We receive stacks of complaints. Most of the complaints that have come to my office about children have come from childless men and women, but these complaints must not be lightly dealt with. They are signboards pointing to the need of more room for children to grow up in. A lot of pressure has been brought to bear on me concerning the prize-fight pictures. You cannot 'sissify' the American boy. He will not permit it—and you do not want him to do it. I have never seen a prize fight, but I have no quarrel with the man who wants to see one. If pictures of a prize fight will teach a boy how to defend himself when called to do so, then, I say, let him see the fight pictures. The man who rails against prize fighting is the very man who would wallop his son well if the latter did not know how to defend himself when attacked by another boy. The man with red blood in his veins knows that blows such as boys will exchange do not kill, and the right blow, rightly landed, may make a man of a boy who has had too much book learning and too little physical development.'"

While there has been no opposition in this city against the fight pictures shown at the Majestic Airdome it is evident from the above that in the mind of a man like Mayor Gaynor there is no harm in pictures of this kind. This evening will be the last chance to see the famous Gans-Nelson pictures. Next week the feature pictures will show Jeffries back on his ranch and the other the champion base ball teams in action.

Electro-Technic Band in Robison Park Program

The Electro-Technic band will give its second concert of the season at Robison park Sunday and Director Shober has prepared a particularly attractive program. The musical menu has been arranged to suit the popular taste. There is considerable of the up to date street music mixed with enough of the classical to satisfy the more fastidious. The first part of the concert will commence at 4 o'clock and will last until 5:30 and the second part, which will be shorter, will last from 6:30 to 7:15 only. The complete bill is as follows:

Part I—At 4:30.

1. March—Washington Grays...Orafulla
2. Waltz—El Paso (Spanish)...Anthony
3. Overture—Poet and Peasant (request) ..... Suppe
4. Song Medley—The King.....O'Hare
5. Selection—Martha .....arr Tobani
6. Morceau—May Flowers ..... Losey
7. Descriptive—Vision of Salome..... ..... Lampe

Synopsis—Salome dances for King Herod at his birthday fete and pleases him greatly; he promises her anything she may ask. Urged by her mother she asks for the head of John the Baptist who had repulsed her. Reluctantly the request is granted and when the head is brought in Salome kisses and caresses it in her frenzy. Realizing what she has done she is overcome with terror and fear as she attempts to dance again. She seeks consolation in penitence and prayer and swoons upon the floor.

8. March ..... Selected

Part II—At 6:30.

9. March—The Thunderer .....Sousa
10. Song Medley, Remicks No. 7..Lampe
11. Selection—Il Trovatore .....Verdi
12. Waltz—Wedding of the Winds...Hall
13. Sextette—Lucia ..... Donizetti

Messrs. Rose, Shafer, Snyder, Lenz, Scherer and Tuttle.

14. Selection—The Dollar Princess..Fall

ALL TOP COATS HALF PRICE.
$30 Top Coats go at $15.00.
$25 Top Coats go at $12.50.
$20 Top Coats go at $10.
$15 Top Coats go at $7.50.
$12 Top Coats go at $6.00.
$10 Top Coats go at $5.00.
During our great half price sale.
PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

Free at Robison Park all next week — Rollo, the Limit, in his Back Somersault of Death Twenty feet in mid-air, 4 and 10 p. m.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Types of Characters in "The Light Eternal," the Big Religious Drama, to Go on Tour Under the Management of M. E. Rice, of the Majestic Theater.

WILL ANALYZE REPORT.

Col. D. N. Foster to Discuss Municipal Lighting Issue.

On behalf of the Independent Voters' league, Col. D. N. Foster has inaugurated a series of "electric talks," in which he will discuss from the standpoint of the Fort Wayne taxpayer the recent report of Howard P. Page, the expert accountant, who at the instance of the Fort Wayne and Wabash Valley Traction company has made two reports on the municipal lighting enterprise as a financial proposition.

Mr. Foster believes some things were omitted from the accountant's report which in fairness should have been taken into account, and these he will seek to present in support of the municipal lighting system. The first of Col. Foster's "talks" appears in The Sentinel today, and others will be printed at frequent intervals until the series is complete.

Attorney E. V. Emrick will make an address at the picnic of the Jefferson Township Bird and Game Protective association to be held in Zink's grove near Gar Creek on September 10.

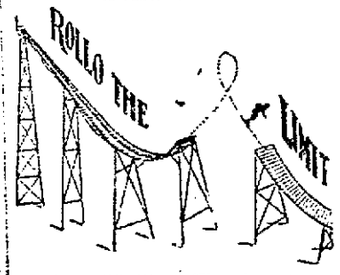
MAJESTIC THEATER
THIS EVENING
Ed W. Rowland and William T. Gaskill Present
MR. HUGO B. KOCH, in
E. E. Rose's Dramatization of Meredith Nicholson's Novel,
"THE PORT OF MISSING MEN"
A Play That Stirs the Blood, Gladdens the Spirit, and Paints the World in Happy Colors.
PRICES: Evening—15, 25, 35, 50, 75c.

3 DAYS, STARTING
Wednesday, August 24
Special Matinee Friday.
PRICES....15, 25 and 35 Cents
THE LIGHT ETERNAL
With EUGENIE BLAIR and Superb Cast of 35 People.
Evening Prices—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c. Boxes—$1.00.
Seat Sale now open.

The Majestic Airdome Tonight.
The Gans-Nelson Fight Pictures Next Week.
Jeffries on His Ranch
—AND—
The World's Baseball Series.
Come when you like and stay as long as you like.
PRICES 5 CENTS.

European School of Music
—Director—
GEORGE BAILHE, Pianist.
Successor to Mrs. Ruhland.
Fall Term Opens Sept. 1st
Information as to tuition (Piano, Vocal, Violin), by mail or personal application on Mondays.

Free at Robison Park One Solid Week.



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The Flying Dutchman and His 100 H. P. Darracq.
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BARNEY OLDFIELD and the 142 Mile Per Hour "Blitzen" Benz.
Fair Grounds, Monday, Aug. 29, 2:30 p. m.

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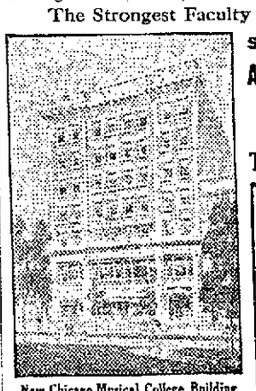
The finest building of its kind in existence. Housing the largest and most thoroughly equipped of all institutions of Musical Learning. Containing Music Hall and Theatre, offering students unsurpassed facilities for practical training and public appearances.
The Strongest Faculty Ever Assembled in any Musical College.



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A Significant Recognition by The Metropolitan Grand Opera Co. of New York
To DR. F. ZIEGFELD, President: It gives me great pleasure to inform you that the Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, in recognition of the services rendered by the pupils of the Chicago Musical College to us during our last season's stay in Chicago in connection with our "Parsifal" performances, have awarded the opera school of the Chicago Musical College two free scholarships, for which I beg to enclose check for $1,000.
I am very glad to add my personal acknowledgment of the good work you have done towards the development of music in your city, and assure you of our good wishes.
Yours very truly,
ANDREAS DIPPEL, Administrative Director.
New Chicago Musical College Building 246-7-8-9 Michigan Boulevard Chicago
Founded 1867
45th Season Begins Sept. 12th.
DR. F. ZIEGFELD, Pres.
NOTE—Applications for all (47 free and 150 partial) Scholarships will be received until Sept. 1st.
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Pure Olive Oil
You don't know what it is until you have used ours—the pure virgin oil expressed from the ripe select fruit, has a fragrant, nut-like odor and palatable taste. It's fine for medicinal or table use and costs no more than ordinary kind.
50c Per Pint; ½ Pint, 30c
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"Won't Slip" Bailey Tread, red, now..... $3.75
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Last year's high grade tires to close, $2.00. Inner tubes, 75c, $1, $1.25, G. & J. $1.50. Bring Baby Cab wheels for new tires. Come to the Big Store for your Bicycle Tires and Repairs.
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Open evenings April 1 to July 1. Good second hand bicycles $5.00 to $15.00.

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TWELFTH YEAR IN FORT WAYNE
Suites 49, 50, 51, Pixley-Long Bldg.
Diseases Cured. Examination Free.
Home Phone 539. Residence 2218.
"Cured me with his wonderful scientific treatment."—Mrs. G. Childers, Garrett, Ind.
TAKE NOTICE and pay what you owe Dr. Rush, or have the money ready when Ralph calls on you with the statement as business requires quick action.

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Monroe W. Fitch & Sons,
The Realty and Insurance Men.

Scene from "Our New Minister," Majestic Theater, Saturday Matinee and Night, Aug. 27.

Robison Park
Sunday Aug. 21
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ELECTRO TECHNIC BAND
26 MEN
See Daily Papers for Program.
Robison Park
Sunday Aug. 21
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Special Prices for Watches

ELGIN, 20 YEAR GUARANTEE

$10 $11 $12

Those dainty 3-000 Ladies size for $12; never sold for less than $15.

Dallas A. Green 807-809 Calhoun St.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel

EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY

By E. A. K. HACKETT.

Daily, 10c per Week. Weekly, per ear, $1

Entered at the Postoffice, Fort Wayne, Ind., as second-class mail matter.

VOL. LXXII.....NO. 18

OUR TELEPHONES.

Editorial Rooms.....650
Counting Rooms.....173

SATURDAY, AUG. 20, 1910.

TONIGHT.

Amusements—"The Port of Missing Men" at Majestic; motion pictures at Airdome, Robison park, Casino, Star, Hippodrome, Pearl, Fairy and Gaiety.

Fraternities—Pythian Sisters; Queen Esther, D. of R.; National Union; Old Fort lodge, Carmen.

Somehow or other the opinion prevails that Secretary Ballinger is going to be the next to be tossed overboard.

The records of the divorce courts in this country admittedly tend to support the contention of the Rev. Anna H. Shaw that a "course" of matrimony ought to be established in America and made compulsory for young men and young women. Dr. Shaw believes that there is nothing else in the world in which they need instruction so much.

Dr. Robert Todd Oliver, of the United States army, has presented to Governor Marshall for display in the state museum a brick taken from the great wall of China, thought to have been made by drying in the sun and to have been placed in the wall nearly 2,500 years ago. Dr. Oliver got the brick in 1904, when he was with an expedition of the British army in north China. The brick weighs approximately twenty-five pounds.

Senator J. P. Dolliver, of Iowa, insurgent leader who is taking a vacation from the business of insurging long enough to permit the filling of a few Chautauqua dates, is declaring with optimistic vigor that he sees the signal lights of a better day in this world of ours. While nursing the kicks and cuffs that are being administered almost daily, a lot of Senator Dolliver's standpat friends will probably conclude that the Iowa statesman possesses much better eyesight than they.

Terre Haute is proposing to conduct a school of law for the benefit of policemen. Mayor Gerhardt is in favor of it and the board of public safety will be asked to arrange for it. Judge Batt, of the city court, believes the lecture course will be beneficial to the policemen and to the court as well. It is found that even the most intelligent policemen are often ignorant of the law applying to their duties. All of which will doubtless be admirable if there be first a basic understanding that laws are really laws and mean what they say.

Down in Cincinnati friends of Congressman Longworth are confident that Mr. Roosevelt's son-in-law has "saved his political scalp" by his declaration against Joseph Gurney Cannon's further continuance in the speaker's chair. From Kansas comes the opinion that Mr. Longworth's ultimatum is inspired not so much by an antipathy toward the speaker and his methods as to a pronounced desire for the salvation of the country by his own re-election. And they furthermore assert that the Cincinnati man has merely beaten the rest of the standpat crowd to the anti-Cannon bandwagon.

A rather unique phase of the politics of the Latin-American republics is disclosed in a dispatch to the state department from the American legation at Caracas, which sets forth that forty-six relatives of former President Castro have been expelled from Venezuela. It is thus made evident that in South American procedure one's entire family finds itself "in bad" when the head tumbles from the pedestal of political prestige. In the case in point the fact that the entire outfit of Castros has sailed for Porto Rico does not tend to increase American admiration for the system of family banishment.

The recent attempt on the life of Mayor Gaynor has had the effect of renewing efforts in many sections of the country to secure provisions for more drastic punishment for the would-be assassins. One of these instances in point is at Des Moines, Iowa, where John B. Sullivan is preparing to ask the enactment of a law making punishment by death or life imprisonment assault with intent to kill a public officer. Mr. Sullivan holds that an attempt to kill a public servant should be held more serious than an attempt to kill a private individual, not on the ground that there is any difference in the value of the lives, but that the man who tries to kill an officer is striking a blow at organized society.

Skilled politicians are practically a unit in their interpretation of developments at Sagamore Hill during the present week. They believe they detect a positive intention upon the part of Mr. Roosevelt to again go before the people of the country as a presidential candidate in 1912, and that the energetic young men of the old tennis cabinet crowd are shaping the preliminaries with that end in view. The decision of the former president to remain out of the New York campaign this year following the rather emphatic solar plexus jolt given him early in the week by the state committee, his declination to make any promises for 1912 and the close conferences of the Rooseveltian lieutenants at Sagamore Hill all indicate that the lion hunter is recruiting his forces to pay off some old political scores and to again put the white house in action as the pace-maker for the strenuous life.

General Frederick Dent Grant, commanding the department of the east, has taken occasion to reiterate his belief that the army is better off without the canteen. Just now General Grant is in charge of the combined army and militia maneuvers at Pine Camp, N. Y. "When I say I think the canteen is better left out of the army," said the general, "I believe I am taking the correct view. Take this camp for an example. Many people have the idea that because there is no way under the present law for a soldier to get liquor within camp lines, dives and low saloons about the outskirts of the camp must thrive. Such is not the case, as I have taken care to learn. The other night I made a round of all the outside grog shops and I found that wherever there were customers, they were generally civilians. Wherever I found a soldier he was almost always a militiaman and not a regular. That may be partly due to the fact that pay day had passed and most of the troops had spent all their money, but I do not think that is the whole reason. The fact that a good many of these places have gone out of business purely because they could not get customers enough shows that my inference is correct."

MOOSE IN BALTIMORE.

Six delegates from the local lodge of Moose went to Baltimore at 2 o'clock this afternoon. They will attend the national convention in session there all next week. The delegates are Frank Emrick, Mike Belger, David Stout, Walter Kavanagh, A. Blakely and H. A. Wilson.

How Chicago is Handling Sewage

Hon. T. E. Ellison Finds in an Inspection There Some Hints He Believes of Value to Fort Wayne.

Hon. T. E. Ellison has addressed the following letter to C. H. Worden, president of the Fort Wayne Civic improvement association:

"Dear Sir: I have had the pleasure of visiting the sewage pumping plant of the city of Chicago and learned some facts that may be interesting to you and the people of our city.

"That part of Chicago lying south of at least 25th street and fronting on Lake Michigan formerly discharged its sewage into the lake. It was found that this contaminated the water at the intake cribs some two miles from the shore, and the water was not usable for culinary purposes. About this time the great drainage system of Chicago was built, taking the water up the Chicago river and discharging it into the Illinois river. That canal is supplied by water drawn up the river and from Lake Michigan.

Built an Interceptor.

"Then it was that the city of Chicago built an interceptor sewer furnishing an outlet to all the sewers in that part of Chicago I speak of, and which contains about 200,000 to 300,000 people. This sewer system ends at 39th street on the shore of the lake and comes into, and rather under the pumping plant and has an outlet 16 feet in diameter.

"The pumps then raise it and discharge all that flows down this great sewer into one 20 feet in diameter that carries the sewage westerly and empties into what was once the south branch of the Chicago river, but is now the drainage canal and through that into the Illinois river. These pumps have a capacity of 2,000 cubic feet of water a second. At this time these pumps draw 6-7 of the water they pump from the lake, the sewer furnishing only 1-7. Of course, just after a rain storm the percentage is less lake water and more from the sewer.

"You remember that the state of Missouri, because of St. Louis, has brought suit against the state of Illinois to prevent the further contamination of the rivers by this procedure.

Renders Sewage Innocuous.

"While the city of Chicago has thus far been able to avoid a judgment preventing the continuance of this practice, it has thought it wise to establish what is so far an experimental plant for the purpose of ascertaining the best method of rendering the sewage innocuous.

"At the present time they are treating about 300,000 gallons of sewage every twenty-four hours. It is treated under two processes, both of which are septic tanks and settling tanks. One system is devised by Dr. Imhoff, of Germany, the other by a Boston sanitary engineer; while both systems do thorough work and are not excessively expensive. Dr. Lederer, the chemist in charge, believes they are about to make great improvements in their treatment, in that they will be able to handle a much larger quantity in twenty-four hours than now and at no increased cost.

"I speak of this because it seems to me that here is a plant that is required to deal with a problem so similar to ours that if they find a cheap, practical method we will have only to adopt and build it to have a successful system from the start. This will be more satisfactory if, as Dr. Lederer says, there is a very simple way of treating our problem.

Plan Practicable Here.

"After I had minutely told him of our system and mapped out the course of our rivers and their outlets into Lake Erie, and said that no city below used the water, he said that at a very slight expense the sewers could be so altered that they could be disinfected so that the sewage would cease to be noxious or offensive to people living along the Maumee. A very small quantity of chloride of lime would be the only thing needed to be used and as it is not expensive and its application could be made by an unskilled laborer, the cost to the city would be but nominal.

"Then again Dr. Lederer says that the common idea that the matter reclaimed would be valuable as a fertilizer is a mistake. The amount of fertility in the refuse is too slight and of too little value to pay for the elimination of the moisture in which it is contained, which would have to be done to make it saleable. Then again that the settling basins used in Berlin with some favor are being abandoned and septic tanks and settling basins used in their stead. The amount of land required and maintaining a settling and straining basin being so great that only in the most favorably situated locality could it be used and that ours was, in his opinion, not of that character.

"The two hours I spent with Dr. Lederer and the inspection of the plant are only partly set forth in this already too long letter, but in the hope it may clear up some of our want of information, I send it to you as a small contribution towards civic improvement."

HOLDING SESSIONS IN WASHINGTON.

GENERAL OFFICERS OF ESPERANTO CONGRESS.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 19.—Esperanto may be pretty nearly everything its enthusiastic admirers say about it, but there is one thing it apparently is not. It is not a good language to swear in. A big foreign delegate, who is attending the international congress here, got a little bit riled when he couldn't get the number he wanted from the telephone operator, and forthwith lost his patience. He wanted to say something expressive and in Esperanto, too, because all of the delegates are pledged to use the new language while they are here.

Such spluttering and growling as issued from his beard was certainly never before heard in the Arlington hotel. It was too bad. There was not a real hang-up "cuss" word that he could think of in the language. They do say that the subject was broached later to Dr. Zamenhof, the inventor of Esperanto, who is attending the congress, and that he is being importuned to invent several properly expressive words for the use of those who occasionally desire to lapse into the profane.

As profanity is naturally foreign to Esperanto, it is being said here that it certainly ought to be taken up at once by the clergymen. A language in which you could not swear if you wanted to certainly would remove from many persons a great temptation if they could be persuaded to adop it.

How the people are picking up the light-weight Fall Top Coats at just half price.

PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

Electro-Technic Band, Robison Park, Sunday.

18-3t

Children's fancy knickerbocker suits at half price.

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All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.

7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

The International Business College now has five thousand graduates holding good positions in this city and surrounding territory. There is a good chance for you. Enroll now and start Aug. 29. Call at office or phone 504 for further information. 8-9-tf

DAVENPORT & TRACY PIANO

Best German strings,
Best German hammerfelt.
Best workmanship,
Sweetest tone.
Lightest action.
Best value in America.

Sold By
S. A. KARN MUSIC CO.
710 Clinton Street.

When—

The Stomach is Sick
The Liver Sluggish
The Bowels Clogged
The Blood Impure
The Skin Sallow

Then—*It's Time to Take*

That grand, old, time-tested remedy—

BEECHAM'S PILLS

In boxes with full directions, 10c. and 25c.

THE MOST SERIOUS ATTENTION

is given to all orders at this drug store, whether they be for simple household remedies or for the most important prescriptions. Carelessnes in this business is too apt to result seriously fo rus to tolerate it. This is a distinctly safe drug store to come or send to and any doctor will tell you so.

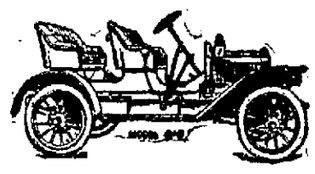
Geo. H. Loesch. J. C. Wenzler.

Good Samaritan Drug Store

GEO. H. LOESCH & CO.

Cor. Wayne and Barr Streets, Fort Wayne, Ind.

Housecleaning Sale



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Full line of **GOODRICH AND DIAMOND Tires in stock.**

Brush, Fords, Maxwells and Reos, silghtly used, at bargain prices.

It will pay you to call and see these bargains.

Wind Shields.....$10, $12.50 and $15.00		INNER TUBES, 2DS.	
Zig Zag Shields.....$20.00		30x3 ½	$5.00
Nightingale Whistles....$3.50		32x3 ½	5.25
Large Double Action Pumps.....$2.75		31x4	5.40
Stapley Pumps, pressure guages attached, $6.00 values, now.....$4.00		34x3 ½	5.50
		34x4	5.75
Puritan Oil Soap, 5-lb. buckets 50c		AUTO CASINGS, 2DS.	
Auto Jacks...$1.00 and $1.50		28x3	$13.00
Ideal Inner Sleeves for casings $1, $1.25 and $1.50		30x3	14.25
		30x3 ½	20.00
Transmission Grease, bucket 75c		32x3 ½	20.00
		32x4	25.00
		34x4	27.00

BROSIUS & SESLINE AUTO CO.

117 EAST COLUMBIA STREET.

Don't Pay

Big prices when you can select a Base Burner or Range now at factory prices and on such liberal terms. Sale now on at Ash's.

OUR INSURANCE BUSINESS is growing every day. Are you helping it to grow by giving us all of your insurance?

Monroe W. Fitch & Sons,

AUSTRIA'S EMPEROR, 80 YEARS OLD.

ARCHDUKE FRANZ FERDINAND.

Europe's oldest monarch who just celebrated his eightieth birthday. Greetings from every sovereign in the world were received by the aged monarch, and scores of the imperial family gathered at Ischl to take part in the festivities.

Business Is a Great Battlefield

Napoleon said: "Providence is on the side of the heaviest battalion." That only was another way of saying that victory comes to the army that has the best equipment, is the best drilled, is most skillfully commanded and which outnumbers its enemy.

Upon the battlefield of Business the same conditions prevail. The merchant who has the capital, the genius of organization, the finest equipment, the best drilled assistants and the most efficient all-around management of his business is sure to win in the struggle for business supremacy. Luck is practically an unknown quantity in the business world. Merit is the only thing which counts.

This house is now on its forty-third year of its business career in Fort Wayne and the fifty-first since its original organization in the city of New York.

Doesn't it occur to you that a business that has continued to flourish and to grow through a full half century must have a lot of merit in it, and if you are a new comer to Fort Wayne, isn't it the best assurance you can have that it is the best place in the city at which to do your trading in the lines of goods which we carry?

Foster Furniture and Carpet Company

IN THE CITY'S CHURCHES

ELOQUENT SPEAKERS FOR METHODIST'S RALLY DAY

Will be Held Thursday, September 1 at Robison Park—Program.

Practically everything is in readiness for the seventh annual reunion of the Methodists of Allen county, to be held at Robison park, Thursday, September 1, and the event promises to be one of the best yet held.

Last year upwards of three thousand people attended, and this year it is desired to exceed that number. There are between four and five thousand members of the church in Allen county and of course it is expected that the great majority of these will attend, and their friends will also join in the celebration. The reunion is not confined to Allen county members strictly, but all congregations in northwestern Indiana and their adherents have received invitations, and it is certain that many will take the opportunity to enjoy the day and the fine program.

In the morning, at 10:30, Dr. Frederick H. Wright, of New York City, superintendent of the Italian Mission of the Methodist church, will speak. Dr. Wright will deliver a popular address. As an orator, he is the equal of any on the lecture platform, and he should be heard by all.

In securing Bishop William F. Anderson, of Chattanooga, Tenn., one of the best loved of the bishops of the church, the committee has been fortunate. After the basket dinner at noon has been fully enjoyed, the bishop will give an address. He is eloquent and practical and it will be well worth while for all to make a special effort to hear him.

Robison park is now in its beauty, offers many attractions and the reunion promises a pleasurable day's outing. The good things are not restricted to the church membership, but everybody is cordially invited to join in the observance of the day.

The reunion will close with a lecture by Bishop Anderson, to be given at 8 o'clock p. m. at the First Methodist Episcopal church, corner Lafayette and East Wayne streets. Thus the public will have two opportunities to hear this gifted speaker and will, no doubt, take advantage of them.

* * *

Christian Science.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, 916 Harrison street. Morning service at 10:30; Sunday school at 11:30. Subject for tomorrow: "Mind." Golden Text: "Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be likeminded one toward another according to Christ Jesus; that ye may with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." Romans 15:5, 6.

Wednesday evening meeting in the church at 8 o'clock. Reading room at 501 Bass block, open daily except Sunday from 1:30 to 5 p. m.

* * *

ST. PATRICK'S LYCEUM.

Will Be Ready for Occupancy Some Time in October.

Work is progressing rapidly on the interior of the new St. Patrick's lyceum building and it is expected it will be ready for occupancy some time in October. Although no arrangements have yet been made, undoubtedly there will be interesting services in connection with its dedication. The building is a handsome and commodious one The main hall, on the second floor, will be beautifully finished in its wall decoration. It will seat over 700 people. On the first floor is a large society hall, seating a couple of hundred, and the dining room, kitchen, reception and other rooms. In the basement will be located the gynasium, billiard and pool rooms.

* * *

A TEMPERANCE RALLY.

Held Sunday Evening at Bethany Presbyterian Church.

There will be a temperance rally held Sunday evening at the Bethany Presbyterian church at 8 o'clock under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor society to which everybody is invited. No preaching services in the morning. The Christian Endeavor society meets at 7 p. m. The Wednesday evening prayer services will be led by Mrs. E. R. Geseman.

* * *

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Prof. Matthews, of Toronto, Preaches at Both Services.

Prof. I. G. Matthews, who fills the chair of Old Testament History in McMaster university, Toronto, will preach at both services tomorrow. Prof. Matthews has filled the pulpit of this church several times in years past and is always greeted by appreciative audiences.

The musical numbers are:

Longings ..... Jungmann
Anthem—"O Lord God"....Bassford
Offertory ..... Flagler
Anthem—"Rock of Ages"...Schnecher
Postlude ....Rink

Evening.

Song Without Words .....Salome
Anthem—"Gently Lord, oh Gently Lead Us" .....Nevin
Offertory .....Nachspiel Clark
Anthem—"Christ is Knocking at My Sad Heart" .....Otis
Postlude ....Battman

* * *

A TEMPERANCE PROGRAM

Given Sunday Evening at Bethany Presbyterian Church.

A temperance program will be given at the Bethany Presbyterian church in charge of the C. E. society Sunday evening, Aug. 211 at 8 o'clock.

Music ..... Mamie Olson
Song ..... Congregation
Scripture ..... John Doswell
Song ..... Congregation
Prayer ..... Dr. Stemen
Talk ..... Dr. Stemen
Solo ..... Agnes Stemen
Recitation ..... Esther Wirling
Talk ..... Dr. Marquardt
Song ..... Congregation
Benediction.

* * *

CONTRACT IS AWARDED.

Baltes Company Get Brick Work for New Simpson M. E. Church.

At a meeting of the board of trustees of the Simpson M. E. church Friday evening the contract for doing the brick work on the new church edifice was awarded to the John Baltes company for $4,585. The concrete foundation work was finished Friday by the contractor, A. Grosjean, who the trustees say did excellent work, putting in extras not called for in the contract and without charge. He finished his work two days ahead of the time specified for the completion of the work.

* * *

Rescue Home and Mission.

Fort Wayne Rescue Home and Mission—Prayer and praise service at 7:45 and 8:45 tonight. The Gospel wagon will go to Berry and Calhoun streets and all ministers are invited to attend. The young people's society of the First M. E. church will conduct the singing. The superintendent will speak, his subject being, "The Actions of the Holy Spirit Because of Sin." Sunday night the Rev. A. R. Chevington, will preach at the mission chapel.

* * *

TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Held Sunday Afternoon at the Salvation Army Citadel.

There will be a temperance meeting tomorrow afternoon at 3 o'clock at the Salvation Army citadel, on East Washington street, the program being as follows:

Song .....By Congregation
Scripture Lesson....By A. W. Irelan
Song .....By Trinity M. E. Quartette
Lord's Prayer .....By Congregation
Address ....By Rev. C. W. Jeffras,
.....St. Paul M. E. Church
Song .....By Congregation
Remarks .....By Friends
Song .....By Quartette
Closing Prayer .....

All friends of the cause of temperance and all who desire the moral uplift of our city are earnestly requested to be present and lend their influence to this good work.

* * *

ST. CATHERINE'S ACADEMY.

Change Has Been Made in Sister Superior at Institution.

During the early part of this week a change in the position of sister superior was made at the St. Catherine academy, of the St. Patrick's Catholic church in this city. Sister Superior Mary Cyril, who has been here for several years, retired and has gone to Chicago, where she has taken a similar position in the academy there.

Her place as sister superior here at the St. Catherine academy has been taken by Sister Celestine, who for six years was a teacher in the academy and is splendidly equipped for the advanced work. She has been engaged elsewhere in the work for some time.

* * *

SPEAKS IN SIX CHURCHES.

Miss Clara Sears, State Officer of Indiana W. C. T. U.

Miss Clara Sears, the state treasurer of the Indiana Young Women's Christian association, is in the city in the interest of the state convention of the W. C. T. U., which will be held in Fort Wayne October 14 and 15. Plans are being arranged for the holding of this great meeting and Sunday Miss Sears will speak concerning them in six different churches, arranging it so that she can get to them during their regular worship hours. The churches in which she speaks are the First and Wayne Street M. E. churches and the Grace Reformed in the forenoon and the Plymouth Congregational, West Jefferson Street Church of Christ and the First Baptist churches in the evening.

* * *

SUNDAY IN THE CHURCHES.

Sermon Topics and Services Announced by Pastors.

M. S. Willson will address the devotional meeting at the Railroad Y. M. C. A. Sunday at 3 p. m. H. A. Philley will be in charge of the song service.

Church of God—Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; subject, "The Battle of Life"; at 7:30 p. m., "God's Pattern." Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m., leader, Mrs. Frank Simonton. The church will hold special anniversary services Sunday in behalf of the second anniversary of the church's organization in this city.

Beaver Chapel—Indiana avenue just south of Home avenue: Rev. F. A. Carlisle will preach at 10:15 a. m.; Sunday school at 9 a. m., E. J. Graham, superintendent.

Trinity Methodist Episcopal church, corner Coss and Fourth streets—Public worship with sermons by the pastor at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. The morning subject will be "The Death of Christ," and evening theme is "Christ Our Peace." In the morning a special solo will be sung by Miss Sarah Taylor. Sunday school, 9:30; Junior league, 2:30, and Epworth league, 7 p. m. Topic, "God's Reasonable Expectation." Leader, Mr. Shirley Sunday. A warm welcome to all the services. T. M. Hill, pastor.

There will be communion services at the Wayne Street M. E. church at 10:45 o'clock. At the evening services the subject of the sermon of Rev. Travis, the pastor, will be "The Touch That Saved." In the afternoon at 4 o'clock the pastor will conduct services at McCulloch park.

Bethel Church—The morning sermon theme of Rev. C. D. Barey will be "A Harvest Guaranteed," and in the evening "God's Multiplication."

Church of the Brethren, corner Smith and Green streets—Sunday school at 10 a. m.; song service at 7:30 p. m.; preaching by Rev. J. W. Ritson, of Syracuse, at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

West Creighton Avenue Church of Christ, J. H. McCarthy, pastor—Bible school, 9:30 a. m.; church, 110:30 a. m.; Y. P. S. C. E., 7 p. m.; church, 8 p. m. Morning subject, "The New Order of Life." Evening, "The Strenuous Life."

Grace Reformed church, Sunday school at 9:30; preaching service at 10:30. No evening service.

Rev. C. F. Byrer will speak at the Calvary U. B. church in the forenoon on "Christian Unity" and in the evening on "Blind Men." This will be the closing service for the conference year.

St. Paul's M. E. church. Morning sermon subject: "God's Unspeakable Gift;" evening subject, "Out of the Depths."

Christ's Lutheran church. Sunday school at 9:30. Rev. Mr. Alberthus, the pastor, will preach at 10:30 a. m. No evening service.

Simpson M. E. church, Rev. Wm. A. Griest, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a.m. Morning worship at 10:30 a. m. Sermon by the pastor. Subject, "Christ, Our Example." Epworth league, 6:45 p. m.; leaders Mr. Double and Donald McFeeley. Evening worship at 7:45 p. m. Sermon by the pastor. Subject, "The Name Above Every Name."

IN CHURCH CIRCLES.

Local News and Church Events of Different Denominations.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Bethel church will have a called meeting immediately after the Sunday morning service tomorrow and the official church board after the evening service.

Rev. C. Claude Travis, pastor of the Wayne street M. E. church, is in Perry township today, where he went to deliver an address at a Sunday school picnic.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Church of God will hold an ice cream social Tuesday evening on the church lawn.

* * *

Rev. Mr. Bigelow, of Cleveland, O., will preach at the Plymouth Congregational church Sunday at 10:45 and 8 p. m.

The fiftieth anniversary of Free Methodism will be observed at the Free Methodist church Sunday. The children will have an interesting program in the morning and Rev. Mr. Loring will give a history of the denomination.

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION.

Bro. J. Cole, noted Bible exegete, will give a lecture under the auspices of People Pulpit association. Subject: "What is Death? Why Death? Will Death Ever Cease."

The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all unrighteousness. It may be seen in every funeral procession. Every tomb is a witness to it. It is felt in every ache and pain we experience—all of which are results of the first trial and sentence—the righteous sentence of God, that we are unworthy of life and the blessings originally provided for man when obedient and in God's likeness. But mankind has been redeemed from the sentence of that first trial by the one sacrifice for all, which the great redeemer gave. All are redeemed from the grave and from the sentence of death—destruction—which in view of this redemption is no longer to be considered death in the full, everlasting sense of the word, but rather a temporary sleep, because in the Millennial morning all will be awakened by the life-giver who redeemed all.

Come and hear the Bible and reason harmonized.

Grand Army hall, Elektron building, East Berry Street, Sunday, Aug. 21, 3 p. m.

All are welcome. Seats free. No collections.

Mamma, take me to the playground at Robison park. 8-5-to sp 1

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

Bradley Bros.

CUT RATE DRUG STORE.
"Goods delivered to any part of the city—Phone 303."

50c Bension Almond Cream....34c
75c Pompeian Massage Cream..50c
50c Pompeian Massage Cream..38c
75c Acme Massage Cream.....39c
50c Balm of Almond Cream....39c
25c Colgate's, Williams', Mennen's Talcum Powder.....15c
25c Colgate's Tooth Powder....15c
$1.00 Colgate's Toilet Water....75c
75c Colgate's Toilet Water.....50c
50c Colgate's Toilet Water.....38c
25c Mum—destroys the odor of perspiration 19c
25c Shaving Sticks.....18c
25c Colgate's Rapid Shave Powder 18c
25c Tetlow's Face Powder.....19c
A. D. S. Imported Olive Oil—Guaranteed Pure—per bottle, ...25c and 75c
Daisy Fly Killers.....2 for 25c
$1.00 Swamp Root.....83c
50c Swamp Root.....45c
$1.00 D. D. D. Eczema Cure....83c
$1.00 Root Juice.....83c
50c Antiphlegistine.....45c
50 Doan's Kidney Pills.....45c

Bradley Bros.
THE OLD WAGNER DRUG Store.
"Prescriptions Filled at a Saving."
627 CALHOUN ST.

IF IT'S SIGNED
Federspiel & Shoaff
IT'S RELIABLE INSURANCE
"The Insurance Men"
628 Calhoun St. Phone 611.

Our Great Half-Price Sale

Is crowding our store again today. Our store will be open until 11 o'clock tonight. Only six more days of this great sale.

Sale Closes August 27th

Patterson - Fletcher Co.

PERSIAN BOYS WHO WILL ATTEND PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN WASHINGTON.

MASTER MOHAMMED E. KHAN. MR. [illegible] ALI KHAN and MASTER SEIFED DIN KHAN. MASTER MUZZAFAR ED DIN KHAN.

New York, Aug. 20.—Three Persian boys, sons of high officials of the shah, arrived here to enter the public schools in Washington, D. C., and from there continue their American education through the universities. They were accompanied by Mirza Ali Kull Khan the Persian charge d'affaires at Washington, who said that he would now be practically the Persian minister at the capital, as that post would remain vacant.

Two of the boys are brothers. They are Muzzaffar ed Din Khan and Seifed Din Khan, and are sons of a Persian of rank, who has been at different times minister of mines and minister of public education. The third boy is Mohammed E. Khan, a nephew of the charge d'affaires.

Mirza Ali Kull Kahn has lived in the United States eleven years. He has married an American woman, who was Miss Florence Breed, the only American woman decorated by the late shah.

LOW RATES IN MUNICIPAL PLANTS.

(From Public Service.)

Facts brought out by the Wisconsin utilities commission in a hearing on the petition of the city of Cumberland to increase the prices charged for service by its municipal electric plants, show how the low rates fixed by publicly owned utilities are often mere delusions created at the sacrifice of the taxpayer.

Cumberland is a small Wisconsin city—in reality not much more than a village—which owns its electric and water plants and operates them together. For the year ending June 30, 1909, there was a cash deficit of $715.65 in the accounts of the electric end of the business. That is to say, the receipts lacked that amount of equaling the operating expenses.

Confronted by this situation the city appealed to the state utilities commission for permission to increase the rates charged private consumers. After a full hearing, and with the exercise of considerable ingenuity to analyze the very incomplete accounts of the water and light department, the commission granted the petition, setting forth a schedule of rates, which it was believed would yield the desired income.

In making up this schedule, the commission included a minimum monthly charge of 75 cents a month to be enforced against all consumers. In this, as in other respects, the commission followed the practice of many private companies.

The new meter rates were based on a primary charge of 10 cents per kilowatt hour and a secondary rate of 8 cents per kilowatt hour. The 10-cent rate applies for the first thirty hours' use per month of the active load, and the 8-cent rate for all over 30 hours' use per month of the active load.

Besides permitting the increase in consumers' rates, the commission approved the city's request for an allowance of $60 per year for street arc lights and a smaller sum for street incandescents—the total street lighting, at the rates named, amounting to $1,560 annually.

IMPORTANCE OF INVESTMENT CHARGES.

To obtain a cost basis for making the new rates, the commission included the investment charges of depreciation, interest and taxes—important items which had been entirely omitted in the accounting of the plant previously.

The substance of the potatoes, properly prepared in Bread, makes a wholesome daily diet for workingmen and growing children. Contained only in "Haffner's 10c Potato Loaf." For sale at all dealers. 3-28-tf

Silver Dollar Flour now on sale at all grocers in 2-lb. and 5-lb. sacks, to accommodate light housekeeping for the summer season; also put up in usual sizes of 24½ and 49-lb. sacks. This is "the" flour for all purposes, for the whitest bread and the finest pastry.
C. TRESSELT & SONS.
7-19-eod-12t

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August.
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

DEATH FOLLOWS LOCKJAW.

Girl Succumbs to Attack Coming From Wound Seemingly Healed.

Kokomo, Ind., Aug. 20.—Anna Woodward, 10 years old, daughter of Stephen Woodward, is dead from lockjaw. A week ago the child fell, cutting her knee upon a piece of tin. The wound was washed with antiseptics, and had seemed to heal.

Unpleasant---Annoying and Dangerous

How many times have you had your work, your sleep or your leisure hours interrupted by recurring pains in the region of the kidneys?

Did you ever experience anything more unpleasant and annoying?

You probably neglected it, too—let yourself believe it wasn't serious—be over it in a day or two. When the kidneys give you warning of inability to perform their duty, assist them in every way—help them get rid of poisons that are accumulating—waste matter they cannot throw off.

They are weak and need strengthening. See that they are built up—back to normal—and it won't be many days until you are built up, eager for work and enjoying your rest and leisure hours. It's your own fault if you don't.

All you need do is to take Nyal's Stone Root Compound. There's a wealth of wisdom in that assertion—this preparation is one of the most prompt and effective preparations we have, and we are confident that it will do as represented.

Maks us prove it. If we can't your money refunded. 50c and $1.00 the bottle.

ASK THE NYAL DRUGGISTS.

LOESCH DRUG STORE,
Cor. Barr and Wayne Sts.

MEINZEN DRUG STORE,
1129 Maumee Ave.

HUTZELL'S DRUG STORE,
1402 West Main St.

JACOB BILL'S DRUG STORE,
1401 E. Creighton Ave.

CLAPESATTLE DRUG STORE,
2514 Broadway.

ZIMMERMAN'S DRUG STORE,
1312 Broadway.

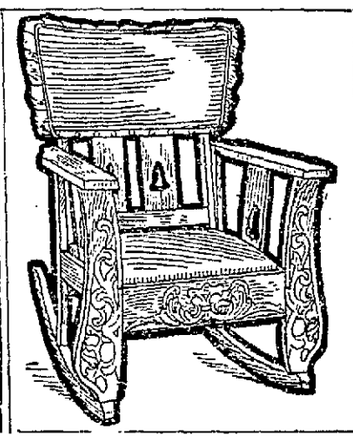
HOHAM'S DRUG STORE,
1706 Calhoun St.

D. & N. PHARMACY,
624 Calhoun St.

TONIGHT

Is your last opportunity to secure Watches, Cut Glass, Silver, Gold, Diamonds and all other Jewelry lines at sale prices. Next week we begin our alterations.

TRENKLEY & KOERBER



ROCKER

(LIKE CUT.)

Made of heavy oak, golden finish, finely embossed, with full spring auto seat, upholstered in the best Besto leather. Regular price $8.50.

A BARGAIN THIS WEEK AT $5.48.

Indiana Furniture Co.

121-123 East Main Street.

SOCIETY

The engagement is announced of Miss Gertrude Cunningham, daughter of James Cunningham, of 118 Masterson avenue, to William Henry Ryan, of Memphis, Tenn. Miss Cunningham is an exceptionally bright and interesting young woman and her many friends will hear that she is to be married sometime in October with much interest. Mr. Ryan is a prosperous business man, held in great esteem by his acquaintances.

* * *

The dullest of dull weeks, so far as parties in town have been concerned, is this one just passing. The family reunion has occupied first place in country affairs and motoring has been the principal amusement in town. The few hundreds who had no chance to ride in automobiles took to the street car with evident pleasure as the next night would find the same people again seeking to cool off in the same way. This evening between sixty and seventy people will dine at the Golf club and will likely wind up with some dancing afterwards. The hostesses for the afternoon are Mrs. F. C. Peters, Miss Reuss and Miss Peters.

* * *

S. W. Teeple and family are going to Crooked lake tomorrow to spend ten days.

Miss Mamie Wenninghoff, of East Wayne street, has returned from a visit in Ohio.

Miss Beatrice Benninghoff and Dan Benninghoff have returned from a two weeks' trip at Schriner lake.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Bechtel will start the first of the week for an automobile trip to various points in Indiana.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Colson and daughter, Fannie, of Lima, O., are visiting Dr. and Mrs. E. F. Wagner.

Mrs. H. L. Cline and children have returned from an outing at Clear lake, where they had a cottage for a month.

Miss Frank Hamilton, of West Berry street, has returned from visits in Leland, Mich., and with friends in Wisconsin.

Mr. and Mrs. August Pequignot and children and other relatives of the family will spend next week at Lake James.

Mrs. Rufus Ames and daughter, Georgia, are going to Chicago on Monday for a fortnight's visit with relatives.

Mrs. E. H. Rodgers and daughter, Mary, have gone to Pittsburg, Niagara Falls and Toronto and expect to be gone a week.

Misses Celeste Petgen, Katherine Stewart, Mary Henderson and Mary Reiter will spend Sunday in Kendallville with friends.

Miss Martha Knecht and Miss Mabel Bechtol are taking a ten days' trip at northern lake points and will spend several days at Mackinac island.

Miss Emma Ketler has returned from Clear lake and will leave Monday for Winona Lake for a ten days' stay. The others of the W. J. Ketler family are still at Clear lake.

Miss Marjorie Kilgore, of West Butler street, has gone to Lake George for a few days and from there will go to Leland, Mich., to be the guest of Miss Agnes Mahurin.

Mrs. Robert Millard and Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Wilding and daughter, Margaret, have returned from Atlantic City and other seashore resorts, where they had been for three weeks.

Mrs. M. B. Hall and Miss Alice E. Hall have returned from Bloomington and Lafayette. The first of next week the ladies will leave for a trip to Montreal and Quebec of several days' time.

Lawrence J. Miller and sister, Miss Charlotte, of New York city, who have been visiting their cousins, Mrs. Carl Rastetter, Mrs. J. P. Lennert and Mrs. Erwin, of the east side of the city, started home today.

Mr. and Mrs. Justin Lauer and daughter, Miss Mayme, of 708 East Lewis street, are spending a week with Mrs. Oscar Sprenger, of Port Clinton, O., who is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lauer.

Mrs. Theodore Wentz, of West Wayne street, has returned from visits in Massillon and Canal Dover, O., with relatives. Mrs. Wentz was accompanied home by Mr. Wentz' sister, Mrs. E. F. Burton, of Canal Dover.

Mrs. William Rauch and daughter, Mrs. Jesse A. Ruyl, leave tomorrow for Columbus, O., for a two weeks' visit with relatives. Before they return they will attend the Rauch family reunion to be held on Labor day near Celina, O.

Mr. and Mrs. George Schaper and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Case, of Kokomis, Ill., passed through the city last evening. The visitors were guests of Rev. P. J. Alberthus over night and they are making their trip in a new touring car purchased in Cleveland.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Rohrer, who had been in Dayton, Ohio, for a few days, returned here for a two days' visit with Mrs. Nellie Fee and have now gone to Lafayette to visit Mr. Rohrer's daughter, Mrs. Will Crockett, before they return to their own home in Topeka, Kan.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Barva and Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Horton have returned from a two weeks' trip made in the Barva touring car to eastern cities in Ohio and New York. In Angola, Westfield and Chautauqua, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Horton were guests of relatives of Mr. Horton.

Mrs. Curtis entertained the ladies of the Forget-Me-Not club at pedro at her home in Webster street on Wednesday afternoon. Prizes were won by Mrs. Metcalf, Mrs. Kohlinger, Mrs Smart and Mrs. Dunlap. Mrs. Cleary, of Madison street, will be the next hostess. Next Wednesday the club takes a day's outing at Robison park.

Many Fort Wayne friends of Nathan Kohn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kohn, of Washington boulevard west, hear with interest the announcement of Mr. Kohn's engagement to Miss Sadie Samuel, of Elmira, N. Y. The engagement was announced by Miss Samuel's parents this week. Mr. Kohn has been located in St. Louis, Mo., for several years and has been very successful in his line of work, electrical engineering.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Bailey, second daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. Webster Bailey, of Ottawa, Ill., to Everett Anthony Sherwood, of Oak Park, Ill., will take place this evening. Only immediate relatives will attend the wedding. The bride was graduated from the Fort Wayne high and manual training school in the class of 1906 and she has many friends here of her own, as well as among the members of Plymouth church, of which Rev. Mr. Bailey was pastor for a number of years. Mr. Sherwood is a Yale graduate and he holds an excellent position with the Harris Trust and Savings company, of Chicago. The bride and groom will take a trip into Canada.

A very pretty party of the week was on Wednesday evening at the home of Miss Ella McVay, of 531 Fifth street. The prizes given in games and contests were won by Misses Grace Beitzell and Florence Palmer and Messrs. Frank Wegent and Fred Voris. There were present Misses Hazel and Grace Beitzell, Elizabeth Boyer, Matilda Kramer, Florence Palmer, Edith Kimmel, Clara Mouthe, Mary Bugert, Helen Miller, Marie Stier and Messrs. Walter Prince, Joe Corbat, Leo and Pius Bramf, Arthur Swope, John Boyer, Frank Wegent, Fred Voris, Will Stanger and Mr. and Mrs. Manier and Mrs. Beitzell. A delicious supper was the closing feature of the good time all enjoyed.

TENNIS AND GOLF NOTES.

Miss Beers Wins Breen Medal at Golf and Tennis Tourneys Close.

The ladies' golf tourney at Kekionga links has been the subject of much comment and good natured rivalry for several weeks, so when Miss Ruth Beers won in the finals with Mrs. Fred Seelhoff yesterday afternoon, the contest was watched by many club members. The players were evenly matched and Miss Beers won with the score of one up. The contest was for the Breen medal.

This afternoon the finals in the men's singles at tennis were played off by Roger Fisher and E. G. Hoffman. The trophy is a cup presented by E. Ralph Yarnelle. Miss Katherine Hoffman won the trophy offered by Mr. Kline in the ladies' tennis tourney, which was finished a week ago.

Another event at the links today is the golf match between two picked teams. The losers will pay for the dinner which will be served in the club house by Mrs. Schuemaker.

It will soon be time to play for the Benson cup. No event so interests so many golfers as this one and it is usually hardly contested.

* * *

Cook Family Reunion.

The fouth annual reunion of the Cook family was held on August 15 at Cedarville. There was a large attendance of relatives and family connections. A fine dinner was served outdoors under the apple trees. The men enjoyed a game of base ball and the women of the party sewed and visited. At the base ball game the brothers-in-law played against the brothers and won with a score of 11 to 7. There were present E. Cook, sr., Eugene Cook and family, Henry Halter and family, John Arnold, Mr. Glenn and Mr. Tibson, of West Liberty, Iowa; John Cook and son, of Fostoria; Jerome Cook and family, of Spencerville; Andrew Hosler and family, Allen McCormick and family, of Altoona; Mr. and Mrs. M. Parker and son and Mr. and Mrs. F. Axtell, of Albion; Frank Cook and wife, Simon Trovinger and family, Alex. Cook and family, George Arnold, Mrs. Meyers and daughter, Walter Cook, of Auburn; Will Moon and family, of Kendallville; Bert Hollopeter and family, John Judy and family, Orange Cook and family, Oliver Garmon and family, Mr. and Mrs. James McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Halter.

Needlework No Longer Popular Vacation Pastime

Dancing, Too, Has Lost Many of Its Devotees Among the Country Sojourners in Summer.

The pastimes of dancing and fancy needlework are very much on the decline at the summer resorts. This is probably due both to the increased love of outdoor sports and to the fact that older women are not content to sit on verandas nowadays, engaged in fancy work, but are anxious to share the exercise of the younger ones. After days of vigorous boating, fishing or mountain climbing girls and men find themselves much too tired to enjoy dancing, while needlework is scarcely an occupation for the evening.

I am told by the art store keepers that only about one-third the amount of fancy needlework is sold to be taken on the annual vacation as formerly, while dressmakers say that many more smart tailored gowns in linens and wash fabrics are packed into the trunks going away than are pretty frocks appropriate for dancing.

Still, so long as there are girls there will be a certain amount of dancing going on, and, as not all elderly women are of the more or less athletic type, there will be fashions in fancy needlework.

Changes, too, are evident each year in regard to the kind of decorative work preferred. As a rule the more simple designs on washable material are chosen, and this year the fancy for making linen mats for receiving the asbestos mats seems to prevail.

A set of such covers neatly worked on good linen will last a lifetime, and, though there is little variety in the work, still the number of pieces in different sizes prevents it from becoming tedious. It is very nice to see each piece completed and encouraging to begin another.

To make the covers two pieces of linen must be cut the shape of the asbestos mat and extending two inches beyond its edge. These two pieces are very neatly basted together all around the edges and then stamped for scalloping. This can be done by using the end of a spool of cotton, tracing with a lead pencil. The scallops are padded by running threads of the embroidery cotton around them when they are ready for buttonholing. An eyelet is pierced in each scallop through both thicknesses of linen with a stiletto (which makes the truer hole) or small embroidery scissors. The working is a simple overhand sewing stitch.

The next process is to cut a slit on the under side of the slip to receive the asbestos mat. The opening is made lengthwise and is neatly hemmed, no closing of any kind being required.

A set of mats and covers of this kind would be a very welcome gift to a housekeeper at Christmas or to a bride just making her nest.

The asbestos mats alone may be bought at ten cents each for round shapes five inches in diameter, up to a platter size in an oval shape measuring 9x14 inches at forty-two cents each.

Another piece of work, suitable for vacation, also favored this season, is making a set of tea napkins by hand. They measure fifteen inches square when completed and are finished on their edges with a scalloping or hemstitching as preferred. In trying linen (a plain German linen is asked for) the fifty-four inch width, when the hemstitching is used, and the forty-five inch for the scalloped edge, will prove the most economical way. The width across will cut just three napkins. The only decoration above the border chosen is a monogram or a simple motif embroidered in one corner.

Cross-stitch embroidery is revived to quite a large extent this season, and is used as a decoration both on household linen and gowns.

ELIZABETH LEE.

Fashion Hint From Paris.

PHOTO COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY KEYSTONE
EXCLUSIVE COPYRIGHT, 1910, NEW YORK HERALD CO.

Gown of English embroidery.

HUSBAND AND WIFE COMPLETE WALK OF 2,000 MILES, KANSAS TO NEW YORK.

MR. AND MRS. D H. WOOLF AND THEIR DOG.

New York, Aug. 18.—Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Wolf attracted much attention when they walked down Broadway on the last lap of their two thousand mile walking trip from Kansas City. They were greeted at the city hall by Acting Mayor John F. Mitchel, who signed their documents.

With a small two wheel cart, in which was loaded a tent and camping outfit, and which was drawn by a small pony, they left Kansas City May 2. They slept every night by the roadside and in fields, and cooked most of their meals in their camps. Mr. Wolf is a musician and had a nervous breakdown last spring. They will remain here two weeks.

TIMELY WAYS OF SERVING FRUIT.

Fruits are so cheap and so good now that housekeepers should provide them in one form or another for each meal. Melons are at their best, so that it has become almost a matter of course to have them every day for one meal or another.

Southerners declare that people of the north spoil watermelons by too much chilling; that, like strawberries, they need the warmth of the sun in them; but the weight of opinion still seems to be on the side of the ice box. One of the most popular ways of serving watermelon is to split it in two lengths, then with a large spoon and a rotary "twist of the wrist" scoop out the luscious pink flesh in cone shaped pieces. Arrange on a bed of green leaves or cracked ice and you will have a picture for the eye as well as a delight to the palate. Cut in this way, which gives no waste, one good sized melon will serve fifteen or twenty people, according to the size of the melon and the appetite of the diners.

At a recent luncheon the first course was chilled melon, which had been prepared in this wise: All the center of the melon was scooped out, rejecting the seeds. This was broken with a silver fork into small pieces, then put into a freezer with the addition of half a pound of powdered sugar and the juice of a lemon. The freezer was packed in salt and ice and turned slowly for fifteen minutes until a mushlike consistency was obtained. This melon frappe was served in glasses with a teaspoonful of sherry added to each glass.

Fruit for Breakfast.

No summer breakfast is complete without fruit. While most people prefer it served au natural, others with English predilections take more kindly to jam or some of the many stewed or steamed fruits. Others find a salad of fruit dressed with a few spoonfuls of sherry and sugar one of the best appetizers at the beginning of the meal, while still others, loth to give up their cereals, take a combination of fruit and cereal.

In serving fruits au natural arrange them to please the eye as well as the palate. Nothing is prettier than leaves for decoration.

No prettier fruit for breakfast can be found than currants, red and white, on the stem. Put a border of the leaves about a pretty china or glass dish, and pile the fruit on them. Serve with powdered sugar.

Oranges for breakfast are easiest served cut in halves. They are delicious made in a compote with rice. Take the pulp out as whole as possible and drop into a rich boiling syrup, leaving it in just long enough to heat it through. Make a nest of rice, put the orange and syrup in it and serve with whipped cream.

Fruit Salad.

Fruit salads are not nearly so well known as they should be. The dressing of a fruit salad for the gourmet is usually of sweet wine, with just a suspicion of fine liqueurs, but for ordinary use other combinations are preferable. Sweetened whipped cream, lemon juice, fruit juice, French dressing or mayonnaise are all used with fruit.

A fruit salad dressing that is especially good for any combinations of fruits that are not too tart is made by beating together the yolks of four eggs until lemon colored or creamy. Beat in, little by little, a half teaspoonful of salt and a cupful of powdered sugar. Have ready the strained juice of two lemons, stir in at the last and serve at once. This goes particularly well with bananas and oranges. Another good dressing for bananas is made of a gill of well sweetened sherry mixed with a teaspoonful of lemon juice. When ready to serve add a little whipped cream.

A delicious French salad is made of wild strawberries dressed with claret. Another Persian dainty consists of a mixture of ripe currants and red raspberries with claret.

Orange Salad.

For poultry or game, orange salad will be found particularly delicious. Tart, juicy oranges should be sliced and the seeds removed. Arrange in a salad dish with or without lettuce and dress with lemon juice, salad oil, a sprinkling of salt and a dash of cayenne.

CULTIVATE ART OF SMILING.

Every one likes to see a smiling face and to smile becomingly one must cultivate a cheerful and sympathetic condition of mind. The face wreathed in house. It is irresistible, and conquers house. It is irresistible, and conquers all hearts.

A smiling mouth loses half its charm if the eyes do not correspond; for the eyes are the windows of the soul, and the smile that lies only about the lips soon dies away, leaving an indifferent spirit to survey and chill the world, says Woman's Life.

Cultivate the art of smiling, not with your lips, but with your eyes.

Every one can have laughing eyes. They are not a matter of inheritance, nor can they be acquired with the aid of the masseuse and the professional beauty specialist.

Love is the great transformer. The sternest features may be softened, the hardest natures be humanized, by love.

LONG ENGAGEMENTS.

These are most certainly, if possible, to be avoided, especially if the young people live in the same place. Indeed, it is well to consider it a rule that no man should propose to a girl unless he has a definite prospect of offering her a home in about a year. Long, aimless, indefinite engagements generally end in one or both thinking they have made a mistake, going dragging on from an idea of honor, and marrying, when they do, with no capital of love with which to pay the claims of married life, says Woman's Life. If not this, there is a broken engagement, the best years and chances of a girl's life wasted, or a man embittered against all women. So, with rare exceptions, though there may be an understanding, there should not be a binding engagement entered into without a reasonably early prospect of marriage.

Free at Robison Park all next week — Rollo, the Limit, in his Back Somersault of Death Twenty feet in mid-air, 4 and 10 p. m.

CURED MY BABY OF ITCHING ECZEMA

First Came when 3 or 4 Weeks Old. Used Everything Imaginable. Nose and Eyes Nothing but Sores. Two Cakes Cuticura Soap and One Box Cuticura Ointment Cured.

I can't tell in words how happy the word "Cuticura" sounds to me, for it cured my baby of itching, torturing eczema. It first came when she was between three and four weeks old, appearing on her head. I used everything imaginable and had one doctor's bill after another but nothing cured it. Then the eczema broke out so badly behind her ear that I really thought her ear would come off. For months I doctored it but to no avail. Then it began at her nose and her eyes were nothing but sores. I had to keep her in a dark room for two weeks. The doctor did no good, so I stopped him coming.

For about two weeks I had used Cuticura Soap for her every day, then I got a box of Cuticura Ointment and began to use that. In a week there was a marked improvement. In all I used two cakes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment and my baby was cured of the sores. This was last November; now her hair is growing out nicely and she has not a scar on her. I can not praise Cuticura enough, I can take my child anywhere and people are amazed to see her without a sore. From the time she was four weeks old until she was three years, she was never without the terrible eruption but now, thanks to Cuticura, I have a well child.

(Signed) Mrs. H. E. HOUSEHOLDER,
May 10, 1910. 2004 Wilhelm Street, Baltimore, Md.

Sufferers from torturing, disfiguring eruptions of skin and scalp should read the latest 32-page Cuticura Book, free of Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., 131 Columbus Ave., Boston.

FOR RATTLING WINDOWS.

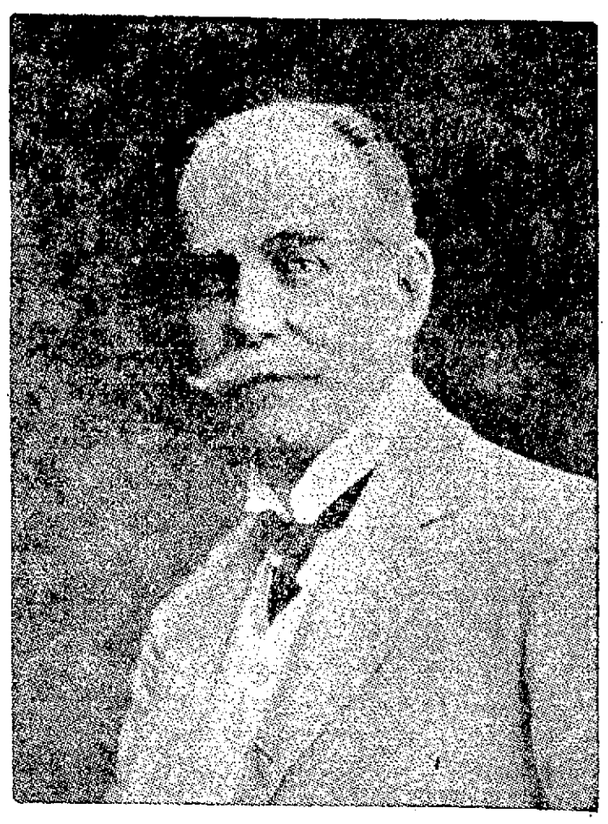
In some houses the windows have an unpleasant habit of rattling at all times of the day and night, whenever it is the least bit windy.

In such a case an ordinary clothes peg is most effective.

It must be split in halves and one half inserted on either side between the framework and the window, says Home Chat.

A good plan is to paint the clothes peg the same color as the window frame and secure the pieces by a cord and screw to the frame, so that they will be in readiness when needed.

JOHN L. STODDARD, Author of Stoddard Library.



John L. Stoddard was born in Brookline, Mass., April 24, 1850. He graduated at Williams college, as valedictorian of his class, in 1871, and then studied theology for two years at Yale Divinity school. Next he taught Latin and French in the Boston Latin school. In 1874 he was able to gratify a long cherished desire to travel in foreign lands, and not only made the customary tour of Europe, but visited Greece, Asia Minor, Palestine and Egypt as well. He then studied in Germany, and upon his return to America, began his career as a lecturer, which for about twenty years has known no interruptions save those due to his repeated visits to remote countries. His travels embrace nearly all the habitable parts of the globe.

OUR CULINARY DEPARTMENT

MENUS AND RECIPES FOR HOUSEKEEPER'S DAILY USE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20.

Breakfast

Grapes
Boiled Barley with Cream
Veal Kidneys a la Italienne
English Muffins
Coffee

Dinner

Rice Soup
Roast Chicken Giblet Gravy
Browned Potatoes Green Corn
Olive Salad
Cheese Fingers
Pistachio Ice Cream Walnut Cake
Coffee

Supper

Lobster Salad
Cress Sandwiches Sweet Wafers
Iced Tea

RECIPES.

Veal Kidneys a la Italienne.

In a saucepan put one tablespoonful of butter and one tablespoonful of flour and cook slowly until well colored. Add to this one cupful of stock and stir until thick and smooth. Add one tablespoonful of mushroom catsup and two tomatoes cut small (or scant half cupful of canned tomatoes), salt and pepper to season and simmer for ten minutes. Strain and return to the fire. Add one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful of chopped mushrooms and one tablespoonful of chopped ham. Split the kidneys without quite dividing the halves. On the cut side of each lay a thin slice of bacon and fasten open with a skewer. Broil three minutes on each side, cooking the cut side first. Remove the skewers, arrange on a heated dish and pour the sauce around them.

Lobster Salad.

Take the flesh of a cooked lobster. If the shell is to be used brush while hot with salad oil, then brush off again. Break the lobster head from the tail, remove flesh from body and claws. Cut into neat pieces. Wash and shred some salad finely, put some of it into a salad dish, then some slices of lobster piled in the center and coat with mayonnaise dressing. Place the head at one end, and the tail at the other. Make a lattice work of anchovy fillets, and a gherkin cut like a fan at the other. Keep on ice till required.

HOT-WEATHER CONSTIPATION

People should be very careful at this time of the year not to become constipated, and if they do become constipated to attend to it promptly. Many people have a special tendency to constipation in hot weather, owing to the sudden change in food and to the fact that the natural moisture of the body that in winter remains within and helps to digest the food, leaves the system in the summer in the form of perspiration. Constipation should be immediately relieved. The best way to do this is not, as some suppose, by eating themselves sick with fruit and making the matter worse, nor by taking salts and laxative waters, which, as all who have tried them know, give but temporary relief; but, on the contrary, you should use a tried-and-true remedy like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which acts quickly but mildly and which relieves permanently so that a steady and lasting cure results. A bottle can be bought of any druggist, in sizes of 50 cents and $1.00. Those who have not yet tried Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and would like to make a test of it, can do so FREE OF CHARGE by sending their address for a SAMPLE BOTTLE to

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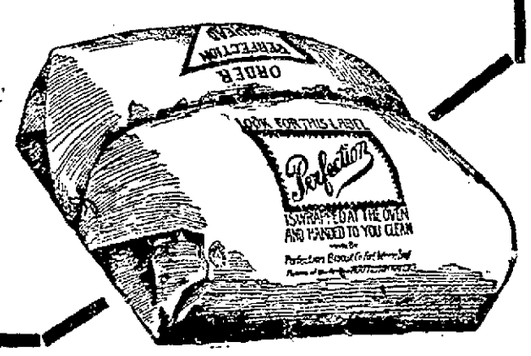

Strong Healthy Women

If a woman is strong and healthy in a womanly way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the many women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism and are unfitted for motherhood. This can be remedied.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

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"Favorite Prescription" banishes the indispositions of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It quickens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and insures a healthy and robust baby. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits.

It Makes Weak Women Strong. It Makes Sick Women Well.

Honest druggists do not offer substitutes, and urge them upon you as "just as good." Accept no secret nostrum in place of this *non-secret* remedy. It contains not a drop of alcohol and not a grain of habit-forming or injurious drugs. Is a pure glyceric extract of healing, native American roots.

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Rheumatism, that dreaded disease, cured in a short time by this wonderful TREATMENT.

Catarrh of the entire system CURED thoroughly.

DO NOT DESPAIR because folly and excess, also disease, have made you all run down and worthless. I will remove those VARICOSE VEINS, that dragging PAIN in your back, that twitching of the nerves and muscles and will drive the poison from your BLOOD.

Your ENERGY, AMBITION and POWER will come back to you at once. I CHARGE NOTHING to prove my methods will CURE you.

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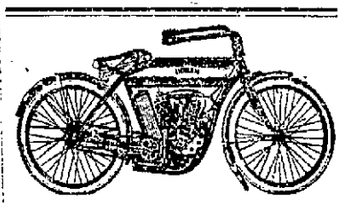

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The Earth Men.

DEKALB COUNTY IS A COUNTY OF FOUR GOOD TOWNS.

Three of Them—Auburn, Garrett and Waterloo—Within Distance of Eight Miles on Interurban—Each Sought Court House, But Auburn Won—Some Political Gossip.

[Special Correspondence.]

Auburn, Ind., Aug. 20.—The county council of DeKalb county at its session in September will vote an appropriation of $250,000 for the erection of the new court house, the plans for the new building having already been drawn and approved by the county commissioners. The new structure will be in this city and on the site of the present building, which was erected forty-six years ago at a cost of $30,000. For a time there was a shadow of a doubt as to whether the new court house, when built, would be located in Auburn. Two other big towns in the county, Garrett and Waterloo, wanted it, and they had their fighting clothes on to secure it, but Auburn won the victory and the commissioners approved the plans locating it on its present site, which is a beautiful one in the heart of the business center of the city.

Four Good Busy Towns.

This effort on the part of other towns in the county to get the court house away from Auburn brings to mind the fact that DeKalb has four busy towns within her borders, each of them of a pretty good size. Other counties have bigger towns, but few of them have more big towns than has this county.

Auburn and Garrett are about the same size, each with a population of 5,000. Butler has a population of 2,500 and Waterloo 1,300. Besides these are Ashley with 900, St. Joe with 650, Altona with 500, Corunna with 400, and Auburn Junction with a couple of hundred—nine towns and all of them busy ones.

A peculiarity in regard to these towns is that three of them, three of the largest, too, Auburn, Garrett and Waterloo, are within a few miles of each other and on the same interurban railroad, the Toledo & Chicago. Going from Fort Wayne on this interurban line one first comes to Garrett. Then in less than four miles he strikes Auburn and four miles further on Waterloo, passing enroute from Garrett to Auburn through Auburn Junction, midway between the two towns' centers and the junction of three steam railroads.

Being the county seat this close proximity of these other towns gives to Auburn a business that is a material aid to her merchants, the interurban especially making travel convenient.

Not Geographical Center.

Auburn is not the geographical center of the county, although it is close to it, within three or four miles. It is not any nearer to the center than is Waterloo, which in the early history of the county was the rival of Auburn for the location of the county seat. The center of the county, however, is in this township, Union, at a place which was once called Centerville.

It was back in the latter part of the thirties of the last century that the struggle for the location of the county seat occurred. At that time Centerville was a settlement of considerable note. It was on land which was purchased by Messrs. Rogers and Hamilton. They had an eye to business, knowing when they made the purchase that it was the exact center of the county.

They at once had it platted as a town and when the county was organized sought to have the legislature establish it as the county seat. But there were two better legislative lobbyists in the county than Rogers and Hamilton. They were Wesley Park and John Howe, who had land at what is now Auburn. They fought for the county seat and won. With this blow to its future, Centerville's hopes of becoming a resident and commercial center died and the town plat of ground became farming land. It is, however, yet known as "the center of the county."

County is Democratic.

Politically DeKalb is democratic—"reliably so," leading democrats in this county say, "by six or seven hundred majority." And yet at the first presidential election held in the county, in 1840, the democrats lost out. It gave Harrison, the whig candidate, ten majority. Four years later it gave Polk, the democratic candidate for president, a majority of sixty-eight.

In presidential elections held afterwards it got on different sides of the political fence and puzzled political prognosticaters as to how it was going to go. In 1892 Cleveland carried the county by 302 and in 1896 and 1900 the democratic majorities were 541 and 270 respectively. The majority of Roosevelt in 1904 was 589, but in 1908 Bryan carried the county by 698 and the entire county ticket was elected by majorities equally large in regard to most of the candidates.

This year the county option question is going to cut a figure, especially in regard to the legislative candidates. The republican candidate, Capt. Dennison, of Garrett, has come out squaretoed against the repeal of the county option law, giving his views in a published card. Hon. F. M. McKennan, also of Garrett, the democratic candidate, has not announced how he will vote. He was a member of the last legislature and was a strong opponent of and voted against the passage of the county option bill.

DeKalb is one of the "dry" counties of the state. It was "dry" by township and ward remonstrances for two years previous to last fall when at an election held the county voted to remain "dry" by a majority of over 900.

The Fight for Judge.

Interesting also in this county is the campaign now being waged for judge of the circuit court of DeKalb and Steuben counties and it is one that will probably drift into a good deal of mud-slinging, in fact, mud-slinging has already begun.

The republican candidate is Howard W. Mountz, of Garrett. He was opposed in the nomination caucuses by P. V. Hoffman, of this city, and the fight between them was a bitter one, but Mr. Mountz won out so completely that in the convention he was given the unanimous nomination. Mr. Hoffman, alleging that he was treated unfairly and his character unjustly assailed, has announced himself as an independent candidate for the office.

The democratic candidate for judge is Frank M. Powers, of Angola. He is a lawyer of eminent ability and widely and favorably known in both counties. A man with all the qualifications to make him an able and upright judge, he would be an honor to the bench. It is believed he will be elected although normally the judicial district is republican by about 1,000 majority.

Just what strength Mr. Hoffman will have in his candidacy is not know. He is one of the ablest lawyers at the DeKalb county bar and has always been a staunch republican.

A Democratic Senator.

The senatorial district in regard to the counties composing it is identical with the judicial—DeKalb and Steuben—and, notwithstanding the fact that it is so strongly republican, two years ago it elected a democratic joint senator. This senator is the Hon. Stephen A. Powers, of Angola. He was elected by a small majority.

Senator Powers is not worrying about the election this year as far as he is personally concerned. He is one of the hold-over senators and will go back to the next legislature. He is one of the unique political characters of Indiana, unique in appearance, in manners, and views on some of the public questions of the day.

Two years ago he made a spectacular campaign, driving over the district with the same old horse and buggy that he used in a political campaign he made twenty-two years ago in this district when he was elected judge of the circuit court for the counties of DeKalb and Steuben, beating Judge McBride, the republican candidate for the office.

He is a pioneer of Steuben county and is personally acquainted with about every man in it, "and their wives and children, too," he will tell you when talking about the political campaigns he has made for himself and his party candidates.

ACUTE OR CHRONIC—WHICH?

No matter if your kidney trouble is acute or chronic Foley's Kidney Remedy will reach your case. Mr. Claude Brown, Reynoldsville, Ill., writes us that he suffered many months with kidney complaint which baffled all treatment. At last he tried Foley's Kidney Remedy and a few large bottles effected a complete cure. He says, "It has been of inestimable value to me." Dreier Bros.

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Electro-Technic Band, Robison Park, Sunday. 18-3t

ELECTRIC TALKS

NO. 1.

I have been asked by some of the members of the "Independent Voters' League," to briefly analyze the report of Mr. Page, who, in the service of the Wabash Valley Traction company, has been going over the accounts of the city lighting plant. I specially want to call attention to some omissions in his report, which matters, it seems to me, should have been included in fairness to the city.

During the years the fund was being raised for the construction of our lighting plant the city rate of taxation was never increased thereby. It remained at 1 per cent., as it had been for many years, and for many years since.

In other words, no additional tax was paid by the people from what they had been paying before, and what they have been paying since. Is there, therefore, any reason why 6 per cent. compound interest should be charged up all these years against that portion of the tax that went to build our lighting plant and not against that larger portion of the same tax which went to build fire engine houses, the public market or to pave streets or build sewers? What a height of absurdity it would be to go back a hundred years and reckon 6 per cent. compound interest on all the taxes Fort Wayne citizens have paid to run the city during that time. Why, thus computed that sum would be hundreds of millions of dollars. The mere suggestion of doing such a thing illustrates the absurdity of Mr. Page's figures. No one ever heard of such a proposition until public utilities corporations began to pay out their money to expert accountants to figure municipalities out of the idea of running their public utilities for the benefit of their city, rather than for the benefit of such public service corporations. I am one of the taxpayers who helped to create that fund, and I think I am expressing the wish of practically all Fort Wayne citizens when I say I do not want the city of Fort Wayne figuring 6 per cent. compound interest on any taxes I have paid it for this or any other purpose. If in this I correctly represent public sentiment, we can certainly strike out from Mr. Page's report the padding in the cost of the plant of $58,896.47, plus $9,468.15, a total of $68,272.62, which he puts in under the head of interest up to June 30, 1910.

D. N. FOSTER.

Cut out these "talks" as they appear and keep them for future reference.

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Whatever may have caused your trouble, you do not want to suffer the full penalty exacted by Nature. You do not want your health wrecked, your happiness destroyed and your life filled with misery and suffering, when with a little effort you can avoid it. Under my advanced methods of treatment a cure is a certainty. I CURE. AND WHAT I CURE STAYS CURED.

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FINE HORSES AT FAIR.

Huntertown Horse Co. and E. Waldorf Will Have Big Exhibits.

Early interest in horse exhibits at the Fort Wayne fair is in evidence. Secretary Strieder is daily in receipt of letters and has provided for a number of exhibits already. Among these is the string of horses from the Huntertown Horse company, who will send twenty head, and a fine bunch of draft horses from E. Waldorf, of Edgerton, Ind. The reputation of Allen county as a horse breeding center will be well sustained at the coming fair.

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A Page of Interest to Women

"PEASANT" MODE OF DRESS.

PHOTO. BY JOEL FEDER.

It would be hard to imagine anything simpler than this little frock worn at Trouville. A chiffon tunic in soft magenta red is draped in straight lines over a white silk slip, collar, girdle and deep hem of matching satin, combining the chiffon over the white satin. A white net yoke and sleeve frills add daintiness. The hat is all black.

HOW TO BE BELLE OF THE CAMP.

Because a Girl is Enjoying Life in the Open is No Reason Why She Should Not Dress So as to be Attractive.

Just because a girl is going into camp for a week or so is no reason that she should look like a tramp the while. It would be silly to dress for the woods as she would for a fashionable visit, but a certain carelessness affected by some girls when they are living out of doors is neither attractive, nor good form.

Any appearance of dirt is to be avoided as scrupulously as it would be at any other time. Crispness—that perfect freshness of apparel one associates with a dainty girl ordinarily—may not be attained when one is living roughly, but if clothes suited to the occasion are chosen there will be neither reason nor excuse for her appearing untidy, and one who gives heed will be infinitely better looking than she who permits herself to appear slovenly.

For skirts to wear through the day, in even the roughest wood camp, nothing is better, and few others as good as those made of khaki. The material is firm enough not to crumple; it wears like cast iron, resisting all but the strongest brambles and nails that would tear anything else, and spots are easily scrubbed out. With just moderate attention to the matter, one skirt of khaki will go through a week, looking well, even including fishing excursions, and the doing of camp work. But to rub one's wet hands on one's skirt, simply because one is in camp, and to be sloppy about one's tasks is lack of breeding, for it makes the wearer of such a garment look like a slattern.

To keep one's blouses in good order is more difficult, but if those of thin French flannel have been chosen a long step toward neatness has been taken. Nor need such waists be homely. Of bright crimson, dull or gray, they are becoming to all, especially when relieved by soft white collars and bright leather belts. Girls who can wear silk handkerchiefs knotted about their throats and look well most truly fit into the sylvan scene, but few can. Stocks of white duck or canvas, unstiffened, are becoming and easily laundered, even in camp, for one may heat a flat iron in the glowing coals and iron the soft strips whenever it becomes necessary.

The girl who wears gloves constantly in camp may be laughed at then, but others will envy her hands when at the end of the holiday she goes forth to civilization. Moreover, at meal times in camp she will look far better if she has not permitted her fingers to become roughened.

In point of fact the whole etiquette of camp dressing might be summed up in "noblesse oblige." When a girl remembers that, whatever she wears and whatever her surroundings, she is well bred, and must appear so, however simple her garments.

ROSANNA SCHUYLER.

APRICOT JAM AND JELLY.

Apricots may be put up in almost any way that peaches are. For the jam, peel and stone the apricots, sprinkle with sugar, using a pound of sugar to every pound and a half of fruit. Let stand twelve hours. Blanch the apricot pits, put with the fruit and sugar, simmer an hour, then remove the pits and cook the jam fifteen minutes longer. Like the peach, the apricot does not make a firm jelly that will retain its shape when turned from a mould, but no jelly is more delicious for cake fillings. Cut the fruit in pieces, saving the stones. Cover the fruit with water and cook slowly, closely cover until the fruit is perfectly soft. Turn into a jelly bag and let drip. When the juice is all extracted measure and allow to each pint of juice a pound of sugar and the juice of a lemon. Set the sugar in the oven to heat, and place the liquid uncovered over the fire. Cook steadily twenty minutes, add the heated sugar, stir until dissolved, cook five minutes and strain through cheesecloth into glasses.

The curved bridges of Japan are of three kinds: Those known as spectacle bridges, with an arch in the center suggesting a pair of spectacles; the camelback bridges, which go up very high; the ordinary, one-arch, semicircular bridges. The reason the Japanese so often have curved bridges is because until modern times they could not build them flat, and even today there is no keystone to the Japanese arches. They are not generally familiar with the keystone.—St. Nicholas.

CARE OF LINEN CLOSET IS PLEASURE TO HOUSEKEEPER.

Every One is Proud of Her Ability to Keep Its Contents in Good Condition, Always Remembering the "Stitch in Time Saves Nine" Rule.

Every housekeeper is proud of her linen closet, nowadays, and to keep the contents in good condition is more often considered a pleasure than a task, especially when the stitch-in-time-saves-nine rule is applied. Darning fine linen is really fascinating work if one will only take pains to do it well.

Table cloths are apt to show the first signs of wear in the fold down the middle, but an actual break may be prolonged if a few threads—half a dozen or so—are neatly darned in down this fold. Some housekeepers reinforce in this way after a few washings only, but as the damask then is apt to be thick, the darning is a little harder to do than when the cloth has reached the half worn stage.

The thread known as flourishing cotton is used for repairing all kinds of house linen, and will be found to look almost exactly like a thread drawn from damask. Every one is acquainted with the device of cutting a couple of inches from one end and one side of a tablecloth when it begins to wear, but this shortening may be put off for a long time if the middle fold is strengthened while the cloth is still in good condition.

Then there are others who never iron the cloth directly through the middle, but fold it so that it measures from one to two inches wider on one part, because, of course, it is the constant pressing of the iron on the one line that causes the wear.

The next sign of wear is indicated by broken threads. If these are allowed to remain unnoticed the result will be a hole in no time, while if a few stitches are set in the ravage will be concealed and the damask look like new again. A simple in and out, upper and under stitch is used, the work being done on the wrong side of the cloth. This is "the stitch in time." When both woof and warp break, a hole having ragged edges is the result. When this happens there is nothing to do but to cut away the frayed part and fill in the space with the darning stitch.

Unless the thread used for working has been shrunken loops should be left all around the edges of the hole. The wise plan is to leave the loops any way, because the ironing is apt to smooth the thread and the loops will allow plenty of "give," while a tight thread will cause a drawing that will in time tear the material needed part away. As the cloth is always thin around a hole, the darning should extend beyond it for half an inch or more on all sides.

Worn napkins are repaired in the same way as tablecloths.

Then there are dangers the result of accidents, as an actual tear. These are as likely to happen to new cloths as to worn damask. Sometimes it is a clean cut made by a careless person with a knife, but the average rent is usually on the scraggy order. Table linen does not tear straight as a rule. In either case the edges should be neatly drawn together with a fine needle and very fine sewing cotton, just to form a foundation for the darning. Then the loose threads are cut away and a piece of stiff paper basted over the tear on the right side. The darning is done from the under side and any jagged edges that may have been left are taken under with the needle, keeping the surface of the right side as smooth as possible. In darning work the way the weave runs. This will bring the repair more like the pattern of the damask than the straight to and fro stitch.

Bed linen may be made to last much longer if carefully mended. The same kind of thread is used as for damask, and, of course, the darning stitch is the correct one.

Three-cornered tears should first have the edges drawn neatly together with the sewing cotton before commencing the darning.

Pillow slips usually show the first wear along the seams at the side and lower edge. This is said to be because when making the seams the material becomes drawn a little and the constant ironing flat causes the little slits that make their appearance along the seams. When these breaks are many, then the better and quicker plan is to cut off the seams and make new ones. This will make the slip a little smaller, of course, but only an inch or so, and this difference is, perhaps, to be preferred to patched pillow slips. When there are signs of breaking at the hem, it is a good plan to sew a strip of bias tape on the under side, stitching one edge to the hem and the other on the single thickness. One should not wait until there is an actual slit.

Sheets may be darned for some time and, when worn thin in the middle, the well known plan of turning the sides to the middle is resorted to. The old-fashioned over seaming is improved upon by laying a flat seam, one selvage slightly over the other and sewing down by machine. This is smoother and does not draw like the over-handed seam.

ELIZABETH LEE.

CHIFFON GOWN, WITH FICHU.

PHOTO. BY JOEL FEDER.

Again white and black—the always modish Paris combination—appear in this graceful dinner gown, which shows the fichu drapery over shoulders and bust which is now so fashionable. The skirt is banded in below the knees by a narrow black satin hem and over this is draped a length of chiffon, caught up by black ribbon rosettes. These rosettes are ultra smart at present and appear on many French evening gowns.

Brass Effective in Decoration.

Is Striking Both by Day and Candle Light, and Wears Forever.

"Brass," said a professional interior decorator, "is the color and metal I like best to deal with in dining rooms for summer houses. It is enormously effective both by day and candle light; it wears forever; ornaments of it are turned to practical uses and almost never does one see a 'silly' piece, an atrocity to be adhored by artistic people.

"A matter most important in all decoration, you must understand, is that objects which ornament shall also have a reason for being. If you stop to consider all the real works of art you ever saw or heard of, their value and life lies in either the extreme delicacy of their execution, which is craft; their coloring, which is art, or their shape. With the exception of pictures, there is hardly a piece known to collectors which was not designed for a practical purpose. The instant one leaves this latter thought and selects an object which could not be adapted to any use the chances are that it will be inartistic because it has no coherent reason for having been executed.

"This may seem many removes from brass in dining rooms, but is not, because the metal, intelligently employed, combines the requisites of ornaments. Every householder wants an attractive room, and some ornamentation is necessary. Take the chimney piece, for instance. I have been selecting articles for one today. The mantel ends with a square column at either end, the top of it being Corinthian and at least ten inches above the shelf. The structure is not good in itself, because the columns support nothing, so I have tried to pull them into a scheme. To do this I have chosen two small brass pots of artistic shape, one for the top of each pillar, which thus becomes a legitimate support. I mean to have the pots always filled with fresh flowers. There are two tall Italian candlesticks just below, at either end of the shelf. They are pottery, beautifully decorated, and at night hold lighted candles. The centerpiece is a dish of the same pottery.

"Blue predominates in the ware, so you may fancy how brass lightens that section of the wall.

"On a side table is a great brass candlestick holding nine candles, and a low brass dish for flowers. Those two pieces are enough for that table. Over the sideboard is an old gilt mirror, and beside it a pair of brass sconces. The thin muslin and silk window hangings are held back by old brass or gilt branches.

"The walls of the room are gray and the window hangings a dull pastel red. The brass is the one bright note."

CHASING RAINBOWS.

How many people go through life deluded with the conviction that if they could only get a little more money, a little more comfortable position, a little better home, or if they could only get over the particular trouble that is annoying them at the time they would be happy.

I know a man who had a very hard boyhood, suffered great poverty, who is now fifty years old, and he has always honestly believed that if he could only get over the particular difficulty that was annoying him at the moment, he would be perfectly happy, but he is the same anxious, restless, expectant spirit today as when a youth, says Home Notes. He has been quite successful, but there is always something that nettles him, or destroys his happiness, and, although he is a well meaning man, he has made his family, his employes, and everybody about him unhappy, because he is always fretting and worrying, always borrowing trouble.

FOR A NORTH ROOM.

It is often difficult to know how to brighten a room facing north.

I first, in one of our rooms that face that way, tried banishing curtains altogether, to let the light in, but soon found that it is not only light that is needed but sunshine; so I determined that even if I couldn't have the real thing I would get the effect of it at any rate, says Home Chat.

I had the room tinted a soft yellow shade, shading off to an almost creamy tint for the ceiling. Pretty, short, soft yellow curtains framed the window, but were not drawn over it in the least.

I put a pretty brass flower pot with a fern in it in a dark corner, and it quite transformed it. Brass fireirons, candlesticks and ornaments also helped to give the room a cheery appearance, and soon the dull room was dull no longer.

LITTLE FROCK OF MOHAIR.

FROM SIMPSON CRAWFORD CO. JOEL FEDER. PHOTO.

This chic little costume is from such a humble fabric as checked mohair, but the model being submitted, many a woman should be able to copy it satisfactorily. The use of the fabric on the bias for the upper part of the frock is very successful, and to this tunic a stright, scant plaiting is set under a corded piping. Inlays of orange silk and small silver buttons add cheer to the simple little dress, and the yoke of black chiffon over white is very pleasing.

Bicarbonate of Soda Solution is Heat Rash Relief

Simple Remedy, While Not a Cure, Will Keep Down Any Irritation.

A saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda is the means of relief taken by a woman who has suffered from heat rash. Constant use of the solution keeps down any irritation and, while she does not consider it a cure, she is never without it.

Bicarbonate of soda is in itself one of the most cooling agents that can be employed on the skin. A saturated solution means simply that the powder is dissolved in such strength that when the liquid evaporates a sediment remains, adhering to the skin and allaying itching.

A bottle of any size is almost filled with water, and then as much bicarbonate of soda as will dissolve is added. Should there be too much of the powder, so that some remains at the bottom of the bottle, no harm is done. To use, the skin is freely moistened in the spots affected, the lotion drying on. When the effect begins to wear off a fresh supply may be put on an endless number of times through the day and, if one is wakeful, at night.

Scratching is the worst possible treatment that can be given to any skin irritation, bringing direct infection, as sometimes happens, or making a sore place at least. When the skin is moist from perspiration in summer, a longer time is required for healing than when cool, dry weather acts as a drying element, and too much care cannot be taken not to break the skin.

When irritation from heat rash is severe and bathing is for the time impossible, carbolized vaseline will be found soothing. It is to be rubbed on freely, spreading over a bit of old linen to prevent contact of the slightest roughness of the garments. Under no consideration should the linen be allowed to wrinkle, or the skin, under the crease, will be greatly inflamed.

Talcum powder is a friend indeed in warm weather, for applying it thickly prevents irritation and helps to keep the body cool. It should be dusted on heavily, treating the toes in the same fashion, before drawing on hosiery. When there is marked irritation, and the surface of the skin is broken, talcum, following a treatment of carbolized vaseline, may entirely prevent pain. Yet too much stress cannot be laid on the matter of having all clothing unwrinkled over such places and keeping from them roughness, such as the rib of underwear.

MARGARET MIXTER.

The song by Miss Olga Gilge, the only graduate of the vocal music department, was entrancing. It was the first opportunity of many to hear her, as she has never appeared on but two programs previous to this one. She had an extra power of sustaining the tones and in smoothly moving from one tone to the next.—Charles City (Iowa) Press.

THE SENTINEL'S PULPIT AND SUNDAY SCHOOL

Seeking the Lost

An Unpublished Discourse by DWIGHT L. MOODY.

Delivered in Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass., by America's Greatest Evangelist. Text—Luke 19:10.

[From The Christian Herald.]

I have always been very fond of this text, because, just in a few words, we are told by Christ himself what his mission was in this world. He tells us that he came "to seek and save that which was lost." And in another place he said that he did not come to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved. In still another place he said he did not come to destroy life, but that his mission was to give light and life to this world.

Mark you, he says that he came to "seek." You hear a good many people speaking of "seeking the Lord;" but no man ever thought of "seeking the Lord," until the Lord first thought of "seeking" him. During these thousands of years, God has been seeking the lost. Take the parable in the fifteenth of Luke. There's that man who had a hundred sheep. One is missing. Does he go to bed rejoicing, and leaving that one out on the mountains? No. He leaves the ninety-nine and goes out into the desert to hunt the lost one until he finds it, and he doesn't maul it and kick it and hurt it. He puts it on his shoulder and brings it back. It is not the sheep that rejoices, but the shepherd who rejoices.

The Missing Piece of Silver.

Then he gives another parable. A certain woman had ten pieces of silver. One piece is missing. Some one had paid her a bill that day, and she takes out the money and counts it, and there are only nine pieces. One is missing. What does she do? Sit down in the rocking-chair and let that piece find its way down into her pocket? No. She finds a hole in her pocket. The piece is somewhere in the house. She gets a broom and sweeps diligently, turning the furniture upside down and creating a great commotion; and at last she finds that piece of silver. It is not the piece of silver that finds her, but the woman that finds her silver; and she calls her friends, and says, "Rejoice with me, for I have found that piece of silver."

What is that parable for? It is to teach us that He is the seeker. It sparkles like a diamond upon the bosom of Scripture. We find him speaking and using the title, "The Son of Man," no less than thirty-eight times. Some one has counted up the titles as 156, and the last was "the Son of Man." None of the apostles ever called him "the Son of Man." Stephen said, "I see the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God." Jesus seemed to delight in that title. He was glad to get down among the people—to get into sympathy and touch with poor, fallen humanity. "The Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost."

The Son of Man Seeks You.

Now, there's not a man or woman in this house whom he has not sought many a time. There's a class of people who labor under a delusion, who think that when the Lord seeks them out, they will be saved. They are waiting for the Lord to do something more for their salvation than he has done thus far. But our salvation is complete, all wrought out. He can do no more. Don't let any one go away with the delusion that the Lord never sought for him. Did you ever read a tract entitled "Eternity?" Do you not remember how, in your early childhood, God was seeking through your godly, sainted mother, or your father, or Sabbath school teacher, or minister who pleaded over you? Have you never been in a church where the sermon moved you mightily? There was a man in Brooklyn some years ago who was awakened, and he told how, night after night as he went home after a debauch, his mother's picture, which was hanging on the wall, seemed as if with its eyes it would pierce his inmost soul, and he turned the picture toward the wall, feeling in his heart that the Son of Man was seeking him through that picture of his mother. Did you never get a letter from your father or mother, or some friend, urging you to become a Christian? Don't let any one say, "The Son of Man never sought me." He sought you from your infancy up, and he is still seeking. Who put it into your heart to come here? Who put it into the heart of God's people to have the churches all opened? Was it the work of Satan, or of the Son of God? These men who have been toiling and preaching and working here are the instruments of the Spirit of God who is working, and Christ who is calling the wanderers back to the fold. The very air is charged with the Spirit of God. The Son of Man is seeking you today—this very minute!

Bartimeus Hears of Jesus.

I think we only get a partial view of what happened when Christ was on earth. We find him coming near to Jericho. About a week before he got to Jericho, there was a man coming down from Jerusalem, and he finds a poor fellow sitting by the wayside crying, "Bakshish! Bakshish!" He asks, "What is your name?" "My name is Bartimeus." "I see you are blind. I have no silver or gold, but I have some good news for you." It's a hard thing to make a beggar believe this, especially in that eastern country. Bakshish is the beggars' god. That is the thing they are after. And this man pricks up his ears, and he says, "Something better than bakshish?" "Yes, there's a God in Israel who can give you sight." "I never saw the mother that gave me birth," the poor fellow answers. "I never expect to see her in this life." "I am come from Jerusalem," says the other, "and I saw a man there who was born blind and who has now got his sight." "How did he get his sight?" "Did you ever hear of a man named Jesus?" "No; who is he?" "He is a prophet of Galilee. He has been living up here at Capernaum; he goes down to Jerusalem quite often. He was there on the feast. He met a man who was blind and asked him if he would like to get his sight. He said, 'Yes.' And Jesus spat upon the ground and made clay, and anointed the man's eyes, and while he was washing, he got his sight." "What did he charge him?" "Nothing." "What!" cries the beggar, "gave him his sight for nothing?" "Yes; for nothing. And I was talking with one of his disciples, Simon Peter, and he said that Jesus of Nazareth would pass through Jericho next week. Now, don't you let him pass through without bringing your case before him." "Well, now," cried the beggar, "do you think I would miss such a chance? I suppose I'll need some of the chief men of Jericho to call upon him and intercede for me." "No," says the other, "the poor have as much influence with him as the rich. In fact, I think they have more, because he's a poor man himself. As I heard him preach, he said, 'The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has not where to lay his head.' And they tell me he isn't worth anything; he is a poor man himself. I tell you, if you'll go right to him with your trouble, I believe he will give you your sight." "I will," says the beggar.

The Blind Beggar's Appeal.

We can imagine the little children or the dog that had been trained to lead the blind beggar through the streets of Jericho, while his cry rang out, "Bakshish! Bakshish!" morning after morning, while he was listening to hear any sound of the Prophet's coming. Perhaps he made inquiry, and kept saying, "Anybody heard of Jesus of Nazareth? Have you heard of his coming? If you do, will you let me know? I want to see him." Did you ever hear of a blind man wanting to see a person? I was in a deaf and dumb institution in Illinois, and there were two blind men who wanted to "see through the institution." I laughed at the idea, but the superintendent of the institution said it was a common experience. Well, we took them all through the institution and they seemed to see. They had a pretty good idea of that institution for the deaf and dumb. And so this blind man wanted to see Jesus. I imagine them leading him, and at last he hears the footsteps of a coming crowd. He's got ears if he hasn't got eyes. And perhaps he mistrusts who is coming. He says, "Who's coming?" And they tell him that Jesus of Nazareth is passing by. That name thrills him. "Jesus of Nazareth! That's the man to give me sight." And he began to pray, right there in the highway. Some people say they can't pray, but if you could give them hope of getting their sight they would soon begin to pray. "Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me!" cried the blind beggar. They tried to silence him, and said, "Sh! keep still there. Don't disturb this man now. He's got important business—going to his coronation to Jerusalem. Don't want to be disturbed by a poor, blind beggar."

Some one has said, "They would stop every harp in heaven to hear a sinner." Would to God he would hear a sinner in this church this hour. O man, if you can get eternal sight for the asking, you had better ask now. If a man can get a sight that can sweep beyond this scene into the supremest world—if he can get eternal sight by asking, he had better ask. They could not silence Bartimeus, and the more they tried the louder he cried, "Have mercy upon me." The Master heard that cry. He always does. My friends, if a cry goes up from this gathering, I believe it will be heard in the gates of heaven, and the answer will come back before I get through preaching. He is so anxious to save that he will come and save you now. Remember the prayer of Bartimeus: "Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me." Don't you want him to have mercy upon you? Supposing you say it: "Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me." I want him to have mercy upon me. I don't know that I will ever get beyond that prayer in this world. I don't want justice, but mercy. What does the Scripture say? He "delighteth in mercy." He "delighteth" in it. Let him show mercy to you now. If he heard that poor beggar at Jericho, won't he hear you? If he answered him, won't he answer you—your cry, that is an honest cry? He is unchangeable grace. He is in glory, but he delights to give gifts to the sons of men. O man! O woman! Don't go out of here without getting eternal sight. Did the Master hush up that man? No. He said: "Go fetch him."

Seeing the Master Face to Face.

I see one of the disciples going and saying, "Bartimeus, the Master sends for you; he is going to bless you." They took him by the hand. His garment fell off, and he let it go. Dead in earnest! When a man is in earnest, he gets a blessing. Jesus asked, "What do you want? Call upon me, and I will show you great and mighty things." That's what is said in the scripture. "Lord, that I may receive my sight!" He received it right then and there. That mortal could say what no other mortal could say on this earth, that the first object that met his gaze was the Son of God himself. What a day that must have been for Bartimeus! Wasn't that worth more than silver and gold? If the Lord had given him all Jericho, wouldn't it still have been worth more than that? I have the idea that he sang as sweetly as the singers up in that choir: "Hosannah! Hosannah to the Son of David!" He changed his old cry—no longer praying, but praising.

Do you know why there are so few people saved here today? Do you want me to tell you? Because there are so few who believe they are lost. That's the trouble. There's the trouble. A woman came to a meeting some time ago. There was a crowd accumulated before the door was open. She got separated from her little girl and she could not find her. She sent up word to the minister to call out her child. The minister said, "Mary Moore has got lost, and if she is in the house she will please rise! Mary Moore is lost; if she will rise, the mother will be glad to find her." No one rose. They took the word to the mother that the child was not in the house. The mother got the bell-ringer to go up and down the street, crying: "Lost! Lost!" And the hour passed. And the woman got almost frantic. They found Mary Moore was on the front seat in the meeting. "Why," they said, "why didn't you step out when we called your name?" "Oh, but I wasn't lost." She felt it meant some other Mary. Do you see the point? When you preach to them, they say, "No, I'm not lost." That's the trouble.

A Prison Visitation.

During the war, when Grant was lying in front of Richmond, I was going up to Chicago, and I passed through New York. I spent the Sabbath in New York city, and I went to the Fulton street prayer meeting. During the meeting I spoke and at the close of the service a man came to me and said, "Will you go to the Tombs tomorrow and preach?" "Yes, sir," I replied. I supposed the prisoners would be brought into the chapel; but, to my horror, I found I had got to speak to them in their cells. I had never tried that. It was steep work to preach to people you couldn't see. There were two rows of cells above me and one below, and I stood and talked to 350 or 400 convicts. Afterwards I thought I would like to look at my audience; and I went to the door of the first cell and there was a little window just to let light and air in. And I looked into the cell and there were two in that cell and they were playing cards. I have an idea they were playing cards all the time I was preaching. I said to them, "How are you here?" "We got into bad company," said one, "and the man who did the deed got free; but we got in." And another said, "The man that did the deed, didn't get in." And at the next cell: "We are going to have a new trial; we don't belong here. A man went into court and swore a lie."

Do you know, I never found so many innocent men in all my life. Human nature is the same under lock and key. "Well," I said, "I will go through this jail and see if I can find a sinner. It took a long time, but at last I found one fellow on the lower tier, all alone. He had his hands up to his head. I looked into the window, and asked: "What's the trouble?" I could see two streams of tears running down over his cheeks. "What's the trouble, my friend?" I repeated. "My sins are more than I can bear." "Ah, thank God!" I said, "thank God!" "You thank God that my sins are more than I can bear? Why, ain't you the man that preached to us? I thought you said you were the friend of the prisoner. I don't understand that friendship." I said, "I've been looking for you; I've been hunting for you." Well, I found the sinner, and I preached Christ to that man for half an hour. It was like a cup of cold water to a thirsty man. He was "lost." After I had talked with him, I said, "Get down on your knees and we will pray." He said, "I can't pray." He told me how bad he had been. His catalogue of sin was as dark and vile and black as hell; but it was refreshing to tell him that Christ is the one that cleanseth from all sin and can save unto the uttermost. I said, "Pray." And the poor fellow took his head away from the iron bedstead and he cried to God for mercy. "O God, have mercy upon me, a vile wretch."

Well, I got so interested in that man that I could hardly leave him. My heart went out to him. He seemed like a brother of mine—a friend. I said, "At night I will be at the hotel, and between nine and ten I will spend that hour praying for you, and I want you to meet me at the Mercy Seat. And that night I had such liberty in praying—I was led out so in prayer—that I could not take the midnight train for Chicago, and felt I must see him once more. And I went to the Tombs and the officer let me talk with him; and the moment he heard my voice, he got hold of my hand and pressed it and the hote tears of joy fell over his face, and he told me that that night God had come to his soul.

Why was it the Son of God came down that night and passed by one cell and found that man? Do you know the reason why? He took his place among "the lost." And if there's a man or woman here who will take this place—among the lost—God will find you out. Let him receive you today.

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM HAY FEVER

Asthma and summer bronchitis, take Foley's Honey and Tar. It quickly relieves the discomfort and suffering and the annoying symptoms disappear. It soothes and heals the inflamed air passages of thehead, throat and bronchial tubes. It contains no opiates and no harmful drugs. Refuse substitutes. Dreier Bros.

A stranger coming into this state would suppose that we were the most military and professional people in the world. Every man who runs a soda fount is a "doctor," every dancing master a "professor," every illiterate county commissioner is a "judge," every crossroads lawyer is a "colonel." The result of it all is that we are making ourselves ridiculous.—Meldrim (Ga.) Guidon.

FROM SICKNESS TO "EXCELLENT HEALTH."

So says Mrs. Chas. Lyon, Peoria, Ill.: "I found in your Foley Kidney Pills a prompt and speedy cure for backache and kidney trouble which bothered me for many months. I am now enjoying excellent health which I owe to Foley Kidney Pills." Dreier Bros.

Jesus Entering Jerusalem

International Sunday School Lesson for Sunday, August 28, 1910. By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts.

Lesson Text—Matt. 21:1-17. Golden Text—Matt. 21:9: "Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."

[From The Christian Herald.]

The whole town of Bethany is astir and it is the early morning of the day after the Jewish Sabbath. The home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus is the center of activity. All of the people seem to be gathered there, for Jesus is mounting a young ass, and we see him make the start toward Jerusalem. His twelve apostles and others are accompanying him, going before, spreading their garments in the way as they would lay rugs over which a king might ride. And they break branches from the palm trees and wave them, crying, "Hosanna!" The procession halts as it reaches the summit of Olivet.

In Luke's gospel we read that when Jesus viewed the city from the mountain top, he wept. How strange that one riding in triumph should weep! He wept for the city that would have none of the love which the heavenly Father had sent by him. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! how oft would I have gathered thee, but thou wouldst not." And then he proceeded, winding down into the valley of Jehoshaphat; crossing it, he enters the city through the Golden Gate, and then ascends Mount Moriah, on whose summit stands the temple. On the way the ever-increasing throng which accompanied Jesus is joined by another throng coming out of the city to meet him, because they wish to see the man who had raised Lazarus from the dead.

At the temple Jesus dismounts. He is greeted by the choir boys of the temple, crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David!" The glad welcome is followed by the angry murmuring of the Pharisees, who will have none of him. They complain to him about the noise of the children. Jesus replies by quoting from the prophet that praises of children are acceptable to God. Then Jesus passes across the court of the Gentiles, and discovers a temple market in progress for the sale of doves and sacrificial animals, and money-changers are there, because the people need to pay money for services connected with the temple worship. But Jesus discovers dishonest dealing and so drives out the traders and the money-changers. It was the second time he had cleansed his Father's house because they had made it "a den of thieves."

The People's View of Christ's Kingship.

Zechariah (9:9) had prophesied: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Behold, thy king cometh unto thee, meek, and riding upon an ass, even upon a colt, the foal of an ass." The Jews, therefore, expected that the Messiah would so enter Jerusalem. The ass did not represent to them low estate in the Messiah, for even today judges and princes ride on the fine-blooded asses of the Orient that represent peace, in contrast to the horse, which symbolizes war. Christ then rode into Jerusalem as the Prince of Peace. Jesus knew both the prophecy and the expectation, and it was, therefore, a proclamation, by deeds that speak louder than words, that he was the long-expected Messiah. But the selfish Jews had misunderstood the prophecies, and they thought that when the Messiah should come he would make Jerusalem dominate the world as Rome had done. They thought of his mission as conquest, not conversion.

The Pharisees' View of Christ's Kingship.

While the people's fundamental error was in expecting for Christ only an external kingship of temporal power, the Pharisees, seemingly very different, made the kindred error of proclaiming religion to be a matter of externals, talliths, phylacteries, etc. But their contempt for the common people made it impossible for them to believe that the Messiah could have any other than a Pharisaic origin. The Pharisees would not have a Galilean to rule over them, whatever his superiority of soul. Even in America and in the Church of the Carpenter of Nazareth, we need to condemn the wicked pride that puts social standing above character. In a certain church in New B—, a pastor was very much criticised because he had taken thirty-three Swedish servant girls into membership. The pastor had in his home a Swedish servant who had been the means of getting her kind interested in the church. She had even held prayer meetings in the kitchen of the pastor's home for them. It was said by the critics that "such people were of no good to the church." How about the church being good for them? Can a church be good for much that is not good for the people?

Christ's View of His Kingship.

Christ proclaimed not the sudden and temporary kingship of force, but the slow and permanent enthronement of righteousness by service and self-sacrifice, and so he came "not to be ministered unto but to minister."

At the very hour when sin entered into the world came the first Gospel, the first proclamation of the good news that a bruised Conqueror, a Saviour-King, should come. In the prophets, side by side with dark pictures of the sins of men and nations, there are promises of one who is to be Sovereign and Sufferer. At Christ's birth the angels proclaimed a "Saviour" who is the "Messianic Lord." On the Mount of Transfiguration, Christ, in the very hour of his earthly coronation, "spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." And at the Lord's Supper, by the giving of the bread and the wine, he declared himself to be the Christ Lord. Let us remember that on his cross were the words: "This is the King." If we think beyond the cross, we see with John in Revelation a throne on which was the slain Lamb.

Napoleon in exile, recalling the speedy collapse of his own empire which he had so rapidly conquered by force, said: "Jesus alone founded his empire upon love, and to this day millions would die for him."

Christ had nothing with which to conquer the world but the might of right and the might of love. Matthew Henry reminds us that Jesus began his life in great poverty, in a borrowed cradle; that he later sailed in a borrowed boat, and that he rode into Jerusalem on a borrowed ass. He was soon to hold the Pasover in a borrowed room, and later would be buried in a borrowed tomb.

"Behold, the King cometh unto thee meek." The story of the triumphal march of Jesus from Bethany to Jerusalem was a type of his victorious march through all centuries and all countries. "The march of Christ down the centuries" is a key with which to study how Christ prevailed and is prevailing.

On that day when Christ rode into Jerusalem, he showed no exultation at the honors put upon him, for he knew that "crown him" and "crucify him" would swiftly follow each other, with resurrection and ascension beyond; and he knew that office is not merely or chiefly honor, but responsibility and opportunity. Even heaven should not be thought of as a place of honor and idleness, but of higher service. It is told of Thomas, a Kempis, that once, during his student days, his preceptor asked the class: "What passage of scripture has the sweetest description of heaven?" One student answered, "There shall be no more sorrow there." Another answered, "There shall be no more death." Another, "They shall see his face." But Thomas, who was the youngest of all, said: "And his servants shall serve him." Brighter than heaven itself, Jesus saw the time when the five hundred disciples of his earthly life should be the five hundred millions of professing Christians of our twentieth century.

It is not too much to say that he saw a vision of the great World Missionary conference held only last June in Edinburgh, truly a cosmopolitan assembly, a "Parliament of Man," intent on devising means for the betterment of the human race. It certainly was a gathering that brought nearer the kingdom of heaven on earth.

The time when that conference reached its highest tide was the day when "Co-operation and Unity" was considered. The discussion was preceded by an invocation service; the great hall with its galleries was packed with men and women from all parts of the earth, representing one hundred and sixty denominations and religious associations. Instantly silence fell upon all and the silence was filled with God. Suddenly, through the silence came a voice, vibrating with feeling, speaking the prayer of the Lord, "that they may be one, that the world may believe."

There was not a dissenting voice in the discussions which followed on the practicability of co-operation and unity in the missionary work of the world. Sir Andrew Fraser, late governor general of Bengal, said: "The attainment of unity would double the resources of the church without the addition of one worker." He also said, "Co-operation, when it begins, has a great tendency to increase." Mr. Cheng Ching-yi, a Chinaman who spoke excellent English, said: "Denominationalism never interested the Chinese mind; that China loved the ideal of unity in the home, in the nation, and in religion." Bishop Brent said that "aloofness means a poor and maimed life."

Dr. Campbell Gibson expressed the belief that the body of Christ has many members, but that he could not think of a body with its members severed from one another. Rev. James T. Barton quoted a Mohammedan leader who said to him that "Mohammedans had looked upon religion as a great barrier to keep the Turkish empire apart, but now they were learning that religion might be the greatest bond to combine them together into a great fellowship under the fatherhood of a common God."

As a result of this amicable discussion, unanimous action was taken to provide a permanent international missionary committee, which should be composed of representatives of the different church boards, whose duty it should be to conserve all work in missionary fields along its "far-flung battle line." This means more than co-operation or federation; it means unity in Christ. It was stated in the conference that "in round numbers 1,000,000,000 of the human race were yet to accept the message of salvation." How great, therefore, is the need of co-operation and unity.

Dr. Arthur J. Brown said: "Edinburgh has been identified with a gathering that would be considered by future historians as the most remarkable assemblage of the people of God that this world has yet seen." And it is fitting that such a meeting should have been held in Edinburgh, because Scotland had sent Mungo Park and Livingstone to open up the dark continent of Africa, and the Scotchman Mackay had established a native Christian state in Uganda, and Scotland had led the way in showing what industrial missions could do to show the heathen the power of Christianity. It was Scotland, through Dr. Paton, that had spread Christianity in the south seas. It was Scotland that led the way in India by establishing colleges for the higher education of Hindus. It is not to be wondered at that Edinburgh looked upon this great conference somewhat in the light of a memorial to her missionary heroes.

The closing words of the conference were sung in the following hymn:

Now blessed be the Lord our God,
The God of Israel,
For he alone does wondrous works
In glory that excel;
And blessed be his glorious name
To all eternity;
The whole earth let his glory fill;
Amen, so let it be.

THEY HAVE A DEFINITE PURPOSE.

Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief in cases of kidney and bladder ailments. Mrs. Rose Glaser, Terre Haute, Ind., tells the results in her case. "After suffering for many years from a serious case of kidney trouble and spending much money for so called cures, I found Foley Kidney Pills the only medicine that gave me a permanent cure. I am again able to be up and attend to my work. I shall never hesitate to recommend them." Dreier Bros.

By disclosing the fatal germs that lurk in the process of osculation the Anti-Kissing league has opened to those who are life weary a new and far pleasanter suicide route than the carbolic trail.—The Saratogian.

To keep your health sound; to avoid the ills of advancing years; to conserve your physical forces for a ripe and healthful old age, guard your kidneys by taking Foley's Kidney Remedy. Dreier Bros.

GIRL SCULPTOR CHOSEN TO CARVE CONFEDERATE STATUE.

Design of Miss Belle Kinney, of Nashville, Tenn., Selected Over That of Noted Italian—She is Only Twenty Years Old and Very Pretty, But She Has Already Won Fame in This Country and Europe Through Her Work.

MISS BELLE KINNEY.

Savannah, Ga., Aug. 19.—Miss Belle Kinney, of Nashville, Tenn., who has been selected as the sculptor to design a statue, duplicates of which are to be placed in all southern cities by confederate veterans as monuments to the women of the confederacy, is only twenty years old and very pretty, but already has made a name for herself in the south.

Her design was chosen in preference to that of a noted Italian sculptor, and her selection by the committee in charge of the movement greatly pleases the women of the south, who regard the choice as a very fitting one.

Miss Kinney's work as a sculptor has won her fame not only in this country, but in Europe as well. Her design for the monument, which is both beautiful and elevating, received official sanction at a meeting of the confederate veterans at the recent reunion in Mobile.

Miss Kinney was recently awarded a contract for a heroic statue of the late Senator Edward W. Carmack, of Tennessee. She was educated at the Art Institute of Chicago and in Europe.

The state of Tennessee has already made an appropriation for a bronze cast of the design for the capitol of the state. General George W. Gordon, commander in chief of the United Confederate Veterans, has issued an order calling on all confederate organizations to use every effort to create an interest in the movement.

COL. THOMPSON GETS RARE VASES FROM THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN.

MR. K. MIDZUNO, PRESENTING SILVER VASES TO COLONEL R.M. THOMPSON

New York, Aug. 20.—Col. Robert M. Thompson was the recipient of two beautiful silver vases from the emperor of Japan, presented by Mr. K. Midzuno, the Japanese consul general in New York. The gift was a token of the emperor's appreciation of the manner in which Colonel Thompson entertained Prince and Princess Kuni Yoshi Kuni during the Hudson-Fulton celebration, at which they were the Japanese representatives. They are members of the imperial family. But the gift had further significance, as was explained by Mr. Midzuno.

An Appeal to All Thinking Young People

The International Business College

Appeals to all who, under the inspiration of the twentieth century progress, feel disposed to fit themselves to keep pace with its mighty strides.

Never before in the history of this country was there greater need for young people to thoroughly equip themselves with a business education than at present.

Today the young man or young woman who desires to achieve victory in the great battle of life, must be fully prepared for the struggle. An age of advancement demands men and women of intelligence in every line of commerce, and only those who prepare for positions of trust and responsibility by careful study and diligent application, can hope to secure and maintain them.

IN THIS GREAT WORK OF PREPARATION

The International Business College OF FORT WAYNE

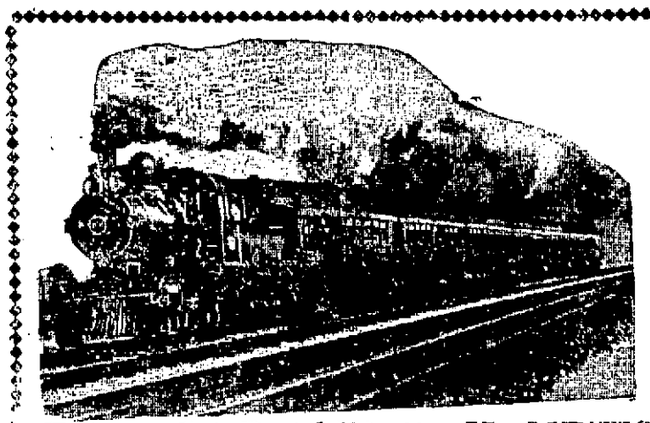
is a prominent and powerful factor

In securing positions for its graduates, affording them ample opportunities to demonstrate their ability and to develop into the successful men and women of the future, it has proven an effective agency. The purpose of the managers years ago, was to build up a permanent institution in this city that would stand and grow upon its own merits. Every year of its history has marked some advancement and enlargement to that end. The proof that such efforts have been successful is witnessed by its increasing yearly enrollment of pupils and the good will and commendation of the thousands of former graduates and employers of office help.

The outlook for the school year of 1910-11 is promising. The present condition of prosperity in financial circles, and the growing and increasing demands for competent stenographers, bookkeepers, cashiers and office assistants of every description ought to, and is appealing to ambitious young people.

The International Business College is located in the beautiful fire-proof Elektron Building, on East Berry St. Seventy-five typewriters, all latest models and standard makes are used by the pupils in taking the stenographic course. The Commercial department, with its able instructors and complete banking outfit, is attracting the attention of many young people throughout the central states.

The Fall opening, day and night school, Monday, August 29. Write or phone for catalogue and full information. College office open every evening.



THE SHOP AND RAIL NEWS

PENNSY ATHLETES AT DRIVING PARK

Ninth Annual Field Day the Best Given by the Association.

RAIN KEPT MANY FROM THE GROUNDS

But Attendance Was Good and Interest and Enthusiasm Intense.

Before an audience not much over one-half as large as that at the similar event at the Driving park last year, the Pennsylvania Company Employes' Athletic association is this afternoon giving the best athletic entertainment ever witnessed in this part of the state. The list of prizes is more elaborate and the number of contestants greater than on any of the previous occasions and it will be dark before the last number is pulled off, even if rain does not intervene to make a postponement necessary.

The spectators were not on the field as early as last year, many of them holding back to see what kind of weather was in store for the afternoon. At 1:15 o'clock one of the traction line employes at the transfer corner said that twenty-five well filled cars had departed for the Driving park, which he believed was about one-half the number carried up to the same hour a year ago. At 1:15 o'clock the Fort Wayne City Packard band in a special car passed down street playing a selection and this stimulated the movement somewhat and from that moment until 2:30 the cars to the park were well filled and the grandstand was soon crowded. The threatening weather, of course, is responsible for the shortage in attendance. On account of the late hour at which most of the events take place, nothing concerning the results can be given in The Sentinel this evening.

The Ball Game.

The day's program opened with a ball game between the shopmen's team at Mahoningtown and the Pennsylvania shop league team of this city. It resulted in defeat to the local team, the score standing 10 to 3 in favor of Mahoningtown. The line-up of the latter was as follows: Ginger, 3b; Imun, rf; Conner, 2b; Parks, c; O'Brien, lf; Hummell, 1b; McEledy, ss; Bunnell, cf; Morehead, p; R. Owens, official scorer; J. E. Huff and F. Norris, extra. C. J. Loney is the manager of the team. The line-up of the local shop league team was as follows: Lauer, 3b; Limbach, 2b; Zellers, 1b; Romary, c; Fowler and Baade, p; Bennett, rf; Meyers, lf; Lorain, c; Engelbrecht, ss; Connell and Dehm, extra. Harvey Stahl, a machinist in the Pennsylvania erecting shop, was the umpire and gave universal satisfaction.

The visiting ball players remained over this afternoon and are enthusiastic spectators at the athletic and racing events at the park. They will leave for their home on No. 24 tonight.

WRECKAGE HAS DISAPPEARED.

Nothing But Memory Remains of Plymouth Affair.

So far as the scene of the wreck is concerned there is nothing at Plymouth to remind one of the recent accident but memory. The damaged locomotive and the cars that could be repaired have been picked up and taken to the shops and the two that were damaged beyond repair have been burned and their irons taken away. One of these was a box car and the other a gondola. The bridge which was thrown out of alignment by the derailed cars has been straightened and is in use again and the roadbed is again in normal condition. Conductor J. P. Haley and Engineer Charles More, who were the most seriously injured, have left the hospital for their homes and will soon be around as usual.

ERNEST TEGTMEYER HIGHER.

Appointed Master Mechanic of Rock Island Road.

September 1 Ernest E. Tegtmeyer, a former Fort Wayne boy, assumes the duties of master mechanic of the Horton-Omaha division of the Rock Island road, with headquarters at Goodland, Kansas. Mr. Tegtmeyer learned the machinist's trade in the Pennsylvania shops, where his father, now on the retired list, worked nearly fifty years. For awhile after completing his apprenticeship, he worked at the bench and lathe and was soon promoted to gang foreman. He resigned the position of general foreman of the erecting shop about four years ago to follow Frank E. Fox to the Rock Island as a foreman in the Moline shops. He was transferred to the Horton, Kansas, shops two or three years ago.

OFICIALLY OPENED.

The unveiling of the statue of A. J. Cassatt in the Pennsylvania station in New York city last Thursday was accompanied by the announcement that the station has been officially opened and that scheduled trains will be opearted in the East River tubes on and after September 8 and that trains from the south and west through the North River tubes, will be inaugurated later. The only official exercises at the opening of the station was the unveiling of the statue, in which speeches were made by Samuel McRea, T. DeWitt Cuyler and James McCrea. Mr. Cuyler, who was chairman of the memorial committee, presented the statue to the company and James McCrea, president of the Pennsylvania, in behalf of the company, accepted it.

REAR END COLLISION.

Through Freight Crashed Into Local at Wheeler.

This morning a caboose and two cars were in part demolished and an engine damaged when a through freight train crashed into the rear of a local freight train at Wheeler, Ind., a little station on the Pennsylvania a short distance west of Valparaiso. The local freight runs between Valparaiso and Chicago and was doing some switching at Wheeler when the through freight dashed into it with the result mentioned. Fortunately there was no one in the caboose and the locomotive did not leave the tracks, so nobody was hurt. The wreck crew was called and soon had the tracks cleared.

WESTERN GAS OUTING.

Excursion to Rome City Called Out Over 400 People.

The annual excursion and picnic of the employes of the Western Gas Construction company to Rome City this morning attracted over 400 people. There were 392 tickets exchanged at the ticket office and it is presumed that at least 25 people got aboard the train without tickets, which would bring the aggregate up to about 420. There were seven coaches and a baggage car in the special train bearing the party and it left for Rome City at 8:05. The crew was as follows: Conductor Thomas Coleman, Engineer John Hanson, Fireman R. Evans and Brakemen Gibson and Curren.

RETURNS TO OLD EMPLOYER.

J. E. Rodd Again With the Fort Wayne Electric Co.

J. E. Rodd, for the past four years a traveling salesman in the southern states for the General Electric company, will again become an employe of the Fort Wayne Electric company. He is in the city today, making final arrangements with Sales Manager F. S. Hunting. Mr. Rodd will make a specialty of meters and transformers and will travel out of San Francisco, commencing September 1. Four years ago Mr. Rodd was employed in a similar capacity by the company, traveling in the Boston territory.

GAVE GOOD ENTERTAINMENT.

The band concert at McCulloch's park last evening, given by the Electro-Technic band, was enjoyed by a number of people, who applauded each number and particularly the "Military Life March," in which Master Nelson Allen, three and a half years old, acted as director. This little musician will direct the band through a more difficult number at the concert to be given at Swinney park next Friday evening, which will be the last of the season. A special feature on that occasion will be illustrated songs by Larry Russell.

LOCAL BUSINESS HEAVY.

Local freight business on all Fort Wayne steam roads is unusually heavy and on none is the increased volume of business more noticeable than on the Wabash. This morning the local Wabash freight house had sixty car loads of merchandise to handle. This big business is all the more difficult to handle because of the limited freight house and track facilities of the temporary quarters. Agent Gilbert will welcome the completion of the improvements and the return to normal conditions at the freight house and yards.

GOES TO BOWSER COMPANY.

E. F. Dalman Resigns a Position at the Lights.

Edwin F. Dalman has resigned the position of chief of the correspondence department at the Electric Lights offices and Monday will take a clerical position in the offices of S. F. Bowser & Company. Mr. Dalman is one of the old men at the Electric works' office in point of service, having been employed there over twelve years.

MUST HAVE YOUR OWN CUP.

Beginning September 1 travelers on trains in Wisconsin will drink out of their own cups or go dry. The state will put in force a law abolishing the common drinking cup on that day. Railway companies will have their passenger cars supplied with tanks and ice water, but the passenger must provide means of getting the water from the tank to their mouths.

PUTTING UP WINDOW FRAMES.

Contractor Fred Rump, who is looking after the carpenter work on the Fort Wayne Electric company's big building on Broadway, had the window frames for the first floor of the south wall erected today. The work of making the casing for the concrete walls of the basement to the big office building continues and will be completed in a day or two.

WABASH PAY DAY.

C. E. Francisco, paymaster for the the Wabash company, was here today to distribute wage checks among the employes. The amount of the distribution among the shopmen was a little short of normal, on account of short time in the shops, but on account of track elevation work the aggregate pay roll was considerbly more than last month.

AUXILIARY TO ENTERTAIN.

Division No. 18, Grand International Auxiliary to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, will hold an ice cream social next Thursday afternoon and evening at the home of Engineer and Mrs. Charles F. Merriett, No. 628 Third street. If weather conditions are favorable the ladies will have all the guests they can entertain.

BRAKEMAN SLIGHTLY HURT.

J. L. Richards, a through freight brakeman on the Pennsylvania, sustained a painful injury to one of his ankles yesterday morning and will be unable to work for several days. In alighting from a car in the east yards he stepped upon a stone, which rolled under his foot and caused the accident.

LAKE RESORTERS COMING HOME

The approach of the opening day of the public schools has started the homeward movement of the cottagers from the various lakes and the baggagemen and other attaches of the depots are noticing the increase in the volume of baggage. The schools open in two weeks.

WABASH SHOPS CLOSED.

Because of liability to exhaust the shop expense appropriation before the end of August, the Wabash shops closed down last night to remain closed until Monday morning. Most of the employes attended the athletic tournament of the Pennsylvania boys this afternoon.

TAKES JOB AT 'LIGHTS.

Machinist Vernon P. Jones, who resigned his position at the Wabash shops this morning, will take a position at the Fort Wayne Electric works next Monday morning. He had been employed at the Wabash shops a number of years.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

William J. Ryan, stenographer for Chief Clerk Robert Learmonth, at the Pennsylvania offices, entered upon a ten days' vacation this afternoon. He will spend the time in Chicago, Milwaukee and Minnesota.

Frank Fitzpatrick, of New Castle, is in the city today to visit friends and attend the Pennsylvania field day exercises. Mr. Fitzpatrick was stationed here several years and was busy this morning greeting his old friends.

Edward Dubois resumed his duties in the offices at the Electric works this morning. He has just returned from a vacation trip in the east, which included a visit at Philadelphia, New York, Atlantic City and Washington.

Machinist and Mrs. F. G. Olds and Mrs. Michael Hontheim left this morning for Grand Rapids, where the ladies will visit a week or two. Mr. Olds will return, however, Monday to resume his duties in the Pennsylvania shops.

Master Mechanic H. H. Hale, of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton road, is moving his office from Lima to Dayton. The reason given is that Mr. Hale wishes to get in close touch with various repair shops on the system. Six clerks will accompany Mr. Hale.

Ivers & Pond Piano—The Piano that is built up with more good points and care than any Piano on the market. 1008 Calhoun St. Guy Conklin. 10-30-tf

C. J. HACKETT DEAD.

Uncle of The Sentinel Publisher Passes Away in Pennsylvania.

Word was received by friends in this city this morning of the death of C. J. Hackett, of Altoona, Pa. The deceased was an uncle of E. A. K. Hackett, proprietor of The Sentinel, and of J. M. Jackson, business manager of this newspaper. The funeral services will occur Monday afternoon at Altoona. The deceased was the father of D. G. Hackett, deceased, who was business manager of The Sentinel many years ago.

THE PLAYGROUND SOCIAL.

New Arrangements Made for Affair Monday Night.

The social on the public playground at the corner of Clinton and Holman streets postponed from last Wednesday evening will be held on next Monday evening, and the commitee in charge has been making good use of the intervening time in arranging additional features for the event. All the electric illuminations have been left as they were and those firms who had arranged to donate the chairs, ice cream, etc., will fulfill their promises Monday.

FOR RENT—Suite of 4 office rooms, 110-112 W. Wayne St.; rent $20 per month. Apply Sentinel office. 8-1-tf

LOW RATES ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. AND RETURN, VIA NICKEL PLATE ROAD—NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT G. A. R.

Tickets on sale September 15, 16, 17, 18 and 19. Good returning September 29. Privilege of extension. Ask agent or write F. P. Parnin, T. P. A., Fort Wayne, Ind. aug 20,27,sep 3,10,13

Electro-Technic Band, Robison Park, Sunday. 18-3t

Trunks, suit cases and traveling bags one-fifth off during our great half price sale that began Thursday. PATTERSON-FLETCHER CO.

Keep your eyes on Everybody's Column. There's Bargains there. 6-19-tf

CHICAGO MAN TAKES WACK AT STATE DEPARTMENT

Dr. Buckley Says He Was Refused Aid by Embassy in Mexico.

Washington, Aug. 20.—Application for a writ of mandamus to compel Secretary of State Knox to submit state department records concerning the case of Dr. James E. Buckley, of Chicago, who says he was refused help from the American embassy at the City of Mexico when he was threatened with imprisonment was filed yesterday in the district supreme court.

The controversy between Dr. Buckley and James G. Bailey, in charge of the American embassy last December, grows out of the allegation that the embassy ignored an appeal for aid made by the doctor, who was in danger of arrest on a charge of having administered cocaine, in defiance of Mexican law, to a patient suffering with appendicitis. The patient declared that the use of the drug was against his will.

Fearing arrest, should his patient die, Dr. Buckley says he sent an urgent telegram to the embassy, which he claims Mr. Bailey ignored. Luckily for him his patient recovered.

When he sought an explanation from Bailey, the doctor says he was told that no attention was paid to such complaints until the applicant for help "was already in jail." Incensed at this treatment, Dr. Buckley says he had Senator Wesley L. Jones, of Washington, write for an explanation from the state department. The answer of the department to the senator included only a portion of the letter of advice to the department from Bailey, and that portion Dr. Buckley characterized as "slanderous and scurrilous and a false defense."

He asked the entire correspondence be made public.

COLLEGE HEAD UNDER KNIFE.

President of Earlham Undergoes Operation for Appendicitis.

Richmond, Ind., Aug. 20.—President Robert Lincoln Kelly, of Earlham college, who was operated on yesterday at Reid Memorial hospital for appendicitis, withstood the operation successfully and is resting satisfactorily. It was found he was not suffering from acute appendicitis, but from an abnormal growth of the appendix. His illness prevented him from performing his duties as president of Earlham college during a good part of the last academic year.

CRUTCHES CAUSE FRACTURE.

Catch in Grass, Tearing Broken Bone Apart in Fall.

Bloomington, Ind., Aug. 20.—Fred Corman, foreman of the Matthews Stone quarry, broke a partially-healed fracture of his leg in a fall while he was walking about on crutches. In an accident at the quarry six weeks ago he suffered a fracture of the right leg. He was just able to use the crutches, which caught in the grass, causing the fall.

Place The Sentinel on your list of vacation luxuries. Mailed to any address in the United States, Mexico or Canada. Ten cents per week. tf

Willis Pearse, the great horseman, said he would not take five dollars for his quart can of Fly Foe if he could not get another. He says milking is a pleasure now. Bash sells it, 35c a can.

Talk With Us

any time you have it on your mind to get a loan. You can have any amount from $5 up.

Your furniture, piano or like chattels will do as security without depriving you of its use.

We are the oldest Company in the City and we give best terms on the simplest contract.

Private and confidential. Loans on a plain note to people permanently employed.

INDIANA LOAN CO.

211 and 212 Shoaf Bldg. Calhoun St. Cor. Berry. Established 1895. Home Phone 995.

THE PERFECT WAY

Scores of Fort Wayne Citizens Have Learned It.

If you suffer from backache,
There is only one way to cure it.
The perfect way is to cure the kidneys.

A bad back means sick kidneys.
Neglect it, urinary troubles follow.

Doan's Kidney Pills are made for kidneys only.

Are endorsed by Fort Wayne people.

Mrs. Anthony Elbert, 1236 Summit Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind., says: "My back was weak and painful, and as another member of my family had used Doan's Kidney Pills with good results when suffering from kidney trouble, I procured this remedy from Meyer Bros. Co.'s Drug Store. It's use disposed of my trouble and proved a benefit in every way. I do not think Doan's Kidney Pills have an equal in curing kidnew complaint." (Statement given in April, 1906.)

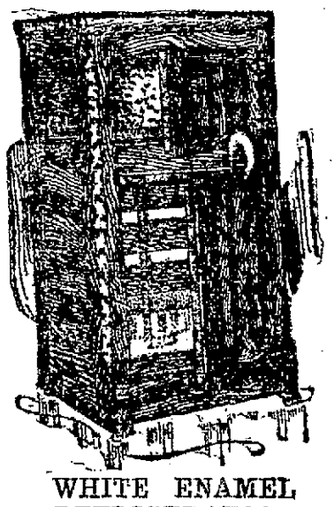
CONFIRMED PROOF.

On July 1, 1910, Mrs. Elbert added to the above: "I still recommend Doan's Kidney Pills at every opportunity. This remedy should be used in every case of kidney complaint."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

TWO FAMOUS "PAPE" LEADERS



The Peerless

WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATORS

We have a complete stock of ALLWINS at our store and will consider it a favor if you will come in and see them. You really have to see the ALLWIN to appreciate its fine qualities. We will look forward with pleasure to your visit.

The "PEERLESS" WHITE ENAMEL is applied upon galvanized steel in several coats, and baked at varying degress of temperature for each coating. This produces a flinty, glossed surface, which is absolutely odoriess, thoroughly sanitary, and will not peel nor flake.

Notwithstanding the fact that the quality and character of the "Peerless" White Enamel makes it a distinctive grade, and of greater intrinsic value than any other enamel yet produced, we, nevertheless, offer it in competition and at comparative prices.

THE QUALITY STORE

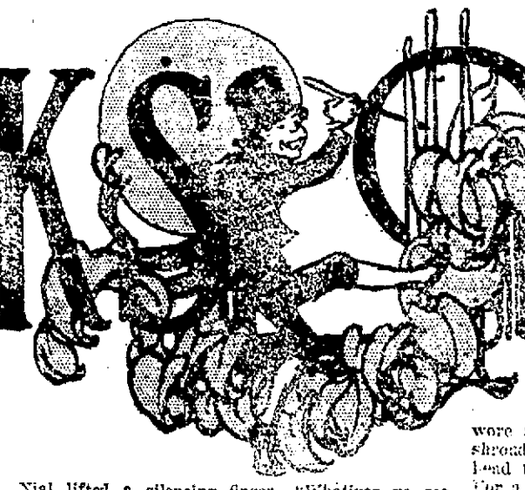
The Pape Furniture Company

123-5 W. MAIN ST.

Dr. W. T. Ferguson,
Specialty, Diseases of Women and Diseases of the Kidneys.
222 West Wayne Street

OUR SHORT STORY PAGE

The CROCKS O' GOOLD



By HERMINIE TEMPLETON

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ONE June morning on a market day at Fethard, while the sun was as yet winking and blinking a sleepy eye over the top of shadowy Slieve-na-mon, Darby O'Gill stood upon the threshold of his cottage, impatient to be off to the town.

"Don't dare tell me another thing," he said, fiercely.

"I was only going to say that ye mustn't be stayin' so late at Fethard that ye'll have to be takin' the short cut home through Hagan's meadow afther dark. Ye know they do be sayin' that most an-ny night now ye can see lights moving 'round in the ruined abbey where the crocks o' goold are hid."

"What put the crocks o' goold intil yer head?" asked Darby, suspiciously.

"Didn't Mrs. O'Hara tell me only last night that ye put the challenge on her Dominic to go huntin' for thim?"

"Huh! Dominic O'Hara! We hear ducks talkin'! That came out of the bottom of the fourth glass of punch. Haven't ye an-ny thing sinsible to say, me good woman?"

"Faith, I have, an' it's this: If ye should meet up with that bilgyard Bothered Bill Donohue, the tinker"—Bridget wagged a warning finger—"have no civility for him or he'll be wantin' to come back with ye to spind the night."

The three counties were in Fethard by the time Darby reached the old town gate, and from that on it was a slap on the shoulder here, and a bone-crushing hand shake there, and a "God save ye Darby, me bouchal!" everywhere, so that the afternoon was come and gone before the busy lad could spare a thought for any of Bridget's commissions. But through all the friendly greetings of the day there smoldered a constant worry in the man's mind, for whichever way he turned, the sharp gray eye of Bothered Bill Donohue, the tinker, followed him from place to place.

"Bad luck to him," muttered Darby, ruefully, "if I bring the thieving bliggard home wid me Bridget'll skiver the two of us. Whist! I know what I'll do. I'll slip intil Murphy's stable here an' bide awhile out of sight, an' whin the rover's gone I'll whip over to Dugan's an' intil the back duce with me."

No sooner said than done. When at last he ventured over and poked a cautious head in at the back door of Dugan's shop a well-known voice hailed him:

"Come in, Darby asthore, I've been waitin' for ye this half hour. I'll be goin' home wid ye the night I'm thinkin', to give ye a hand wid the bundles." And there, sitting calmly on an upturned tub, lolled Bothered Bill Donohue, the tinker.

The two were the last at the market.

As the two men went stumbling along the dark road, Darby was thinking. "By the livin' farmer I have it! I'll tell Bill that I'm goin' over to the abbey to dig for the goold an' I'll ax him to come over an' help me. An' whin he rayfuges me—as of course he will—I'll sind him on to Bridget, an' it's meself wouldn't be in his brogues thin for tin new shillings."

Just then Bill spoke up, as if vaguely divining what was in *his companion's* mind. "My, but ye're the bould man, Darby O'Gill! They were sayin' all over the market to-day what a courageous hayro ye wor to be goin' wid Dominic O'Hara afther the crocks o' goold in the auld abbey."

In spite of the bundles the hero's chest swelled. "Well, I tell ye, Bill," he swaggered, "I'm at a loss about takin' that same Dominic O'Hara; he has no more conthrol over his long tongue than if it belonged to yerself, and the wurruld knows that if an-ny wan so much as mintions a pious wurrud while he's diggin' for thim crocks o' goold, in a twinkle he may be turned into a big yellow ox, or into a bit of a starved wran. Now ye know yerself, Bill, that while Dominic is a nice, dacint man wid the best of intintions, he has wan big fault: ye niver know whin he's goin' to rip out wid a 'God save ye koindly' or a 'Saints presarve us.' Now it's what I wor thinkin' about yerself Bill; ye niver said a pious wurrud in yer life; an'——"

"Bad luck to me if I'll do it," interrupted Bill, promptly.

"It'll be near midnight be the time we reach Hagan's meadow," went on Darby, "so we'll lave Dominic O'Hara go diggin' for himself, an' me an' you'll go pardners."

The offer was like sousing Bill with a tub of cold water. He stood still in the road and shivered. "Whist!" he choked. "There's nayther luck nor grace in talkin' that kind o' talk!

"I'll go into the meadow here," Darby continued calmly, "an' do you, Bill, kape steady on yer way an' ye'll be all safe." The words were spoken to the darkness, for Bill had disappeared.

If the ground in Hagan's meadow had been covered with red-hot coals instead of being carpeted with cool, sweet grass, Darby O'Gill's feet would not have shrunk more from coming in contact with it. However, Bothered Bill was not to be trusted: he might be watching and listening in the darkness a few feet down the road, so there was nothing left for it, and Darby, bracing his soul, took the jump and ran a few steps into the haunted field.

He stood, striving with every vein of his body to make out whether the glimmer of light in the distance was from the old abbey or whether it was only a friendly star, when there came a pounding toward him through the darkness a sound of terror—the quick fall of pursuing footsteps.

There weren't three men in the barony that could throw a quicker leg before them than Darby O'Gill, and never before that night had he put such speed into his nimble heels. But, fast as he went, the thrashing footsteps behind gained on him every second. Suddenly he was electrified by the most terrible cry he had ever heard. It was a strange voice in a wild, high shriek, calling his name:

"Da-arby, Da-arby O'Gill," it wailed.

"It's the black headless joint from Cronr Mah," thought Darby, "and great gorgondies, how did it get me name?"

And that would have been a mystery for the seven conn'ries only that just then the moon stuck its head through the clouds and took a querulous peep at the night. What the knowledgable man saw then chilled every nerve and muscle in his body with angry amazement; for from whom had he been running but from Bothered Bill Donohue.

"Darby! Da-arby! where are ye, Dar-rby?" bleated Bill. Terror had split the tinker's voice into a piping falsetto.

At the sound every shred of Darby's fear turned into white rage.

"The divil mend ye!" shouted Darby. "Come back till I bate the loife out of ye, ye umbrageous villain! Where are yer bundles? What have ye done with the mackerel?"

But Bill ran on, deaf with terror, and Darby followed. The horse that won the Curragh Cup would have been proud of their company that night.

"Wirra mysilher, the Omadhaun's makin' straight for the fairies' bush," panted Darby. "Come back," he roared. Then a strange thing happened. Darby saw the tinker throw up both arms, and, with a despairing cry, disappear from the face of the earth.

Now in the middle of Hagan's meadow stands an an ient clump of hazel trees, known far and wide as the fairies' bush, and just beside the bush runs a deep, dry ditch. As Bill went galloping past with head thrown back, and eyes bulging in terror, a malicious root reached up and caught the tinker's heedless feet, and thump! he was rolling head over heels to the bottom of the ditch.

For a second he lay where he had tumbled; but only a second, for in mind and body the tinker was as quick as a cat. Indeed, he was already scrambling to his feet again, and was on the edge of the bank when Darby O'Gill came charging along like a mad bull and plunged into him headfirst. Saints above, but that was the thump!

Freeing himself, Darby rose feebly to his knees and began clubbing out of the ditch. The bank was steep and slippery with the dew, so that at first the lad was hard set to get a foothold. He reached the top, however, and was clutching at a bit of twisted root when, to his unspeakable surprise, the root began to twist, and to squirm, and to wriggle in his hand. Darby raised the thing for a closer look, when suddenly a little foot flew out like lightning, and kicked him squarely on the nose, and a wee, spiteful voice piped up:

"Put me down, ye thunderin' bliggard! Ye've broke the ribs of me side! Pick up me cap ye nunfernal schoundrel an' put it on me head so I'll have the power to turn you an' that schreelin' villain behind ye into two yellow tomcats." And there, struggling in Darby's fist, was a bareheaded little man in a green velvet jacket and brown knee-breeches. His snapping black eyes and weazened face were the angriest Darby had ever seen.

"Begarries, Bill, come here. I think I've got the leprechaun!" spluttered Darby.

"Ye lie, ye daytractin mullet-headed dayrogotory vituperator," raged the little man. "I'm not the leprechaun! I'm Nial the fiddler, from Slieve-na-mon; sometimes they call me Nial the scold, an' I've been waitin' here these three nights to help ye whin ye wint diggin' for the crocks o' goold. This is the thanks I get. Where have ye been? What kep' ye, ye lazy, fiddle-faddling, pottherin', dawdlin' polthroons."

"Aisy, aisy there," warned Darby. "Aist or West, since the day I was bor-rn, I niver heard yer aquil for bad langwidge. An' I tell ye now, if ye say wan more of thim bluggard wurruds I'll rap the little head! of ye agin this stone. Tell me, what d'ye mane about waitin' for us to go diggin' for the crocks o' goold?" He gave the fairy a rattling shake.

"Sthop that!" roared the captive. "Do that agin if ye dare! Wait till I get me cap on so I can wurruk me spells! I'll—I'll sussitate the both of yez, so I will. Bah, ye unclassical, undaycorious, umphibious examples, ye!"

Bill was the first to recover from this deluge of *hard names*, and, drawing a long breath, he blurted:

"Be this an' that, Darby, I'll stan' no more. Hand the Nillyputian here till I souse him."

"Oho, is that you, Bill Donohue? I thought it was Dominic O'Hara that was in it. Man alive, Darby O'Gill, what are ye doin' here with that rayereant malyfacthor of a corkathrice of a tinker?"

"Be aisy now," warned Darby, pushing Bill aside, as he made a thrust at the fairy with his stick. "I'm thinkin' he's here as a friend. What wor ye sayin', little hayro, about the crocks o' goold?" And Darby loosened his fingers so that the fairy stood upright in his hand. The little fiddler shook himself and adjusted his cloak.

"Well, as I was sayin', we got the wurrud that you an' Dominic O'Hara were goin' to dig for the crocks o' goold, an' as it's little likin' we Good People have for the unconjaynial mootherin' spurrits that's guardin' the crocks these fourteen hundred years——"

"Look at that now!" exulted Darby. "Shure we thought ye wor an innimy. To tell the truth, yer honor, Misther Donohue here is just a thrifle afeared of meetin' up wid thim same diseased ghosts."

The little fairy flung a glance of withering disdain at the tinker. "What are yez all afeared of? Don't ye know that one of these days yez'll all be ghosts?"

"I'm not afeared of thim," bragged Darby, "but I don't loike 'sociating wid the lolkes of thim onless it's necessary. Ould Mrs. Callaghan had a foine charrum that ud kape yer heart lifted on the loneliest road and the darkest night; she wasn't afeared of ghost livin' or dead, and she promised to whusper it to me before she died; but the poor crachure forgot the wurruds."

"Faix, I've heard that charrum this hundherds of years," said the fairy, "but I'll give you a bethter wan. Besides, mine has a grand chune to it, an' if ye're in any kind of fear or trouble just throw back yer head an' sing it this away:

'Oh Phadrig and Phelim and Red Conan More
The Lehras and Labras are gatherin',
Come out of the mounisin, they're weltin' me sore,
Bring yer sojers and champeens to lather 'em.'

"Now all together," urged the little fellow. The three took up the tune and roared it so lustily that "Bring yer sojers and champeens to lather 'em" was heard a good mile away in her own house by big Mrs. Flaherty, as truthful a woman as lives in the village of Ballinderg.

When they had sung the powerful charm many times the little fiddler said: "Well, first and foremost, it's not in the abbey at all that the crocks o' goold are buried, but undher the yew three in the great court where the monks do be lyin'."

"Come on, Darby, an' bring the wee man wid ye," cried Bill, starting up.

"Botheration on ye for a tinker," snapped the fairy, "will ye have patience. Ye must begin afther midnight and ind before cockcrow, an' this is the way ye'll go about it. Ye'll find a bran' new pick an' a shovel lyin' snug be the abbot's grave; an' ye'll measure foive lengths of the pick handle toward the broken gateway and there's the identical spot where ye must dig. Ye'll find goold 'nough there to make you and yer giperations rich forever."

Darby gave a great cough into his hand, and Bill Donohue swallowed hard at a big lump that popped into his throat.

"Don't think that the undertakin' is an aisy wan," warned the fairy, "for there'll be thim watchin' ye the while that would sthrike the sight from yer eyes and wither the tongue in yer head."

"An' what's to purwint thim?" asked Darby.

"Ah ha! that's what I'm here to tell ye. Until the sthroke of midnight the ghosts beyant are as helpless as a field full of infant childher, and afther cockcrow they're naither more nor less than a flock of jackdaws roosthin' in the auld rune. Let yez hurry now before midnight and make a ring of holly tin'y feet wide around the spot where ye're to dig, the way the mootherin' rapscallians can't come within hand's rache of ye. The ghost of no diseased person can cross a twig of holly."

"Shure the whole worruld knows that," said Bill. "If anyone has a ring of holly around him no shupernatural ghost can bother him."

"Hagh! Is that so," sneered the wee man. "Well, maybe ye know this, too, Mr. Dick-can-see the pilosopher, that if ayther of the two of ye spake a pious or a rayligious worrud while ye're diggin' in that place, ye'll niver raygret it but wanst, an' that'll be all the days of yer life."

"Raymimber that, Bill Donohue," warned Darby, "an' grip yer tongue between yer teeth or I'll make surgents wurruk of ye."

Nial lifted a silencing finger. "Whativer ye see an' whativer ye hear," he cautioned, "stir not a stir outside that ring of holly till cockcrow. All the cajolin' an' all the conjivin' that can be larned in foive hundhered ginerations 'll be used this night to frighten ye or to coax ye to where they can reach ye."

"How'll we know whin it's midnight?" asked Darby. The little fiddler laughed long and low, and the sound of that laugh raised the hair on their heads.

"Niver mind," he said, "if an'ny human bean sets foot in the abbey afther midnight lookin' for the crocks o' goold, there'll be lads there an' plinty of thim that'll let him know the time o'day. And now, Darby O'Gill, raymimber to sing that charrum whin yer afeared. Take up me hat now, and put it on me head. Good luck go wid yez!" Whisk—he was gone.

By and by the drowsy moon, tossing its heavy blanket of clouds to the top of Slieve-na-mon, slipped higher up into the sky the better to spy out what mischief Bothered Bill Donohue and Darby O'Gill were up to. What was its surprise to find the two bold adventurers at the very gateway of the ruined cloister. There they stood, their arms bulging with holly, and they hesitating and arguing as to which should go in first.

"You own foive thirds of the goold, so you go in first, Darby O'Gill, that's only fair!"

"Take yer elbow out of me back," suddenly roared Darby. "Sthop scroogin me, or be the powers I'll——" He said no more, for, with one tremendous lurch, Bill sent the knowledgable man sprawling through the broken arch and stumbling with great strides into the dim, shadowy cloister. As soon as the tinker made sure that no misfortune had befallen his friend, he followed Darby into the old abbey. As that was no place for a quarrel, the two set to work, and five minutes later a wide ring of holly encircled the sentinel yew tree, and, in the center of this hallowed spot Darby O'Gill and Bothered Bill Donohue, pickaxe and shovel in hand, stood waiting in shivering suspense the first ghostly sign of midnight. The chilling silence and the sense of lurking invisible beings grew heavier.

"Don't you think, Bill," Darby advised softly, "this'd be a foine opporchunity for ye to thry that charrum?" The tinker cleared his throat two or three times behind his hand.

"How does it begin, Darby? Isn't it th' Thereums or Tharaums?" he whispered.

The knowledgable man started in dismay. "Ye don't mane to tell me ye've forgot the chune?" he asked.

"Oh, I have the chune all right," Bill answered confidently. "It's the wurruds that I'm dubersome about. Do you sing the wurruds, Darby, an' I'll sing the chune."

"Bad luck to ye for a forgetful omadhaun of a tinker," wailed Darby. "Wirra, wirra, I've forgot the wurruds too."

"Well, be the powers o' powther! Everything considered I think I'd bether make a run for it," Bill quailed. "Look! There's somethin' movin' over there beyant, in the shadows. It's ayther a loin or a goat. Ye may have my four thirds, Darby."

For answer Darby caught his companion's arm with a grip of iron. As the two stood peering intently into the distant corner, suddenly from the shadows just behind—it seemed almost at their very ears—broke a long sibilant whisper: "Sh-h-h——" For an instant they clung to each other, cowering. Bill was the first to venture a look, and when he did every hair on his head separated like bristles on a brush, for just outside the circle of holly leaves stood what seemed to be the bent figure of an old woman. She wore a long, brown cloak that might have been a shroud. The hood was drawn so closely around her head that not one glimpse of the face was visible. For a moment she remained as motionless as one of the slanting tombstones, then slowly raising a stiff, dead hand, she beckoned the speechless men toward her. "Come over!" she hissed. "Come here the both of yez, till I whusper where the crocks o' goold are hid." Although Darby's voice came in choking gulps, he made bold to answer:

"Thank ye kindly, ma'am, we're in no nade of yer advice, so if ye'll only go back quiet and dacint to where ye're berried we'll think it greatly infatuatin' of ye. An' if ye're not obligatin' enough to do that little favvor, then be the hokey I'll take one belt at ye wid this shovel whether or no."

As Darby said this, an amazing thing happened. In the snap of a finger the old woman changed into a raging lion before their bewildered eyes; and giving a roar of fury that sent Bill Donohue a foot up into the air, the great yellow beast went charging around and around the hallowed circle.

"D'ye think I'd bether throw the pick at her?" asked Darby. At those words the lion began backing towards the farthest corner of the cloister. Suddenly she stopped; and then after drawing herself together, she made a leap at the spot where they cowered. The beast fell with its two paws almost touching the ring of holly. Then it was that Darby O'Gill by the dint of his high courage made himself forever after the proud boast of the village of Ballinderg. Swiftly stooping, the brave man up with a big sod of turf and without so much as a dhirum or dharum let fly, striking the snarling creature square between the two blazing eyes. A bellow of rage answered the blow. Then, swish! the lion was gone and the brown old woman flashed into its place. Darby stooped for another sod of turf, but as he did so the frightful old hag with a great swirl of her long brown cloak and a wild, shrieking laugh, vanished into the air.

"How much whiskey have yez left in that jug, Misther O'Gill?"

"Be this an' that," gasped the knowledgable man, leaning breathless on his shovel, "who'd have thought that an-ny auld woman could be as shuple as that on her two legs? Come, Bill, now's our chanst. Let's dig for our lives." The tinker took the pickax, the other took the spade, and at it they went with a will. Thud, thud, thud! it wasn't long before a great hole gloomed in the soft turf. The treasure hunters burrowed on without speaking, the perspiration poured from their faces, an ache came into the small of their backs, but no sign of the crocks of gold.

"Well, by the red hemp of Dunleary, if here ain't me two auld friends, Darby O'Gill and Bothered Bill Donohue the tinker. The top of the avenin' to ye, boys. What are ye doin' here?" The tone of the voice was friendly, but when they raised their eyes to see who it was, there in the moonlight stood a terrible figure.

"Darby," gasped Bill, "don't ye know who it is? It's Black Mulligan, the gamekeeper, who was hanged for the murdher of poor Fagin the poacher."

Black Mulligan stood not ten feet away, his gun at his shoulder, the threatening blue barrel pointed at Darby's head.

"Stand aside. Get out of the way, boys, or I'll have to shoot through yez," he commanded. "Con Fagin the poacher is hidin' there behind yez an' it's him I'm afther. Stand aside of I'll——"

Darby bit his tongue just in time to check the "God save us" that was on his lips, and at the same time he swung Donohue between himself and the point of the leveled gun barrel. As he did that there came a quick flash, an awful shriek, and with it the crashing report of a gun. Our two adventurers dropped to the ground on their faces. Some glint of courage from the fairy's charm must have lingered with them still, for, after a moment or two of stifling silence Darby had spirit enough left to raise his head and exclaim: "Are ye alive, Bill?"

"How could I be alive?" moaned the tinker. "Isn't this the second time I'm kilt to-night?"

"Then up wid ye man, it'll be cockcrow before we know it." They went at the digging again, and Bill had not given five good strokes till his pick struck iron.

"The crocks o' goold!" shouted Darby, and the strength returned to their backs, and the power to their arms. No two badgers ever flung dirt with greater speed than did our heroes. Presently the corer of a great black pot began to show itself in the bottom of the hole, and then Bill's pick, glancing to one side, was answered by another metallic ring which told where a second crock was hidden. At the same moment Darby exclaimed:

"I think there's wan over here undher me feet, Bill, an' the duckens take the bit of me if it isn't filled to the top. Oh, blur-an-ages, look who's comin' at us now."

From the farthest black corner of the cloister walls, up almost to the edge of the projecting holly wreath, stretched a broad path of shimmering green light. Down this mysterious gleaming road stalked a gigantic man breathing fire as he came. He was dressed in sinuous black from head to foot, his raven hair stood straight on end, his long face was waxen white and the eyes in his head glowed live living coals. On he came to within a hand's breadth of the holly wreath and then he stood with folded arms. All the seething hate and poisoned malice of the world was crowded into his look.

Darby managed to pull of his hat and to make a scrape of a bow. "The t-t-top of the a-avenin' to your honor. Isn't it a-a-floine night. I, I niver saw yer lordship lookin' so well. I hear," quavered Darby as he nervously twisted his hat, "that your honor is havin' gr-great times wid the Garmin pillosophers these days. At laste Father Cassidy was sayin' so at chapel only last Snaday." It was an unfortunate remark, for at the mention of Father Cassidy a spasm of raging agony convulsed the face of Satan. Sparks of fire spurted from the top of his towering head and his cheeks glowed red like hot iron.

"Why—why, don't ye say somethin', Bill," urged Darby from behind his hat. "The juntleman is lookin' at *you*. I—I think it's *you* he's afther."

"I—I—I'm glad to see ye," said the tinker, his teeth chattering. "N-n-o— I mane, wor ye havin' much rain this sayson down in, in——"

"Have done!" roared Satan, and the walls of the abbey shook. "Out of this place before I wither you up like a blasted tree. What fool's work brought you here?"

"I'm sure yer honor don't begrudge us the few dirthy handsful of goold in the crocks below," said Darby.

"Always the gold," sneered Satan. "What good does it bring you, you poor insects of the earth? you snails! you worms! you scurrying gnats!" As all the world knows, from the time a Tipperary lad is the height of your knee he is a poor hand at taking an insult. So now Darby's temper got the better of his fears, and he said hotly:

"Kape a civil tongue in yer head, Mr. Belzebub, whativer ye do! I niver done an-nything agin you or yours, did I? I'll make a child's bargain wid ye: D'you lave me alone an' I'll lave you alone."

"You rubbish," roared Satan, "you trembling weeds! You little heaps of dust! You weak-kneed, short-lived, insignificant bipeds."

The last epithet proved too much for the prudence of the knowledgable man. "Biped yourself!" he retorted. "Ye long-legged, goat-futted, chimbly-pot of a thransgressor! I dare ye to put yer ugly hoof over that holly."

But Darby got no further, for at these words Satan's rage became something fearful to behold. He beat his breast with his hands, then flung his arms wide apart. At this last gesture the moon winked out and the night became black as your hat. A might wind arose and tore through the old abbey, lashing the yew tree to and fro over their heads. The owls darted this way and that in the sweeping gale, hooting in dismal chorus, and then came the most astonishing wonder of all. The earth cracked open in one wide circle around the now thoroughly conquered men. From this circling crevice an awful sheet of devouring, crimson flame shot up into the sky, Satan, serene and triumphant, framed in the center of the blazing cataract.

There is no telling what the end would have been had the tinker kept steadfastly in mind the important condition that a person must not utter so much as one pious word while searching for the crocks of gold. But the endurance was pretty well shaken out of Bill by this time. He could only throw up his hands and exclaim, "God help us!"

Those were the fateful words. That prayer settled the business of the crocks of gold. Immediately a crash of thunder split the whole world, the sky must have fallen; the two men went down into the hole like leaden plummets; the earth heaved and swayed like a billowy sea and after that there fell a deadly silence. Then, clear through the distance from Hooligan's farm came the warning sound of a crowing cock.

It was a moment or two before either of our sticken adventurers got control of himself. Darby was the first to open his eyes. "The runneygade is gone! Quick, Bill, the crocks o' goold. Hurroo, we're not bate yet." No wonder Ballinderg is proud of the O'Gills.

But Bill was already on his feet, gazing at the spot where the wide hole had been; for, lo and behold, not only had the crocks vanished, but the hole itself was gone; it was filled to the top. And this was not all: the buttercups and daisies, without so much as a broken stem, were nodding and bobbing in the first morning breeze.

Half an hour later our two heroic adventurers, loaded to the chin with bedraggled bundles, hesitated anxious-faced on the threshold of the O'Gill cottage. Bridget half turned from the breakfast she was preparing and transfixed them with a scornful glare. Then from the doorsill where they stood the tired wanderers together poured forth an eloquent account of that night's wonderful adventures. From the beginning to the end of the dual narrative Bridget never uttered a single word, but stood motionless on the hearthstone, her hands on her hips.

When the two abashed treasure hunters had finished their story, Bridget never moved a muscle of her face, but stood with tightly drawn lips, her eye still fixed on them in an unsympathetic stare. At last she spoke, and at the sudden question she asked, Darby and Bill took a half-step back from the door:

"How much whisky have yez left in that jug, Misther O'Gill?"

"I—I—believe it's purty near half empty," answered Darby, looking accusingly at Bill.

"I didn't," blustered Bill. "Yer husband fell down an' spilled the jug whin he was runnin' from the Nillyputian, Misthress O'Gill ma-am; an' he busted the lovely eggs, too, ma-am."

Bridget didn't say much *then*, for she was a woman of few words, but she managed to scatter those words with rare judgment through the remainder of Darby's life.

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All large Rugs sold at special prices.

Summer Underwear at cost to close out.

All Wash Suits and Dresses at cost to close out.

All Muslin Underwear at special prices.

Brown Linen Crash at 5c a yd., worth 7c.

58-inch Bleached Damask at 25c, worth 35c.

Dress Goods and Silks at special prices.

All Remnants sold at below cost.

Ladies' Long and Short Kimonas sold at cost.

A good line of Dress Ginghams at 10c and 12½c a yd. Dandy for school dresses.

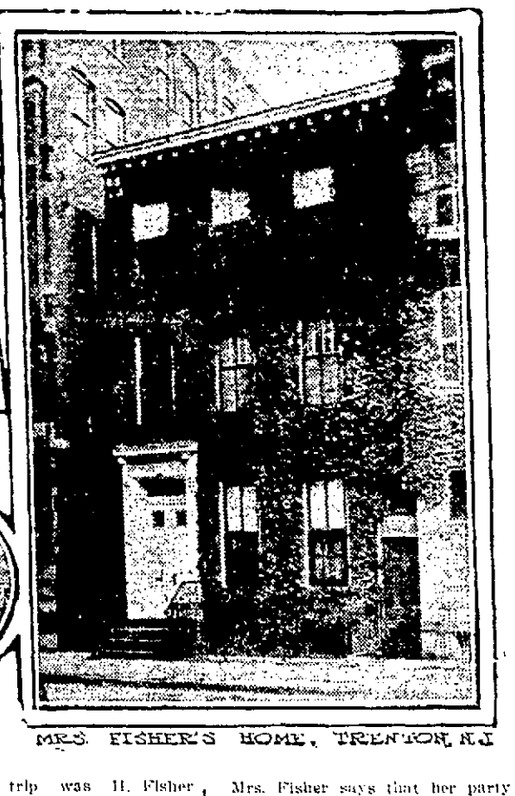
When you think of Dry Goods don't forget the Boston Store, as our prices are always strictly right.

WM. HAHN & CO.

The BOSTON STORE

WOMAN HOME FROM AUTO TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.

MRS. CLARK FISHER'S MILLS AT TRENTON



MRS. FISHER'S HOME, TRENTON, N.J.

Trenton, N. J., Aug. 20.—Mrs. Clark Fisher, Trenton's famous woman manufacturer, who won the admiration of Wu Ting Fang by her success in selling hardware following the death of her husband, who was a United States naval officer, has returned from an automobile trip around the world. She is believed to be the only woman who ever made her way by gasoline entirely around the globe. Her companion on her trip was H. Fisher Brooks, her nephew, who acted as her secretary.

Mrs. Fisher is a month ahead of her schedule time. She started a year and a month ago and has since been traveling pretty steadily, there being few days that she has not been on the road. She believes that she has blazed the way for other automobilists, and declares that there is no more satisfactory way of seeing the world.

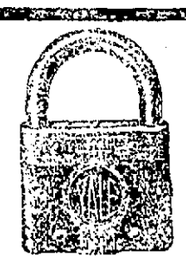
Mrs. Fisher says that her party of four has made the trip well within the bounds of what it would cost a similar party to travel by train, counting even her original investment for car and equipment and her expenses en route for tires and such minor repairs as she found necessary. At the same time she has toured many places of interest that a traveler by train would never hear of.

MARRIED WOMEN

No married woman's happiness is complete without children; she yearns with the deeper longings of her nature for the joys of motherhood. But women who bear children should prepare for the coming of baby by properly caring for their physical systems. Mother's Friend is the expectant mother's greatest help. It is a remedy which prepares the muscles and tendons for the unusual strain, renders the ligaments supple and elastic, aids in expanding the skin and flesh fibres, and strengthens all the membranes and tissues. It is especially valuable where the breasts are troublesome from swelling and congestion, and its regular use will lessen the pain and danger when the little one comes. Women who use Mother's Friend are assured of passing the crisis with safety. It is for sale at drug stores. Write for free book for expectant mothers.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

MOTHER'S FRIEND



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SAME OLD BOWSER

He Assumes a Manner That Doesn't Fit Him.

EFFORT TO BE DIGNIFIED.

Neighbor, Watermelon Dealer and Clothes Man Get the Icy Stare—Doctor Tells Mrs. Bowser That the Change Won't Last Over Night.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.]

MRS. BOWSER was sitting on the front steps when he got off the car, and his attitude struck her at once.

His chin was held high; his shoulders were thrown back; his chest was swelled out; his stride was full of dignity. He looked neither to the right nor left as he came along.

As he entered the gate and ascended the steps Mrs. Bowser smiled a welcome. Mr. Bowser slightly inclined his head and raised his hat and entered the house. She followed in wonder and asked:

"Has—has anything happened today?"

"Nothing unusual, madam."

"You—you haven't got a headache?"

"I am well, madam—perfectly well. May I inquire if dinner is ready?"

It was, and they descended to the dining room. Mrs. Bowser was about to take her seat when he bowed and placed the chair for her with all the deference of a head waiter sure of a thirty cent tip. She looked at him with wide open eyes.

"It has been a fine day, madam," he said as he carved the steak.

"Y-yes."

"I think we shall have fine weather right along now. If I mistake not, you like your steak well done?"

The cook came in with a dish, and after hanging in the wind for a minute she said:

"Mr. Bowser, the range has got to smoking, and I wish you would come out after dinner and see what ails it."

"Young woman, were you addressing me?" he replied after an icy look at her.

She stuttered and stammered and gasped and fled, and when she reached her own domain she sank into a chair and exclaimed:

"If that's Mr. Bowser then he's been made all over again!"

"She evidently took me for another person," he said across the table after the cook's disappearance.

"Y-yes."

"She's excusable, however. It's a great trial to keep servants, Mrs. Bowser. You must sometimes almost despair."

Mr. Bowser's Changed Manner.

Mrs. Bowser turned and gave him a square look. Yes, he was Bowser—short, fat, baldheaded. Bowser had no twin brother. No other man could pass for him. It was Bowser—her Bowser, and yet—and yet!

"I hope you haven't had one of your dizzy spells today?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Bowser, have you been feeling well yourself today?"

"Never better, madam."

"You haven't had black dots dance before your eyes or roaring in the ears?"

"I hope I'm not as womanish as that," he answered, with a superior smile.

She gave him up and during the rest of the dinner hour was wondering how she could telephone the family doctor without his knowing it. She wanted Mr. Bowser's head examined before he slept.

After dinner both took seats on the front steps to enjoy the evening air. Mr. Bowser asked if the smoke of a good cigar annoyed her and after lighting up took the leeward side so that no smoke should be wafted in her face. Along came Mr. Green, their next door neighbor on the right for years. He was going for a walk, and he halted at the gate and called out:

"Feel like taking a stroll, Bowser?"

Mr. Bowser looked at him, but made no answer.

"Come on for a walk, old man."

No answer.

"Mr. Green is speaking to you," whispered Mrs. Bowser.

"Were you addressing me, sir?" was asked of Mr. Green.

"I said come on for a walk."

"You will please excuse me, sir, but I do not feel like walking out this evening."

The Too Familiar Mr. Green.

Mr. Green stood there and stared and stared and rubbed his eyes and finally passed on, wondering if he was on the wrong street and had addressed a perfect stranger. Mrs. Bowser was covered with confusion and quietly said:

"One would think that Mr. Green and you had never met."

"Oh, I have met Mr. Green, but he must not presume upon that fact to be too familiar. I am afraid that Mr. Green lacks dignity. Lack of dignity is a sad failure in any gentleman."

Then the watermelon man came along. He jumped out of his wagon and came through the gate with a large melon hugged to his stomach and said:

"There you are, the luster of the whole lot, and only 50 cents to you."

Mrs. Bowser shook her head, but Mr. Bowser said nothing.

"Shall I carry it into the basement?"

No reply.

"She's as ripe as a peach, and you won't get another like it."

"Sir," said Mr. Bowser, "you are evidently laboring under a mistake. I am not the person you seek. He may live on the next block. Will you be so kind as to retire with your watermelon?"

The man retired. There was a scared look on his face as he departed. He thought he was becoming nearsighted. A day or two previously Mr. Bowser had told a clothes cleaner to call for a suit of clothes. The cleaner was now seen bearing down. He came along with joyful footsteps and paused at the foot of the steps to say:

"I have come for the clothes."

No answer.

"The clothes you told me to call for."

The silence of death.

Mrs. Bowser wanted to shake her head at the man, to wink, to tip him off, but he kept his eyes on Mr. Bowser.

"The suit of clothes?"

Mr. Bowser pointed to the open gate and said:

"You can rectify your mistake, sir, by passing through that gate. I should say that you are in the wrong part of the city altogether."

Freeze-out For the Clothes Man.

The man looked around in a dazed way, removed his hat and scratched his ear, and when he went out it was on tiptoe. He felt that he had been near the fangs of death.

"But you told him to come," said Mrs. Bowser.

"Certainly, madam, but there is a time to call for clothes to be cleaned. He should have come early in the morning and at the basement door."

A belated book canvasser came hurrying down the street. He saw the Bowsers, and the dying light of hope in his breast revived. He was about to enter the gate when he beheld an outstretched finger and heard an icy voice saying:

"Sir, if you have any business with me please make an appointment and call at my office."

The poor man gave such a start of surprise that he fell over his feet and went down, and when he had scrambled up he hastened away in seeming alarm.

"Sad lack of dignity," commented Mr. Bowser. "One sees such incidents every day, and one feels a bit sad over them."

Mrs. Bowser had her plans. There came a time to go to bed, and there came a time when the dignified Mr. Bowser slept—aye, slept without a snore or a gurgle and with dignity. Then she crept slowly downstairs to the telephone, called the doctor up and related all. When she had concluded he replied:

"Don't be alarmed in the slightest, little woman. The chances are a thousand to one that he'll be the old Bowser when he awakes in the morning and that if he can't find his necktie snap the very first thing he'll declare it's the cussedest run house in four states."

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Cramps	Sore Throat
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and aches and pains of various kinds. For the treatment of ailments of the following order, it has proven its worth in thousands of cases:

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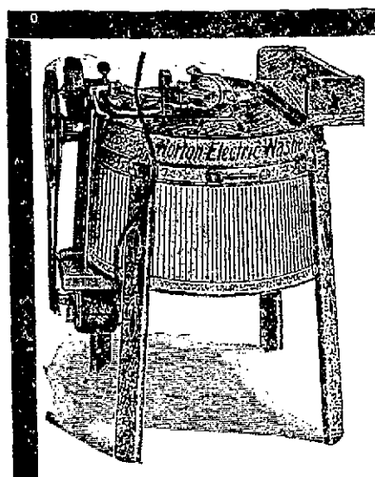

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THE MARKETS

GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 20.—Bearish foreign news caused a decline in wheat prices today and the market fell off from ¼@⅜c to ½c. The May delivery was weaker than September, scattering commission houses buying sparingly of the nearby option. The larger receipts of late and a slackness in the cash demand also worked against the bulls. September opened ⅜c to ⅝@¾c off at 99½c to 99⅝c, and rested on the low point. December opened ⅜c to ½@⅝c down at $1.03⅜ to $1.03⅝.

Liquidation by local longs kept the corn pit busy in the early trading and prices fell off from ¼c to ⅝c at the start, sagging another ⅛c and then steadying near to the opening point in the first hour. More rain in the corn belt delighted the bears and added to the certainty felt for a good crop. September opened ⅛c to ⅛@¼c off at 61⅛c to 61c. December started with a similar decline at 59¼c to 59c.

Oats in the distance futures were weaker at the start with the other grains and the nearby option after a firm opening also sagged. The market kept within narrow limits and steadied in the first hour from ⅛c to ¼c off. Opening figures for September were unchanged to ⅜c up at 35½c to 35⅝c. December opened unchanged to ⅛c down at 37⅜c to 37½c.

Limited offerings and some demand from packing house interests caused provisions prices to advance from 5c to 12½c all around. Opening figures for the October products were: Pork, $20.87½, 12½c up; lard, $12.10, 5c up, and ribs $11.75 to $11.80, 5c to 10c up.

Range of Prices for the Day.

August 20.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Sept.	.99½	.99⅞	.98⅝	.98⅝
Dec.	1.03⅝	1.03½	1.02⅝	1.02⅝
May	1.08½	1.08½	1.07⅝	1.07⅝
Corn—				
Sept.	.61¼	.61¼	.60	.60¼
Dec.	.59¼	.59¼	.57⅝	.57⅝
May	.61¼	.61¼	.59⅞	.59⅞
Oats—				
Sept.	.35½	.35⅞	.35	.35
Dec.	.37⅜	.37½	.36¾	.36⅜
May	.40	.40¼	.39¾	.39¾
Mess Pork, per bbl.—				
Sept.	21.45	21.80	21.35	21.35
Oct.	20.87½	21.00	20.75	20.75
Jan.	18.80	18.80	18.70	18.70
Lard, per 100 lbs.—				
Sept.	12.12½	12.20	12.02½	12.02½
Oct.	12.10	12.15	12.00	12.00
Jan.	10.77½	10.77½	10.67½	10.67½
Short Ribs, per 100 lbs.—				
Sept.	12.55	12.70	12.47½	12.47½
Oct.	11.75	11.85	11.67½	11.70

Car Lot Receipts.

Wheat—Receipts today were 321 cars, with 196 of contract grade.

Corn—Receipts today were 156 cars, with 44 of contract grade.

Oats—Receipts today were 606 cars.

Total receipts of wheat at Chicago, Minneapolis and Duluth today were 692 cars, compared with 701 cars last week and 216 cars the corresponding day a year ago.

Chicago Cash Grain.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 20.—Cash prices: Wheat—No. 1 red, $1.00¼@1.01¼; No. 2 red, 99⅜@1.00¼; No. 3 red, 97@98½c; No. 1 hard, $1.00¼@1.01¼; No. 2 hard, 99⅜@1.01¼; No. 3 hard, 96½@1.00½; No. 1 northern, $1.20@1.22; No. 2 northern, old, $1.14; No. 3 northern, new, $1.07⅜; No. 3 spring, 97@1.01½; durum, 89@89¾c.

Corn—No. 2, 61½c; No. 2 white, 62¼@62½c; No. 2 yellow, 62@62½c; No. 3, 61½c; No. 3 white, 62@62½c; No. 3 yellow, 61¾@62¼c; No. 4, 61c; No. 4 white, 61c; No. 4 yellow, 61c.

Oats—No. 2, 32@32½c; No. 2 white, 35@35½c; No. 3, 33c; No. 3 white, 34¼@34¾c; No. 4 white, 33¾@34c; standard, 35@35½c.

Rye—Cash, 76c; September, 75c; December, 76@78c.

Barley—Cash, 48@60c.

Timothy—Cash, $5.75; September, $6.20@6.25; October, $6.10; December, $6.25.

Clover—October, $14.50.

Toledo Grain Prices.

Toledo, O., Aug. 20.—Wheat—Cash, $1.00½; September, $1.01½; December, $1.04⅝; May, $1.09½.

Corn—Cash, 65c; September, 63c; December, 59¼c; May, 61c.

Oats—Cash, 35¾c; September, 36c; December, 38c; May, 41c.

Rye—No. 2, 72½c; No. 3, 69½c.

New York Grain and Provisions.

New York, Aug. 20.—Flour—Quiet and nominally lower; spring patents $5.50@5.80; winter straights, $4.40@4.60; winter patents, $4.75@5.10; spring clears, $4.35@4.60; winter extra No. 1, $3.75@3.90; winter extra No. 2, $3.50@3.60; Kansas straights, $4.85@5.10; receipts today were 20,425 bbls.

Rye—Market dull; No. 2 western, old, 83c f. o. b. New York.

Wheat—Weakness abroad due to reselling by the continent and freer offerings together with increasing weight of domestic supplies, large world's shipments and continued big receipts resulted in a ¾c decline in wheat with business quiet. September, $1.06⅛@1.06¾; December, $1.09⅞@1.10⅛. Receipts today were 46,700 bu.

Corn—Receipts today were 9,000 bu.

Beef—Market steady; mess, $15.00@15.50; family, $15.00@16.00.

Beef Hams—$22.00@24.00.

Pork—Market easy; mess, $24.50@25.00; family, $24.50@25.00; short clear, $22.50@24.50.

Lard — Market firm; middle western, $12.10@12.20.

Sugar—Raw, market firm; Muscovado 89 test, $3.95; centrifugal 96 test, $4.45; molasses sugar 89 test, $3.70; refined sugar, market steady; crushed, $5.95; granulated, $5.25; powdered, $5.35.

Petroleum—Market steady; refined, barrels, $7.65.

Coffee—Spot, market firm; No. 7 Rio, 8¼@8¼c; No. 4 Santos, 9¾@10c.

Molasses—Market quiet; New Orleans, open kettle, 32@42c.

LIVE STOCK.

East Buffalo Market.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 20.—Hogs—Receipts today were 3,800 head; shipments today were 2,000 head; shipments to New York today were 1,000 head; official shipments to New York yesterday 3,420 head; market closing strong; heavy, $8.70@8.80; mediums, $8.50@9.00; yorkers, $9.20@9.30; pigs and light yorkers, $9.40@9.45; roughs, $7.30@7.50; stags, $6.00@6.75.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts today were 1,600 head; market lower; top lambs, $6.75.

Cattle—Receipts today were 50 head; market steady.

Chicago Market.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 20.—Cattle—Receipts today were estimated at 300 head; market steady; heavy, $4.70@5.35; Texas steers, $3.60@5.70; western steers, $4.00@6.50; stockers and feeders, $4.00@6.15; cows and heifers, $2.50@6.10; calves, $6.50@8.50.

Hogs—Receipts today were estimated at 8,000 head; market 10c higher; lights, $8.50@9.00; mixed, $8.00@8.85; heavy, $7.70@8.55; roughs, $7.70@7.90; good to choice heavy, $7.95@8.55; pigs, $8.50@9.00; bulk of sales, $8.10@8.40.

Sheep—Receipts today were estimated at 3,000 head; market steady; natives, $2.50@4.55; western, $2.75@4.50; yearlings, $4.50@5.75; lambs, natives, $4.70@6.85; western, $4.75@6.85.

Cincinnati Market.

Cincinnati, O., Aug. 20.—Cattle—Receipts today were 500 head; market steady and quiet; fair to good shippers, $5.75@6.50; common, $2.00@3.75.

Hogs—Receipts today were 2,155 head; market active and strong; butchers and shippers, $8.55@9.00; common, $8.55@9.25.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts today were 3,250 head; market steady for sheep and steady and quiet for lambs; sheep, $1.75@3.90; lambs, $3.00@6.65.

Indianapolis Market.

Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 20.—Receipts today were: Hogs, 5,000 head; cattle, 150 head; sheep, 400 head.

Calves—Common to best, $5.50@8.50.

Hogs—Best heavies, $8.25@8.75; medium and mixed, $8.40@8.85; bulk of sales, $8.40@8.50.

Spring Lambs—Good to choice, $5.50@6.00; common to medium, $4.00@5.25.

Pittsburg Market.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 20.—Cattle — Receipts today were light; market steady.

Hogs—Receipts today were ten double decks; market higher; heavies, $8.70@8.80; mediums, $9.25@9.30; yorkers, $9.30@9.35; pigs, $9.30@9.35.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts today were light; market steady.

PRODUCE AND POULTRY.

New York Market.

New York, Aug. 20.—Butter—Market firm; receipts today were 4,228 packages; creamery specials, 31c; creamery extras, 30c; creamery thirds to firsts, 24@29c; state dairy common to finest, 22½@28½c; process common to special, 22½@26½c; western factory, 22@23½c; western imitation creamery, 24@25c.

Cheese — Market firm; receipts, 2,468 boxes; state whole milk special, 15½@17c; do fancy, 15c; do average prime, 14¼@14¾c; do fair to good, 13¼@14¼c; 14½@14¾c; do fair to good, 13½@14¼c; do common, 10¼@12¼c; skims, full to special, 2½@12½c.

Eggs—Market firm; receipts were 6,205 cases; state, Pennsylvania and nearby henmery white, 27@32c; do gathered white, 25@28c; do henmery brown, 25@28c; do gathered brown, 23@26c; fresh gathered extra firsts, 23@24c; firsts, 21@22c; seconds, 19@20c.

Poultry — Alive, market quiet; western broilers, 19c; fowls, 15c; turkeys, 10@14c; dressed poultry, market steady; western broilers, 17@18c; fowls, 13@16c; turkeys, 17@21c.

OIL.

Toledo Market.

Toledo, O., Aug. 20.—North Lima, 84c; South Lima and Indiana, 79c.

STOCKS AND BONDS.

The Day on Wall Street.

New York, Aug. 20.—Stocks were again lower this morning and some large blocks of Reading, Union Pacific and United States Steel were sold at from ½ to ¾ points below yesterday's closing figures. The market otherwise was without essential change.

The bears did not follow up their advantage at the outset and prices consequently worked back to a parity with yesterday's closing. Most of the business centered in Reading, Union Pacific and United States Steel, which likewise covered the widest fractional range. American Agricultural Chemical yielded 1¼ and American Car and American Locomotive 1. American Cotton Oil gained a point.

The market closed easy. After prices had returned to where they left off yesterday interest in the market abated and speculation became dull and commonplace. Fluctuations were restricted to the merest fraction in the most active stocks. International Harvester advanced a point, while Republic Steel fell away as much. Prices were inclined to yield as the session drew to a close.

THE MONEY MARKET.

New York, Aug. 20.—Money on call, nominal.

Time loans, dull; sixty days, 2¾@3 per cent; ninety days, 3¼@3¾ per cent; six months, 4¼@4¾ per cent.

Prime mercantile paper, 5½@6 per cent.

Sterling exchange, firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 484@484.10 for sixty day bills, and at 486.55 for demand.

Commercial bills, 483@483½.

Bar silver, 52⅞; Mexican dollars, 44.

Government bonds, steady.

Railroad bonds, irregular.

NEW YORK STOCK MARKET.

[Furnished and Corrected Daily by E. W. Wagner & Co., 207 Shoaff Bldg., Fort Wayne, Ind.]

August 20.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Amer. Loco.....	35⅞	35⅞	35½	35½
Amer. Smelter..	68⅛	68⅝	68¼	68⅜
Amal. Copper...	65½	66	65½	65⅞
Atchison 109¾		109¾	109¼	109¼
Car Foundry....	49	49	48⅜	48⅜
Northern Pac...116⅞		116⅞	116½	116⅞
Brook. Rap. Tr. 76¾		77	76⅝	77
Penn. & Ohio...105¼		105¼	104⅞	105⅛
Ches. & Ohio... 74		74	74	74
Col. Fuel & Iron 31½		31½	31⅜	31⅜
Erie	25⅜	25⅝	25⅜	25⅜
Missouri Pacific 53⅞		53⅞	53⅞	53⅞
New York Cent.113½		113⅝	113¼	113⅜
Great Northern.126⅝		126⅝	126	126
Pennsylvania ..129		130	129	129½
Press. Steel Car 35⅞		35⅞	35⅝	35⅝
Reading 144½		145½	144¼	144⅞
Rock Island 32¾		32⅝	32¾	32⅝
St. Paul 123		123¼	123	123¼
Southern Pac...115¾		115⅞	115¼	115¼
Cons. Gas 129⅜		129⅞	129⅝	129⅝
Union Pacific...168⅞		169⅜	168⅝	168⅝
U. S. Steel 71¼		72	71¼	71⅝
U. S. Steel pfd..116¾		116¾	116⅝	116¾
Utah Copper ... 46⅞		46⅞	46⅝	46⅞
Kansas & Texas 33		33	32¾	33
Wabash pfd..... 38¾		38¾	38	38

NEW YORK BANK STATEMENT.

New York, Aug. 20.—The following is the New York clearing house summary of the weekly statement of banks for the week ending August 20.

		Increase.
Loans $1,237,794,000		$13,488,000
Deposits	1,274,182,000	18,140,000
Circulation	47,049,000	*1,437,000
Specie	300,766,000	4,529,000
Legal tenders ...	70,762,000	*446,000
Reserve	371,528,000	4,083,000
Reserve required.	313,695,000	4,510,000
Surplus	52,832,000	*427,000
Ex-U. S. deposits	53,245,000	*429,000

*Decrease.

Clearing house bank's actual condition this day:

		Increase.
Loans $1,244,288,000		$10,109,000
Deposits	1,280,200,000	9,098,000
Circulation	47,196,000	*1,225,000
Specie	300,269,000	*1,999,000
Legal tenders....	70,489,000	*922,000
Reserve	370,698,000	*2,821,000
Reserve required.	320,050,000	2,274,000
Surplus	50,648,000	*4,687,000
Ex-U. S. deposits	51,036,000	*5,100,000

*Decrease.

State banks and trust companies of Greater New York not reporting to the clearing house:

		Decrease.
Loans $1,102,118,000		$ 5,553,000
Specie	121,051,000	*1,125,000
Legal tenders ...	19,937,000	1,512,000
Total deposits ..	1,213,050,000	6,632,000

*Increase.

FORT WAYNE MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

Wheat—98c bu.
Oats—33c bu.
Barley—55c bu.
Rye—65c bu.

BUTTER, EGGS AND POULTRY.

[Corrected by Geo. H. Crouse & Co.]
Fancy Elgin creamery, tub, 29c lb.; fancy Elgin prints, 34c lb.
Process butter, 26c.
Country butter, 19@25c lb.
Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 16@18c doz; fresh gathered, 17c doz.
Fancy comb honey, 12@14c lb.
Potatoes—30c and $1.00 bu.
Beans, $2.35@2.40 bu.
Chickens—12@13c lb.
Ducks, 12@13c lb.
Turkeys, 15@18c lb.
Onions, 80c and $1.00 bu.
Cream cheese, 17c lb; brick cheese, 17c lb; Swiss cheese, 20c lb; Limburger cheese, 18c lb; long horn cheese, 17c lb.

RETAIL STREET MARKET.

Eggs—Fresh gathered extras, 20@22c.
Fancy Elgin creamery; tub, 34c lb; Elgin prints, 36c lb.
Process butter, 30c lb
Country butter, 26@30c lb.
Butterine, 14@20c lb.
Country fresh eggs, 19@20c doz.
Lard (country), 12@14c lb.
Fancy comb honey 15@16c lb
Potatoes—$1.00@1.25 bu.
Ducks, 14c lb.
Chickens, 14@15c lb.
Cabbage, 50@60c doz

MILL QUOTATIONS.

Quotations of Millers—Wheat—Winter wheat, straight, $5.00@5.40; graham flour, $4.40@4.80; rye flour, $4.20@4.50; pumpernickle, $4.40@4.80 ton; bran, $22.00 ton; shorts, $22.00 ton; chop feed, $24.00 ton; middlings, $22.00 ton; cornmeal, fine, $1.60 @1.70 cwt; cracked corn, $1.50@1.60 cwt; cornmeal, coarse, $1.50@1.60 cwt; screenings, No. 1, 70@80c bu; No. 2, 60@65c bu; rye, 65c bu; flaxseed, $2.00 bu; corn, 60@65c bu; wheat, 98c bu; oats, 33c bu.

Quotations of Millers—Wheat—Winter wheat, straight.....$5.00@5.40
Winter wheat, patents.....$5.60@6.20
Spring wheat, patents .....$5.20@5.80
Graham flour .....$4.60@5.00
Rye flour .....$4.20@4.60
Pumpernickle .....$4.00@4.20
Bran, per ton $22.00
Shorts, per ton $22.00
Middlings, per ton $24.00
Screenings, per bu., 65c, per ton.....$22.00
Chop feed, per ton.....$22.00
Cornmeal, fine, per cwt.....$1.60
Cracked corn, per cwt.....$1.60
Cornmeal, coarse, per cwt.....$1.60
Street bid on wheat, per bu.....98c
Street bid on corn, per bu.....60@65c
Street bid on oats, per bu.....33c
Street bid on rye, per bu.....70c
Street bid on barley, per bu.....55c

HIDES, SEEDS, ETC.

Quotations by S. Bush & Co.—Cured hides, 9½c; green hides, 8c; cured calf hides, 14½c; green calf hides, 13c; horse hides, $3.50; red cloverseed, per bu, $5.50 @6.00; wool, unwashed and merchantable, 21c; wool, burry, black cotted and fine, 16c lb.

Quotations of Weil Brothers & Co.—Cured hides, 9½@10c lb; No. 1 horse hides, $3.50@3.75; No. 1 green calf hides, 13c lb; No. 1 green hides, 8c; tallow, 6½ @7c; country mixed rags, 80@85c cwt; No. 1 rubber, 9½@10c lb; cut arcties, 7½c lb; light copper, 10c lb; heavy copper, 11@12c lb; heavy red brass, 10c lb; light brass, 6c lb; tinfoil, 22@25c lb; wool, No. 1, 21c lb; rejection, 16c lb.

CITY SCALES—RETAIL PRICES.

Hay—$15.00@18.00 ton.
Corn—60@70c bu.
Oats—30@38c bu.

COMMISSION HOUSE PRICES.

[Quotations of Geo. H. Crouse & Co.]
Chickens, 10c lb; dressed chickens, 15c lb; ducks, 12c lb; turkeys, 15@18c lb; country butter, 18@20c lb; process butter, 26c lb; eggs, fresh gathered extras, 17c; dirties, 15c; new potatoes, 30@40c; bu; honey, 12c lb; packing butter, 20c lb; creamery butter, 30@32c lb; onions, 50@ 70c bu.

LIVE STOCK MARKET.

(Corrected by Leikauf & Co.)
Hogs—Best heavy, 180 to 200 lbs, $8.50; mediums, 150 to 180 lbs., $8.35; lights, 120 to 140 lbs., $8.00; roughs, $6.00@7.50.
Steers—Good to choice, $6.50@6.00; mediums, $4.50@5.50.
Heifers—Good to choice, $4.00@4.50; mediums, $4.00@4.25.
Bulls—Good to choice, $3.50@4.50.
Cows—Good to choice, $3.65@4.80.
Calves—Good to choice, $6.50@7.25; mediums, $5.75@6.00.

NORTHEAST INDIANA PRICES.

(Corrected Daily by Thos. R. Riddle.)

No. 2 red wheat, new, per bu.....$	.93
No. 2 white wheat, new, per bu....	.91
Standard white oats, per bu.....	.31
Yellow shelled corn, per bu.....	.58
White shelled corn, per bu.....	.58
Mixed shelled corn, per bu.....	.56
Yellow ear corn, per cwt.....	.85
White ear corn, per cwt.....	.85
Mixed ear corn, per cwt.....	.82
No. 2 rye, new, per bu.....	.62
No. 2 barley, new, per bu.....	.48
No. 1 timothy hay (baled), new.....	12.25
No. 1 clover mixed hay (baled), new	10.25
No. 1 clover hay (baled), new	8.25

Mow hay, $1.25 less.
Grade discounts—No. 2, $1.25; No. 3, $2.50.

Prime red clover seed, new	7.25
Prime alsike seed, new	7.00

WIVES OF FARMERS ON STRIKE.

Refuse Usual Good Dinners Because Thrashers Ask Exorbitant Wages.

Cincinnati, Aug. 20.—Farmers' wives from Piqua west to the Indiana line and south to the northern part of Hamilton county are inaugurating a novel strike by telephone, letter and by trolley line this summer. Thrashing time is considered a great time in the country and thrashers are given the best dinners the farmers' wives can afford, better even than given to ministers and their wives. This year the complaint is made that thrashers and their help are asking exorbitant prices for their work and the plan is to notify them that the yellow legged chicken and fresh beefsteak are not for them if they persist, and they may bring their meals with them when they come to thrash out the golden grain.

MANY OFFICERS RE-ELECTED.

Conference Renames Leaders and Establishes Academy at Fairmount.

Fairmount, Ind., Aug. 20.—Rev. T. P. Baker, of this city, was re-elected president of the Indiana conference of the Wesleyan Methodist church for the coming year. Rev. E. H. Kennedy, secretary; Rev. F. H. Eddy, of Bryant, assistant secretary; J. E. Smiley, of Fairmount, treasurer, were all re-elected. Rev. Aaron Worth, of Fountain City, and T. P. Baker, of Fairmount, were named conference trustees; Rev. J. O. Baker, superintendent of the Theological school in Fairmount and educational secretary; Rev. T. P. Baker, Rev. J. J. Coleman, of Warren, and Rev. Aaron Worth, of Fountain City, conference evangelists. The conference fixed this city as the permanent location of the Theological seminary established here four years ago.

EAGLES WILL ENTERTAIN.

Annual Outing at the Driving Park Tomorrow.

The members of the local aerie of Eagles, No. 248, will entertain tomorrow when their fraternal brothers from all over Indiana and a number of places in Ohio will join with them in a celebration at the Driving park.

Every Eagle in this state has been invited and invitations have also been sent to many of the aeries in near-by Ohio cities. The responses from these invitations have been very gratifying, assuring one of the largest crowds on record here tomorrow.

There will be some speaking, of course. But the greater part of the day will be given over to games, running races, potato races, fat men's races, peanut races, and the like. It will be an all-day affair.

Notice to Subscribers

DO you get THE SENTINEL before 6 p. m.?

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IF the carrier fails in any respect mentioned above you are being imposed upon and THE SENTINEL should know about it at once.

IF YOUR PAPER FAILS TO ARRIVE ON TIME, OR NOT AT ALL, CALL 173, EITHER 'PHONE. AFTER 6 P. M. AND THE SENTINEL WILL BE SENT TO YOU BY SPECIAL MESSENGER.

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IN case of removal always notify THE SENTINEL, which will assure prompt delivery of the paper at your new address.

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GIRL OF 12 SAVES LIFE OF EXPERT SWIMMER

Miss Isabel Fuller Heroine in Experience at Culver.

Culver, Ind., Aug. 20.—Retaining her composure and presence of mind at a critical moment when her own and the life of another hung in the balance, Miss Isabel Fuller, 12 years of age, yesterday rescued from drowning F. Thompson, a stock broker of Atlanta, Ga. She is the daughter of E. R. Fuller, of Richmond, Va.

Mr. Thompson, who is spending a week here with his family, is an expert swimmer and has taken many prizes for aquatic feats. The Fuller girl is also a good swimmer, and they started yesterday morning to swim from the Palmer house pier to a pier about three hundred yards distant in Lake Maxinkuckee. Half way across Thompson was seized with cramps and called for help. The girl immediately swam to him and directed him to turn on his back and not attempt to hold to her. She supported his head with one hand and started to tow him ashore.

Owing to her lack of strength she could make but little progress, so she remained in deep water, holding Thompson's head above until they were picked up by a boat that had put off from shore as soon as it was discovered the swimmers were in distress.

The girl promptly put her small foot down on the desire of all the resorters to make a heroine of her, and said her art was one that any swimmer with a cool head would have performed.

CAR NOT UNDER CONTROL.

Crashed Into Auto on Broadway at Home Avenue.

A street car that is said to have been going north along Broadway down the incline sloping towards Home avenue at an uncontrollable rate of speed last night about 8 o'clock crashed into the rear end of Dr. K. L. Seaman's automobile just as Dr. Seaman was making a turn in the street. The impact of the car hurled the automobile over against the curb, striking Miss Mabel Smith, daughter of George W. Smith, 2852 Broadway. Miss Smith was thrown down, sustaining a fearful shock and several bruises on the right side of her body. Her condition is not serious, however. The rear part of the auto was badly damaged.

OFFER REWARD FOR SUSPECT.

Murdered Man's Relatives Believe Hunted Italian Guilty.

Bedford, Ind., Aug. 20.—Members of the Rock family have offered a reward of $100 for the arrest of a man seen at Peerless Tuesday afternoon with a gun, who is suspected of being the murderer of Philip Rock. He is believed to be an Italian named Nick Pellant. Bloodhounds were put on the trail, but the man hunt was stopped at night because of the fear for the lives of members of the hunting party. Citizens criticise the county commissioners for not offering a reward for the arrest of the man and are soliciting a fund to assist in the search for the fugitive.

MOTHER OF EDUCATOR DIES.

Death Removes Parent of President of Notre Dame University.

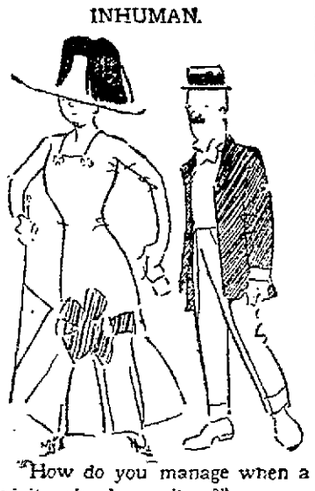
Notre Dame, Ind., Aug. 20.—Mrs Mary Cavanaugh, mother of Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C., president of Notre Dame university, died yesterday at her home in Lectonia, O.

WORSE AND WORSE.

"He married her for money."
"But she has no money!"
"I know—he married her for wager!"

Alaska is not generally given much consideration from an agricultural standpoint, and yet, despite the rigorous climate, a large variety of grains, small fruits and vegetables are being successfully grown. Experiment are being made with fruits, but the results thus far have not been very encouraging. The work conducted by the government with grains at the Rampart experiment station has been an unqualified success. Varieties of nearly all grains have been found that grow well.—Agricultural Department Bulletin.

INHUMAN.



"How do you manage when a visitor simply won't go?"

"I bring out the family photo album."

Your Want Ad Phone is

173

Call Us Up!

BURNED WILL ISSUE IN SENSATIONAL LAWSUIT

Case Involved Deathbed Confession of Mother Who Aided Son.

Aurora, Ill., Aug. 20.—The story of a mother's love for an erring son, which led her to destroy her husband's will and thus enable the son to inherit his father's wealth, was revealed in a curious petition filed yesterday in the probate court of Kane county.

Kate Terry Prindle and Laura Terry Hunt, the petitioners, seek to recover property in the heart of the Aurora business district, valued at thousands of dollars, which they declare was bequeathed to them in a will drawn up by their grandfather, Richard Terry, a wealthy Aurora land owner, who died in 1888.

Confesses on Deathbed.

It is alleged in the petition that Richard Terry's widow confessed on her deathbed two years ago that she destroyed the will after her husband's death. At that time the son, Arthur Terry, was accused of murdering his wife, and desperately needing money to save him from the gallows inveigled his mother into burning the will.

One striking feature in the case is that all the principals are dead, with the exception of the two granddaughters and two witnesses of the Richard Terry will. All of the property is in the hands of others, but the granddaughters hope under the terms of the destroyed will to get it back.

The strange story brought to light with the filing of the petition goes back to the time thirty years ago when Richard Terry, with his wife and two granddaughters, lived in a beautiful home in Fourth avenue, Aurora. Arthur Terry, the only son, was a member of the firm of Terry & Riddle, Aurora's leading stationers. He had married a Chicago girl and was considered at one time the city's most popular man.

OLIVER PLANT IS SCORCHED.

South Bend Plow Works Damaged by Burning Paint.

South Bend, Ind., Aug. 20.—The paint shop of the Oliver Plow works was destroyed by fire yesterday afternoon with a loss estimated at $10,000. Twenty-five men were in the shop when the fire was discovered, and with one exception all escaped without injury, the injured man being Lewis Goldenberg, who was seriously burned on the arms and chest. When the department arrived the entire building, 60 by 200 feet, was on fire. The blaze started from the explosion of two bats of paint which were being stirred by an electric motor.

WELL-KNOWN PIONEER DIES.

Alexandria Man Prominent in Early Days Found Dead in Bed.

Alexandria, Ind., Aug. 20.—Orrin Free, 85 years old, known all over the state for his mathematical skill and work as a surveyor in the early settlement days, was found dead in his bed at his Alexandria home Friday morning. Mr. Free was one of the best-known men in Madison county and was the last of a pioneer family. Burial will be at Marion Sunday.

Try Sentinel Wants Ads.

RAILROAD TIME CARDS

PENNSYLVANIA COMPANY.

In Effect June 26, 1910.

Eastbound.

No. 6	5:05	A.M.
No. 18	7:00	A.M.
No. 36	12:10	P.M.
No. 16	1203	P.M.
No. 22	2:05	P.M.
No. 28	5:27	P.M.
No. 8	7:45	P.M.
No. 2	9:10	P.M.
No. 38	10:45	P.M.
No. 24	11:55	P.M.

Westbound.

No. 25	3:25	A.M.
No. 15	4:00	A.M.
No. 5	4:55	A.M.
No. 29	5:56	A.M.
No. 27	7:00	A.M.
No. 39	11:10	A.M.
No. 23	12:05	P.M.
No. 21	12:20	P.M.
No. 19	4:20	P.M.
No. 11	8:30	P.M.
No. 9	4:30	P.M.

NEW TIME CARD. WABASH RAILROAD

In Effect May 29, 1910.
All Trains Daily.

Trains Going East.		Trains Going West.	
No. 2	5:35 A.M.	No. 9	5:18 A.M.
No. 12	5:30 A.M.	No. 1	11:43 A.M.
No. 28	6:17 A.M.	No. 5	5:20 P.M.
No. 18	11:50 A.M.	No. 3	9:30 P.M.
No. 6	4:05 P.M.	No. 21	arr. 10:40 A.M.
No. 4	4:51 P.M.	No. 11	arr. 11:20 A.M.
No. 14	5:05 P.M.	No. 13	arr. 9:00 P.M.

Trains 11, 13 and 21 do not go west of Fort Wayne.

Eastward Service—Trains 2, 4, 28 and 6 via Butler road. Trains 18, 12 and 14 via old road.

Westward Service—Trains 1, 3, 9 and 11, via Butler road. Trains 5, 13 and 21 via old road.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA RAILWAY

North Bound.

12:50	A.M. Daily	Northland Limited
8:50	A.M. Daily	*To Grand Rapids
6:20	P.M. Daily	Except Sunday
1:00	P.M. Daily	Except Sunday
6:00	A.M.	Sunday Only

*Except Sunday north of Grand Rapids.

South Bound.

1:10	A.M. Daily
1:15	A.M. Daily
6:25	A.M. Except Sunday
12:25	P.M. Except Sunday
7:20	P.M. Sunday Only
7:50	A.M. Arr. form Rome City Ex. Sun.
10:50	P.M. Arr. Except Sunday

NICKEL PLATE.

Departing time of trains from Ft. Wayne:

East Bound.

No. 5	2:35	A.M.
No. 2	8:10	P.M.
No. 4	8:05	P.M.
No. 30 (Local Freight)	7:25	A.M.

West Bound.

No. 5	2:20	A.M.
No. 1	12:30	A.M.
No. 3	4:40	P.M.
No. 31 (Local Freight)	7:00	A.M.

C. H. & D. RAILWAY.

From Wabash Station.

Depart.	Arrive.
No. 1-F..6:10 A.M.	No. 4-F..7:05 P.M.
No. 87-F..6:45 A.M.	No. 86-F..2:50 P.M.

Daily except Sunday.
Trains 1-F and 4-F Passenger.
Trains 86-F and 87-F Local Freights.

LAKE ERIE & WESTERN—BIG 4 ROUTE.

Southward Trains.

No. 39	Indianapolis Express... 7:15 A.M.
No. 37	Cinclp. Mail and Ex... 11:15 A.M.
No. 35	Express ..... 5:00 P.M.
No. 43	Sunday Special..... 6:00

THIS BEAUTIFUL HOME FOR SALE.

OLDEST BANK IN NORTHERN INDIANA

Interest On Surplus Money

This bank issues Certificates of Deposits which are especially suitable for the investment of surplus money as they yield liberal rates of interest from the date the money is deposited. These Certificates are issued for either large or small amounts and are secured by Capital, Surplus and Stockholders' Liability of $850,000.00.

OLD NATIONAL BANK
FORT WAYNE, IND.
RESOURCES OVER $3,500,000.00

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

What the Sentinel Had to Say About Persons and Events Twenty-Five Years Ago..

Brick are selling at $6 per thousand this year, which is very cheap.

Marriage licenses: Henry J. Baker and Rebecca C. Tons, Frank Lucky and Dora Earle.

The season at the Masonic Temple will open September 7 with the famous Equine Paradox.

Eleven Wabash engines are idle in the round house in this city. No business on the road for them.

H. J. Siebold, of the drug firm of C. B. Woodworth & Co., will travel in advance of the Hollywood Opera company.

C. R. Higgins and C. H. Walton, who operate a sort of news bureau here, have added the Chicago Times to their list.

Ex-Councilman Sion Smith caught fifty-five bass at Rome City yesterday. All his friends will supper with him tonight.

Two photographers were arrested at the instance of the Photographers' association for Sabbath desecration in pursuing their usual avocation on Sunday.

Dr. H. V. Swearingen, secretary of the county board of health, was yesterday notified by Dr. D. J. Swarts, secretary of the DeKalb county board of health, that a case with symptoms of hydrophobia had been discovered at Auburn.

Mayor Muhler will entertain Governor Gray, who will arrive tomorrow evening to attend the military encampment. Two carloads of field guns have arrived from Toledo and another from Indianapolis for use in the sham battle of Shiloh on Monday. The following gentlemen acted as aides today to Col. C. E. Briant, commander of Camp U. S. Grant at the fair grounds: Lieut. Warren Lumbard, Wm. S. Bash, Capt. Hugh M. Diehl, Chris. Newcomer, John Dougall, Thomas J. Degan, Dr. J. W. Younge, William McClellan, A. R. McCurdy, Charles Reese, Will Peltier, Ed Coombs, Rob Carnahan, Willis Bash, John C. Kensill and Frank Falker.

HAD BIG ROLL AND HE WANTED TO KEEP IT

Bluffton Man Was Drunk But He Held on to $60 —City Court.

Amos Hagey, who claimed this morning in the city court that he lived near Bluffton and that he had seven married children, came to Fort Wayne yesterday afternoon, and "four beers" caused him to forget nearly everything he did.

He was found about 11 o'clock at the transfer corner in a bloody condition and told Officer Degitz that some one had tried to rob him at the Clinton street bridge, hitting him on the side of the head and kicking him. Hagey had a roll of about $60 and he was just lucky enough to be able to hold on to it. He must have rolled about in the gravel at the bridge for the right side of his face is bruised and slightly cut. Judge Mungovan lectured him upon coming to Fort Wayne and getting drunk and fined him $1 and costs, which Hagey paid.

Vagrants are Freed.

The six vagrants arrested at the time John Golden made an assault upon a man named Leicht, who is still in the hospital, were allowed to go and advised to get work. Golden plead guilty to the charge and the police had no charge against the vagrants, who gave the names of Joe Hackett, John Esleib, Charles Sheppard, John Wilson, George Leich and William Bessert. Golden's case was continued until next Wednesday under $300 bond.

Frank Smith was fined $1 and costs as a drunk.

Police Notes.

Officer Madden reports that the home of C. F. Pichon, at 1036 West Main street, was entered some time between Monday morning and last night through a rear window and that $15 in cash, a gold watch and a coat and vest were taken.

All our Wall Paper discounted 20 to 50% during August!
7-16-sat-tf. KEIL & KEIL.

CHARMER COMES TO GRIEF.

Police Capture Woman Gifted With Magic Touch.

Lafayette, Ind., Aug. 20.—Mrs. Leon Wrenn, of Frankfort, who operated in Lafayette as a fortune teller and charmer, was arrested at Logansport and returned to this city, where she pleaded guilty to a charge of petit larceny and was released. She was fined $17.50. Five women in this city fell victims to the woman's operations. One gave her $20 to place a charm on, and a watch and various articles of clothing were given by others to be filled with magic. Her plan, as told by the victims, was to take the articles away for several days to properly charm them. After she had gone one woman became suspicious and notified the police.

WANTED, WOMEN

Several good paying positions for those who wish work; none under eighteen need apply.
BANNER LAUNDERING CO.,
10-6t 425 E. Columbia.

FRIENDS NAME SWADNER.

Choose Dublin Pastor to Fill Vacated Wabash Pulpit.

Wabash, Ind., Aug. 20.—Rev. Charles Swadner, of Dublin, Ind., was yesterday announced as the new pastor of the Friends church here. He succeeds Rev. Richard Haworth, who assumes charge of the biblical department of the Friends academy at Fairmount and also the pastorate of the Fairmount Friends church, succeeding Mrs. Daisy Barr, who goes to Muncie.

LOW ONE WAY COLONIST RATES WEST VIA NICKEL PLATE ROAD

Aug. 25 to Sept. 9 and Sept. 15 to Oct. 15. Full information of agent or write F. P. Parnin, T. P. A. Fort Wayne, Ind. 13,20,27

Free at Robison Park all next week — Rollo, the Limit, in his Back Somersault of Death Twenty feet in mid-air, 4 and 10 p. m. 18-3t

The Grand Boulevard in Forest Park was and still is a sensation. Florida Drive is a similar proposition. Lots from $650.00 to $850.00 for a short time only. Close to thirty lots sold. See

LOUIS F. CURDES
218, 219, 220 SHOAF BLDG. PHONE 622.

EVERYBODY'S COLUMN

Little Ads. for Thoughtful Buyers from the Daily Marts of Trade.

Watch this Column. There's Always Something Interesting That Will Pay You to Know About.

AUTOMOBILES.

We are offering the following list of Automobiles at Bargain Counter Prices:
One BUICK TOURING CAR.
One TOLEDO TOURING CAR.
One POPE-TOLEDO RUNABOUT.
One CADILLAC CAR.
One PREMIER CAR.
One SMALL ELECTRIC CAR.
The Fort Wayne-Auburn Auto Co., 205 East Columbia St.

ART PHOTOGRAPHY.

Say! The next time you have any kodak pictures to finish take them to Clear or telephone 2206 and I will send for them. CLEAR, the Photographer, 706 Calhoun Street.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE.

Before you place your order for the Builders' Hardware in your new residence see the complete stock of J. M. Stouder & Co.

BICYCLES AND MOTORCYCLES

Why do the Indian, The R.-S. and The Thor Motorcycles surpass all others? Because they are built right, go right, stay right. There's a reason. Indiana Bicycle and Supply Co., 111 West Washington Blvd., cor Calhoun.

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES.

You don't buy a buggy every day, hence, when you do, you want all the quality, style and finish that goes up to make a finished article. That's the kind of buggies we handle. City Carriage Works, Barr and Main.

CLOTHING CLEANED—PRESSED.

We clean, press and repair garments for ladies' and gentlemen. Prompt. Reasonable. Louis H. Meier, Tailor, 1025 Broadway.

DRUG STORE WANTS.

Everything a drug store is expected to have you'll get at Clyde B. Jordan's, 826 Harrison St. Cheaper than most places in price.

DRUGGISTS.

Not one remedy leaves our store unless we have absolute faith in its efficacy and purity. That's the way we built this business and the way we hope to maintain it. B. R. Noll, 110 East Columbia St.

ELECTRICAL REPAIR WORK.

All kinds of Electric Motor repairing and rewinding. Rapp & Zollinger Electric Co., 451 East Columbia St. Home phone 2208.

GRANITE MONUMENTS.

Monuments, head-stones, vaults, grave enclosures, vases, and all kinds of cemetery work, at LOW prices for good work. H. L. Bates, corner Columbia and Lafayette Sts.

PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS.

If you're down town waiting for the car or shopping and feel tired or worn out, try one of our surpassing sodas. Bradley Bros., 627 Calhoun St.

RENOVATING AND CLEANING.

Men's Suits, $1.00; Trousers, 35c; Ladies' Coats, 75c and $1.00; Skirts, 75c and $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. ANTHONY DRY CLEANING CO. Call Phone 1393. 1312 Lafayette Street.

RESTAURANTS.

If you're down town shopping a cup of our surpassing coffee will be found extremely tasty and refreshing. Dainty short orders served quickly. Weinand Bros., 711 Court St. Always cool here. No flies to bother you.

SHOES

Special sale on Ladies' and Gent's Oxfords. Geo. W. Bradshaw, 606 Clinton St.

SANITARY CLOTHES CLEANING.

As a "Summer Special" we will thoroughly dry clean and press men's two-piece suits for $1.00. Kid gloves cleaned, 5 cents. Regis French Dry Cleaning Co., 1205 Calhoun St. Phone 2198.

SECOND HAND FURNITURE.

I PAY CASH for all kinds of household goods. Phone 2231. L. Tomkinson, 1218 Calhoun St. 6-9-tf

SPORTING GOODS.

We are headquarters for Sportsmen's Goods and have been for years. This season we're setting another record for up-to-date novelties. Like to show you. John Trautman & Son, 221 East Main.

LADIES—Superb Pills No. 3, safe, sure regulator; triple strength; the best that's made; $3.00 per box. F. Beard Co., Station A., Dayton, Ohio.

DETECTIVE.

RYAN DETECTIVE and INFORMATION BUREAU; confidential, reliable, reasonable. 611 People's Trust Bldg. Telephones—Office 2524; residence, 6777. 6-17-tf

H. L. Van Meter
REAL ESTATE

Over Old National Bank.

One of the best investments in business property in the city. 6-room modern house, west end, $3,300.
10-room modern house, hot water heat, south side, will sell at a bargain.
7-room modern house, Columbia Ave., the best bargain in Lakeside.
Business property on Calhoun St.; will accept good residence in exchange.
PHONE 327

HITZEMANN & ASH

Rooms 402 and 403 Peoples Trust Bldg.

FARM AND CITY REAL ESTATE.

A good 4-room cottage house. Cottage Ave., only $1,600.
Eight-room house corner Cass and Fifth. Price, $4,400.
Lots in all parts of city.
FARMS
40 acres six miles on Goshen road. Will be sold cheap if taken at once.
70 acres, Aboit township.
80 acres, Aboit township.

STORAGE.

STORAGE—Pettit's Storage Warehouse fireproof. Household goods stored. Strong, clean, safe. 414 East Columbia St. Phone 1108. 10-6-5-1y

Telephone "MARTIN'S PLUMBING SHOP" for a Plumber. Twenty years at the business. Phone 6279. Hanna and Buchanan Sts. tf

FOR SALE—STORE FIXTURES.

FOR SALE—Counters, Cash Registers, Flat and Roll Top Desks, Refrigerators, Show Cases, Safes, Scales and Hand Trucks. G. E. Bursley & Co. 6-24-tf

Try Sentinel Wants Ads.

WANTED.

MALE HELP.

WANTED—Boy at Nussbaum Pharmacy, 202 West Berry St. 19-2t

WANTED — Two good stockmen; good wages. Apply at Bus Barn. 20-2t

WANTED—Man to drive brick wagon; also men to work at plant. Maumee Brick and Tile Co. 18-6t

WANTED—Young man who has some experience in bookkeeping. Address Bookkeeper, care Sentinel. 20-2t

WANTED—Position as licensed chauffeur, will give references if necessary. Address Box 2, care Sentinel.

WANTED—Position as stationary engineer by first-class man; can give good reference. Address Engineer, care Sentinel. 16-5t

WANTED—Good boy to carry Sunday newspaper route in Lakeside; exclusive privilege. Apply tonight. Charles A. Phelps, Arcade.

WANTED—MEN: Learn Automobile business. Wages $25 weekly; $10 while learning. We teach by mail. ROCHESTER AUTO SCHOOL, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WANTED—SALESMAN—Experienced in any line to sell general trade in Indiana; unexcelled specialty proposition with BRAND NEW FEATURE. Commission with $35.00 weekly for expenses. The Continental Jewelry Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

WANTED.

FEMALE HELP.

WANTED—Girls. General Electric Co., Holman St. 8-6-sats-26t

WANTED—A girl for general housework; good wages. Inquire 903 West Berry St. 20-3t

WANTED — Washerwoman for regular weekly family washing; 642 Greeley St. 18-3t

WANTED—A good girl for general house work. 415 East Main St. Mrs. Jos. Bogenschuetz. 20-2t

WANTED—At once, a few good salesladies; steady positions; at Knox's 5 & 10c Store. 8-10-tf

WANTED.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—Boy or girl for stripping. Louis Auman, 920 Calhoun. 8-19-tf

WANTED—Sewers to put in, cisterns to clean out. Prompt service. Phone Martin, No. 7015-red. 8-26-tf

WANTED—Party to manage and buy one-half interest in Electric Theater. Inquire 321 Bank Blk., between 7 and 9 p. m. 20-2t

WANTED—To rent five or six-room cottage, or in modern flat, for man and wife. George I. Cooper, 118 East Columbia St. 20-3t

WANTED—To rent to a gentleman, nicely furnished room with bath, electric lights, furnace heat and telephone. Address A., care Sentinel. 8-18-tf

WANTED—Experienced feeders, and boy or girl over 15 years old, to learn to feed press. Fort Wayne Printing Co. 7-21-tf

WANTED—Houses or barns to move or tear down; will pay cash; save me for future reference. Phone 6088.

WANTED—Experienced help for our dressmaking department. Call Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday mornings, 4th floor. Wolf & Dessauer. 20-3t

WANTED—600 people to borrow money on real estate at six per cent interest, without commission, from THE PEOPLE'S TRUST AND SAVINGS COMPANY, 913-915 Calhoun St. 10-5-tf

S. T. TAYLOR SCHOOL of Fancy Dress-cutting, Designing and Ladies' Tailoring. FALL TERM opens Aug. 30, 1910. PATTERN PARLORS. Publishers of Le Bon Ton and Le Moniteur De La Mode United. Fort Wayne School and Pattern Parlors, 720 Calhoun St. Call or write for information. Tu. Th. Sat. 8-15-tf

POSITION.

WANTED—Position as bookkeeper by young gentleman; teacher; good reference; M. of A. degree. Address Ralph Getts, R. R. 1, Corunna, Ind. 20-3t

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—We keep a rent list and are also prepared to sell you a home for a small payment cash, balance like rent.
W. E. DOUD,
1-16-tf 3d floor Shoaff Bldg.

HOUSES.

FOR RENT—Seven-room house, 707 Archer Ave.; lights and water. Inquire 649 Archer Ave. Rent $12.00.

ROOMS

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms, 117 East Creighton Ave., suitable for gentlemen. 19-2t

FOR RENT—Suit of four office rooms, 110-112 West Wayne St.; rent $20.00 per month. Apply Sentinel office. 8-1-tf

FOR RENT—Nice furnished front room, with all modern conveniences; use of phone; gentleman preferred; 849 Columbia Ave.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished front room on West Wayne St.; lights, bath and use of telephone; gentleman preferred. Address West Wayne, care Sentinel. 18-6t

FOR RENT—Two brick store rooms, 1102 and 1104 Broadway; office rooms lately occupied by Dr. Hull, 328 East Berry St. Schrader & Wilson, Main and Court Sts., first floor. 2-1-tf

FLATS.

FOR RENT—September 2, second floor, 6-room flat in the Lowry residence, 328 West Berry St.; steam heat, first-class all modern conveniences. Inquire of Mrs. H. B. Sale, 817 West Berry St. Home phone 2677. 8-20-eod-1m

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—A grayish-white cat, with long hair. Reward for return of same to 1111 Jackson St. Telephone 706, Home. 19-2t

LOST—Scotch collie pup, 6 months old; yellow and white with white feet. Reward for return to C. A. Phelps, 324 W. Creighton Ave. Phone 6640. 19-2t

LOST—A lady's gold watch, between new market and 1320 North Harrison. Reward paid if returned to 1320 North Harrison or 116 West Columbia, up stairs.

SCHOOL OF CUTTING AND DRESSMAKING.

Fall term opens to new pupils August 23d. Patterns cut to measure. For particulars please call or address
A. M. FREEMAN,
1114 South Harrison Street. 8-19-1m

Dandro

Will Grow Your Hair Long and Thrifty —It is a Real Hair Grower.

It will make hair grow on anyone's head where the hair bulbs are not dead Sold at the Niswonger's Drug Store 128 West Main street, and for delivery call phone 2902 Home.

FOR SALE.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—A new 5-room cottage on Maumee Ave. A great bargain. $1,950. 1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—Hotel; 27 rooms, 2 squares from transfer corner. Inquire second floor 232 West Main. 7-16-tf

FOR SALE—Five-room cottage on Union St. $1,675.
W. E. DOUD,
1-16-tf 3rd Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FOR SALE—Seven-room residence on Harrison St., near Superior; fully modern. Price $3,200.
1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—A new house on Archer Ave. near Wells. Oak finish, full lot. Price $2,700.
1-16-tf W. E. DOUD.

FOR SALE—Six-room house; both kinds of water in the house, electric lights; cheap; near Bowser's. Address F. W., care Sentinel. 19-2t

FOR SALE—A fine residence of 8 rooms, Tenth block Columbia Ave., Lakeside. Price $2,700.
W. E. DOUD,
1-16-tf 3rd Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FOR SALE—150 acres in Marion township; improved; ¾ mile from interurban; 30 acres fine timber; only $87.50 per acre if sold at once. Address Box 15, care Sentinel. 7-15-tf

FOR SALE—Cash or time, good house, south side, lights, cement cellar, both kinds of water, fine lot, fine location; will consider vacant lot in exchange; bargain. Phone 6088. 20-2t

FOR SALE—Eight-room house, nearly modern, corner lot 42x150, on Davis St., this at less than cost; a bargain. See W. H. Bieber, Room 10, Swinney Blk. Phone 2974. 8-3-eod-10t

FOR SALE—We represent CITY AND SUBURBAN REALTY CO., builders of new modern homes. Small cash payment only required, balance monthly.
W. E. DOUD,
1-16-tf 3rd Floor Shoaff Bldg.

FOR SALE—OR RENT—Excellent manufacturing property, consisting of large brick and frame buildings, with complete office equipment; also machinery, belting, pulleys, etc. Will sell on payments. 10 per cent cash and 10 per cent each year. Inquire A. B. White, room 5, North American Bldg. 7-11-eod-tf

FOR SALE—I must sell my 40-acre farm by September 15, and will sell to the highest bidder. This farm is worth in the open market $4,500. Close to Fort Wayne, ½ mile from car line on main road. Well fenced and tiled. Come look this farm over and make your bid. For particulars address J. J., Sentinel office. 20-2t

FOR SALE—6-room house, Pontiac, near Hanna, this week $1,550. Lots and homes near Wayne Knitting Mills; 2 new modern houses in Nebraska, $2,200 on payments; 3 on Boone St; 2 on Greenwood Ave., all modern. A very fine home near Broadway, all modern, up-to-date, must sell. Don't miss this bargain at 430 West Creighton, $2,650. 6 in east end; 3 on south side. Good lots and homes on south side. Good farms for sale or trade. Come and see me. I will help you to a good bargain. Wm. Klomp, 113 East Main St. 7-23-tf

FOR SALE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOOR SALE—Sewing machine. Call up phone 786.

FOR SALE—Wagner motor cycle for sale. 2513 Force St.

FOR SALE—Fresh cow and calf. Ed Gibson, 56 Carson Ave. 20-2t

FOR SALE—A good Sentinel route at half price. Address Route, care Sentinel.

FOR SALE—Five teams, wagons and harness, or will sell separate. 1410 Calhoun St. Telephone 2243. 8-8-tf

FOR SALE—One second-hand Indian motorcycle in good condition, at a bargain. W. P. Biggs, Decatur, Ind. 13-6t

FOR SALE—Maxwell runabout, in good condition; at 2022 Reidmiller Ave. 19-2t

FOR SALE—One hundred new kitchen cabinets, a bargain, prices less than factory cost; also 20 ranges good as new; 1410 Calhoun St. 8-5-tf

FOR SALE—Moving picture show, doing a good business; sickness reason for selling. Address Box 15, care Sentinel. 18-6t

FOR SALE—One high-grade $40.00 mandolin; same as new; at a big sacrifice if sold soon. W. P. Biggs, Decatur, Ind. 18-6t

FOR SALE—Boiler, engine, shafting, belting, pulleys, couplings, hangers; must besold at once. Apply Zweig & Gladstone Bottling works, 1115 Clay St. 20-3t

FOR SALE — Boiler, engine, shafting, belting, pulleys, couplings, hangers; must be sold at once. Apply Zweig & Gladstone Bottling works, 1115 Clay St. 19-3t

FOR SALE—Five-room house, south side, $1,150; two houses on one lot renting for $23.00 per month, $2,600; 7-room brick house on lot 65x150, $1,200. H. Goldstine, 10-11 Bank Blk. Phone 2460. 6-14-tf

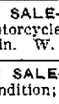
FOR SALE—Cash or payments:

1 Ricca Piano	$110
1 Baldwin Piano	75
2 Oak Extension Tables, each	8
1 Oak Kitchen Cabinet	10
1 Oak China Closet	15
1 Oak Bookcase	15
1 Oak Davenport	20
1 Garland Range (cost $50)	25
1 Oak glass door Wine Cabinet	15

And a miscellaneous lot of other household goods.
FORT WAYNE LOAN COMPANY,
Room 2. 706 Calhoun St. 7-27-tf

FOR SALE.

An 80-acre farm, eleven miles from Fort Wayne, three miles from good grain market; $4,800.
Have a cottage on East Washington St.; will sell on payment of $200 cash, balance on monthly payments; price $1,600.
Money to loan.
SWAYNE & SWAYNE, 111 W. Main St. 8-12-1m



One 5-year-old horse.....$135.00
One set of truck harness..$ 10.00
One new truck, cost $138.00..$ 75.00
One rubber tired surrey..$ 70.00
One set surrey harness..$ 10.00
L. J. LIBBING & CO., 205 East Main St.

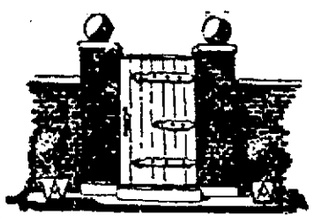
FOR SALE

7-room house large lot, paved street; a nice home. Price $2,200.
Several 5-room houses from $1,000 to $1,700 each.
5-room cottage on Killea St.; fine home; $2,000.
7-room house; lot 52x150. Price $2,300.
3 acres; fairly improved; near city. $1,400.
And many others.
FREISTOFFER,
Calhoun St., next to Hamilton Bank. 8-13-tf

SEWING MACHINES

DOMESTIC SEWING MACHINE
Needles, Oils, Parts and Supplies for any Machine.
Fine Bargains in Second-hand Machines from $4.00 up.
H. C. HITZEMAN
Sewing Machine and Supply Company.
No. 3 Arcade. Phone 2480.
Repairing a Specialty.

The Wildwood Builders Co., Homes



BUILDERS' OFFICE
722 Wildwood Ave.

City Office
720 Shoaff Bldg. Phone 2866.

FOR SALE—One 8-room house that is most complete and attractive. Handsome interior finish, soft water plumbing and all modern conveniences. The ventilation in this house is especially good and it is both pretty and comfortable and ready for occupancy, $4,000.

We have a complete house also finished for $3,500, with all the conveniences. It is of the mission type with broad veranda.

DIRECTORS.
F. K. Safford Lee J. Ninde
S. M. Foster D. B. Ninde
Abe Ackerman
Builders, Office 722 Wildwood Avenue. Phone 6533.

PEDDICORD & SIGRIST
Realty Bulletin

FOR SPOT CASH.

We have a party who will buy quick, for spot cash, a good property between Calhoun and Broadway, and Lewis and Creighton. If you have a property in this neighborhood you wish to sell, see us IMMEDIATELY.

SUBURBAN HOME.

Almost new suburban residence within five blocks of car line; lots of fruit trees and berries; good well; fine barn; large and well built poultry house. All in first-class condition. $2,550.00.

SOUTH SIDE BARGAIN.

We still have a very good bargain in a modern south side home, west of Calhoun. This property is ideal for a home, and will be a money maker to the buyer. Owner leaving city and sale must be made quick.

WEST SIDE HOME AND INVESTMENT

Double house, 11 rooms, west end on paved street; has bath, furnace, gas, good cement cellar. Part of house rented for $35.00 per month. An exceedingly good investment at $3,750.00.

"LET'S TALK IT OVER."
Phone 159. 611-12 Shoaf Bldg.

JOHN H. VESEY

YOU ARE TOO LATE

Now to get that Putnam St. bargain, but there is one on Cherry St. Eight rooms, light, gas, both kinds of water, barn; price $2,400.

I STILL HAVE

That beautiful six-room home near Creighton, on Harrison. Finished in oak. Completely modern. A perfect home. Price, $3,750.

PHONE 2736.

YOU WANT A HOME?

I will build you one in IRVINGTON PARK ADDITION on the payment plan. BIG BEAUTIFUL PUBLIC PARK with running water in this addition. Most lots only $350.00. Automobile will call for you and take you to the property.

514-16 SHOAF BLDG.

Weber SQUARE DEALS

6-room cottage, Huestis Ave near Broadway; modern; a cosy home in splendid location.$2,650
6-room modern house, Fox Ave.; for two flats $3,500
5-room house, Sherman St.; has furnace; a bargain $1,900
5-room cottage Grant Ave.; gas, both waters, 33 ft. lot. For quick sale $1,500
7-room house, Wiebke St., almost new; a bargain $1,700
8-room house, East Washington Blvd.; modern; entirely new..$3,500
ern; just built $2,400
ern; just built $2,700
Fine lot 50x150, No. 2830 South Calhoun St.....$2,075

VACANT LOTS IN ALL PARTS OF CITY.

Let me build you an Honest Value Home on easy payments.

CARL J. WEBER
Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.
723 COURT ST. Phones 1389-1902.

Rich Garden Ground For Sale

If you want a RICH ACRE TRACT, see ROUSSEAU'S GARDEN ACRE ADDITION in the RICH GARDEN BELT near city and car line, sufficiently close in to hold your job in the city and get in and out for FIVE CENT car fare. I also have a THREE ACRE, FIVE ACRE, and TEN ACRE TRACT, WITHIN TWENTY MINUTES' DRIVE to our city market. Would consider trade for city property for my ten-acre tract.

See B. F. Rousseau,
No. 621 West Main Street.

Walsh & Kierspe

GENERAL INSURANCE AND REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Elegant 7-room all modern new house, 800 block Huffman St., $2,850.
Splendid 8-room house 1400 block, High St., $2,100. Lot 40x140.
Beautiful all modern 8-room house, Calhoun St., near Creighton Ave.; bargain.
9-room all modern house, West Creighton Ave., near Calhoun; big value.
5-room house, lights; both waters; lot 37x150, 1400 block Buchanan St., $2,300.
Splendid 6-room house Pine St.; good location for Wabash and electric employes; bargain.
New 7-room all modern house, almost completed; Kinnaird Ave., near Broadway.
Many other properties in all parts of city. Come and see us.
134 E. BERRY ST. TELEPHONE 2476.

For Sale—Real Estate.

Strictly modern residence, lot 180x180, in South Wayne; $8,000.
Nice suburban residence, lot 84x150, would trade for city property.
Modern 7-room house, East Pontiac St., near Calhoun, at a bargain.
Several new modern residences, in South Wayne, on payment plan.
FARM LANDS A SPECIALTY.
40 acres, good soil, well improved, fine orchard. $3,000.
55 acres, good soil, 9-room house, good outbuildings, stock and farm implements. This is a bargain; $4,750.
Also a fine list of farms ranging from 40 to 400 acres, at prices that are right. Before investing in real estate, see

Geo. L. Ashley & Sons
Phone 2303. 420-421 Shoaff Bldg
FIRE INSURANCE.
Open Saturday Evenings.
See our Rent List.

Say, Mr. Renter

Why pay rent when you can buy a home like this one?
8-room thoroughly modern home on TODAY'S BARGAINS.
Smith; newly built, a fine home worth $2,500, can be bought for $200 down, balance like rent. Only $2,000.
Watch this space every day.
PIONEER REALTY CO,
Phone 1051. 817 Shoaff Building.

Sentinel Want Ads. Pay.

FOR SALE.

Nice 5-room cottage on south side; cement walks; lot 30x150; $1,250.
5-room cottage on Gay St.; $1,600.
Two houses on Swinney Ave., strictly modern; $5,300 for both.
Modern 8-room residence, opposite reservoir; lot 60x150; $3,850.
Six-room cottage, John St., near Creighton; $2,000.
Six-room cottage, E. DeWald St.; $1,700.
Six-room cottage, North Barr St.; $1,800.
Eight-room house, large lot, on Walnut St., near Fairfield; $2,800.
A good 7-room house, Michigan Ave.; $2,300.

FARM LANDS.

55 acres only six miles southwest of Fort Wayne, near interurban line. Fine 8-room house, barn 40x55, windmill, good orchard, 5 acres timber, level sandy soil; $5,500; will take city property in exchange.
40 acres St. Joe township; fine 6-room house, barn 40x60; nice bearing orchard; well fenced and tiled; sandy loam soil; $4,100.
2½ acres, only 1½ miles from court house; fine buildings; will take city property in exchange.
15 acres, only 3 miles from city limits; good 6-room house, barn 28x40, good outbuildings; will take city property in exchange. Price $3,300.

K. VORNDRAN

GENERAL FIRE INSURANCE.
Rooms 3-4, 2d Floor Pixley-Long Block.
Phone 460. Open Saturday Evenings.

FOR SALE

A bargain in an 8-room modern house, close in, corner lot; $2,600.
Elegant modern home, south side, on full lot; must be sold at less than cost.
6-room house; large lot, east side; only $1,900.
Archer Ave., 7-room house; bath, lights, both waters in house; can be bought on easy terms.
Full size building lots near Pontiac car line; a snap for railroad employes. Also lots at the corner of McCulloch and Hugh Sts.
Improved ten acres near city limits; price right.
40 acres; 6-room house with other improvements; will exchange for city property.

K. J. BAUER & CO.,
No. 717 Clinton St. Office Open Evenings.

FOR SALE
Real Estate

7-room dwelling in west side "Nebraska," $1,350.
5-room dwelling, west side, $1,875.
7-room modern dwelling, west side, $3,500.
6-room modern dwelling, south side, $2,650.
5-room modern dwelling, near Bass Foundry, $1,800.
Double dwelling, modern, west side, $10,000.

LENNART & ORTLIEB,
Second Floor. 819 CALHOUN ST.

FOR SALE

Modern home on Pontiac street; possession immediately; non resident; must sell. For price and terms see

G. W. McKee
Phone 639. 8-9 Bank Block.
Real Estate and Fire Insurance.

Fred Lambert

REAL ESTATE AND FIRE INSURANCE

Nice 6-room house, Kinnaird Ave $2,850.00
Nice 6-room modern house, High St., two squares from Wells....$1,800.00
Nice bungalow, Fox Ave., one square from Creighton; strictly modern. Price $2,300.00
Good 6-room house, with toilet, both kinds of water, Poplar St. Price $1,750.00
Nice 6-room cottage, Organ Ave., two lots 50x150.....$2,500.00
Nice lot, 40x150, South Webster St. Price .....$ 500.00
ROOMS 209-210 SHOAFF BLDG.
Open Wednesday and Saturday Evenings.
Phones—Office, 2624; Res. 7090.

Real Estate For Sale

Six-room house, lot 40x140, Nuttman Ave., near South Wayne; $1,500.
Remember the southeast corner of Lewis and Francis St. We will take part city lots in exchange.
Down-town drug store can be bought at a sacrifice. Investigate.
We have some choice southern Michigan farms near Lagrange to trade for city property. Call and see us.

GEORGE DAGER,
Rooms 15-16-17 Pixley-Long Block.
Phone 2156.

THE

NEW DRESS GOODS

FOR AUTUMN

The first arrivals in dress goods for fall are now on display. There is always first choice. Early buyers will have the advantage of having what's new before everybody gets it. The new fabrics and new shades are here in a wonderful array of excellent qualities at very attractive prices. You will be interested in seeing what the style makers have produced.

In Black Goods

Our showing is up to our usual standard. Black will be very popular this season and our preparations have been greater than ever before. Black goods, beautiful in weave and rich in quality, are now ready for your choosing.

Don't Forget

That as fall goods come in summer goods must go. There is still rich picking here in many lines pertaining to the summer season, and you will profit by keeping in touch with this store's doings all this month.

The Rurode Dry Goods Co.

Meyer's

Things For The Kitchen

There was a time when you looked almost entirely to the drug store for Spices, Flavorings, Baking Powder, etc. Although all the groceries are handling these now, our business on these items grows right along. It's because we have never overlooked them, and we are careful to offer you only the best.

BAKING POWDER for GOOD BAKING

Our Pure Grape Cream Tartar Baking Powder contains the purest of ingredients and is a wonderful help in making those three-story biscuits, the kind that you can take the center out of and eat with maple syrup. Delightful for any baking and helps make your reputation for being a good cook.

THEN THERE'S SPICES

Your Chow Chow, your Mustard Pickles, your Preserves, will be relished when they are made with the proper spice. When you open a jar on Christmas you will have a delicious treat if you have used our pure, full strength, old-fashioned drug store spices—Spices that contain all their natural oil and therefore have that fragrant aroma that is so pleasing.

WHAT THE CHEMIST SAYS

Don't take our word for it. Look at the label of Beri Olive Oil and see the analysis made by the chemist at Nice, France. Then you will know why we recommend Beri Olive Oil so highly.

An Absolutely Guaranteed Pure Olive Oil far superior in quality to what you would expect. Use it on salad or in a medicinal way. You'll like the fine flavor.

WHY NOT USE PURE FLAVORING EXTRACTS?

Flavoring extracts as we make them are pure and unadulterated. They are made from the proper source, not artificially colored.

Vanilla from Long Mexican Vanilla Beans, oz.....10c
Lemon, a pure extract, oz.....10c
Essence of Peppermint from the herb, oz.....10c

They're not only good, but they go further.

"GET THE MEYER QUALITY."

Meyer Brothers Co.

FOUR DRUG STORES.

NEWS OF FORT WAYNE'S NEIGHBORS

KENDALLVILLE TO HAVE A NEW BANK

Fort Wayne Parties Inspect Room and Declare Intention to Locate There.

Kendallville, Ind., Aug. 20.—The removal of the postoffice from the Krueger block means that Kendallville is to have a new bank. No sooner was it known that the Krueger room was to be vacated than one of the banks in Foort Wayne sent its representative here to confer with Mr. Krueger about renting the place with the purpose of installing a new bank. They looked at the location, talked with the proprietor regarding what alterations could be made and were so well satisfied with what they learned that they virtually closed the contract for them right there. Next week Mr. Krueger has a date in Fort Wayne, when he is assured that the final papers will be signed and the room rented.

STOLE COOP OF CHICKENS.

A Bold Theft Pulled Off on Bluffton's Streets.

Bluffton, Ind., Aug. 20.—One of the boldest thefts ever attempted and that successfully, in this city, was pulled off in front of the United States express office Thursday night when a coop of chickens was stolen. No one saw the thieves steal the chickens and no one knows where they went to. The theft was one of the most successful "lifts" reported to the officers in months.

Agent Jacques had gone home and the office was left in charge of one o fthe messengers, who makes the trains. He had gotten in a coop of chickens to be transferred and they were left on a truck in front of the office, while the messenger went to "make" another train. It was while he was gone that the chickens were stolen. It is supposed that someone drove to the truck and placed the coop on his rig and vamoosed.

BOY RETURNED TO FATHER.

Roscoe Warren, the Mentone Youth, Arrested at Fort Wayne.

Warsaw, Ind., Aug. 20.—Roscoe Warren, the 11-year-old Mentone youth who was arrested at Fort Wayne by Sheriff Haas, charged with delinquency, was returned to his father on Thursday. Judge F. E. Bowser instructing the sheriff to allow the father to take charge of the boy. The parents of the boy are separated and several days ago the mother kidnaped the boy and took him to Fort Wayne. It is said the charge of delinquency was preferred against the boy and then dismissed, in order to give the father possession of the boy, who had been kidnaped by his mother.

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY, }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.

A. W. GLEASON, (SEAL) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A DARING SCHEME TO BREAK JAIL

Thwarted by the Sheriff's Wife Who Overheard the Plans Made by the Prisoners.

Hartford City, Ind., August 20.—A daring scheme of four prisoners to break out of the Hartford City jail was thwarted Thursday night by the sheriff and to his wife, Mrs. Clamme, the chief honor of their unsuccessful attempt is to be given, she having discovered their plans. The prisoners were: Wesley Gilland, of Montpelier, who is serving a jail sentence for petit larceny; Bill Irvin, a noted Hartford City character, who has spent most of his time for the past three years in jail, and who is now awaiting trial for stealing; Joe King, the horse thief, who was arrested on circus day, and Howard Thurman, the negro who is under arrest for attempted rape.

In the absence of Sheriff Clamme from home, Mrs. Clamme overheard talk among the prisoners, and when she related the conversation to the sheriff he became suspicious, and, bent on preventing the jail birds from carrying out their plans, he made a thorough search of the various cells. Among other things the sheriff found four iron bars and three case knives. The knives had been converted into saws and it was evident that some of the inmates of the jail had been trying the hand-made saws on the bars.

A five-foot pole with a string tied to one end was also found hidden under a bed. This had been pushed through a window by some one on the outside of the jail. It is supposed that the knives and iron bars had been tied to the string attached to the pole and pulled into the main portion of the jail. The bars and knives were found secreted under a mattress.

IN ADAMS ALL HIS LIFFE.

Death of Benj. Harkless, Prominent Resident of That County.

Decatur, Ind., Aug. 20.—Benjamin P. Harkless, one of the best known men of northern Adams county, died at his home in Root township, east of this city yesterday. For a year or two past he has been in failing health and for several months his condition has been very serious. Everything known to medical science was done for him. After the attending physicians had tried every remedy deemed advisable, he was taken to a hospital at Fort Wayne, where he was treated for several weeks, but his troubles seemed incurable and he declined gradually until death relieved him of his months of suffering. His illness included a complication of heart, stomach and liver disorders. He had resided in the county all of his life.

WEDDED LESS THAN YEAR.

Now Mrs. Hapner Wants Divorce From Her Husband.

Columbia City, Ind., Aug. 20.—Mrs. Grace M. Hapner filed suit Friday against her husband, Earl E. Hapner, of Mishawaka, for divorce, and asks $200 alimony, a complete and permanent separation and $5 per week for her counsel to fight the case with.

The plaintiff is a daughter of Mrs. Sanford Biggs, of South Walnut street, by her first husband, Thomas Hoops, and the couple were wedded Sept. 4, 1909. They lived together until March 15, 1910, when the plaintiff says that her husband left her ill, at Mishawaka, was cold to her, demanded that she should not talk to former friends, and that it caused her much shame and disgrace. She says that he earns $10 a week, and is an ablebodied man.

The defendant is a son of Jerry Hapner, of the Pontius sealing wax factory, and spent a few days in the city last week.

MET DEATH IN FLORIDA.

Elgin Dunlap, Formerly of Columbia City, Accidentally Killed.

Columbia City, Ind., Aug. 20.—Elgin H. Dunlap, who for several years was the superintendent of the Columbia City light and water plant in this city, prior to the time that L. E. Holderman took charge and subsequently met with a tragic death at the Pierce Phosphate company's plant in Pierce, Florida, either Thursday night or Friday morning. News of his death came to William E. Heagy, his uncle, at South Whitley, about 10 o'clock Friday, the telegram merely announcing that Elgin had been accidentally killed. The dispatch was from Paul Dunlap, the brother and only survivor of the Wm. Dunlap family. No particulars were given, but it is conjectured that he was probably electrocuted.

OSSIAN WEDDINGS.

Two of Them Announced, One Sunday and the Other Wednesday.

Ossian, Ind., Aug. 20.—The marriage of Miss Gaynelle Keefer, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Keefer, and Mr. Rank Hall, a son of D. C. Hall, will take place next Wednesday evening, August 24, at the home of the bride's parents. The groom is employed in Woodward's meat market and he and his bride will reside in Ossian.

Another wedding was announced also at Ossian today. The bride will be Miss Maud Taylor, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. D. Taylor, and the groom will be Lewis Miller, of Craigville, a young school teacher, who taught last year in the Murray schools. Mr. Miller and Miss Taylor went to Lima, Ohio, today and the wedding ceremony will take place there on Sunday at the home of Miss Taylor's sister, Mrs. Thayer.

HAY SOLD IN FORT WAYNE.

Whitley Farmer Got Good Prices—Promising Corn Crop.

Columbia City, Ind., Aug. 20.—E. B. Cornelius, who resides in Union township, finished hauling his surplus hay to market the forepart of this week. He hauled it to Fort Wayne and for the timothy got $18 per ton straight and for clover hay he got $14. Mr. Cornelius will move from Union to Troy township this fall to his own farm, the old Goble farm, south of Loon lake, and that was his reason for selling his share of the hay.

Mr. Cornelius claims that he has 11 acres of as promising corn as he ever raised in his life on his Troy township farm. It is new black ground and there was never a time during the long dry summer when he could not go into the field and turn up moist ground and the corn was not at all affected by the drouth.

WHITLEY COUNTY PATIENTS.

Several of Them in the Hospitals at Fort Wayne.

Columbia City, Ind., Aug. 20.—Whitley county contributes many patients for the hospitals at Fort Wayne. The latest to go under the knife are Emmett Pence, aged 28, married, of South Whitley. He was taken to the St. Joe hospital by Dr. C. S. Albertson, for tubercular trouble of the bowels, and operated upon by Dr. A. H. MacBeth. Mrs. Samuel A. Vandeman, of Washington township, wife of the lightning rod agent, also went to the St. Joe hospital and will be operated upon for pelvic trouble. Mrs. Lewis Smith, of this city, north Elm street, also went to St. Joe hospital for an examination.

INTERURBAN MEETING.

Stockholders of Fort Wayne and Springfield Met Friday.

Decatur, Ind., Aug. 20.—Edwin Fledderjohann, Charles Dickson, William Aumann, Conrad and Henry Gallemeyer and a number of the stockholders of the Fort Wayne and Springfield Interurban company left yesterday afternoon for St. Mary's, Ohio, where they attended a meeting pertaining to the road and as to whether or not the southern extension would be made. A number of the officials were on hand to discuss this important quetsion.

OLD SETTLERS MEET.

Adams and Jay Counties Will Unite in Holding Reunion.

Decatur, Ind., Aug. 20.—The third annual old settlers' reunion of Adams and Jay counties will be held Sunday at Long grove, two miles northeast of Geneva and three miles south of Berne. There will be plenty of good music, the Geneva band, the Blue Creek cornet band and the Mt. Carmel orchestra having been secured for the day. The speakers of the day will be Hon. J. J. Moran, Hon. J. F. LaFollette and Hon. J. A. M. Adair, of Portland; Hon. Abe Simons, of Bluffton, and Hons. C. J. Lutz and David E. Smith, of Decatur.

EXTEND CALL TO PASTOR.

Warsaw, Ind., Aug. 20.—At a meeting held at the Christian church it was decided unanimously to extend a call to Rev. J. O. Rose, of Indianapolis, to succeed Rev. A. F. Ainsworth, who has resigned as pastor of the church. Austin Eicholtz, assistant Sunday school superintendent, presided at the meeting, which was largely attended.

CUT MADE IN TAXES.

Levy in Kosciusko Will Be Lower Than That of Last Year.

Warsaw, Ind., Aug. 20.—At the annual meeting of the county council of Kosciusko county to be held September 6 and 7 in this city the total of appropriations to be made for expenses will approximate $63,000 and to meet this a levy of 23 cents will be made. This is a decrease from the levy of last year when the rate was 26.65. And Kosciusko has no saloons from which to draw revenues. The driving out of them has not increased the taxes in this county.

WOLF & DESSAUER

Housekeeping Specials in the Basement Tonight

A helpful list of things needed in every kitchen which can be bought for a special price tonight

JELLY TUMBLERS—Good size, with fitted tin lids; dozen.....18c

WATER TUMBLERS—Clear plain glass, with finished top; each.....2c

PARAFFINE WAX—Seals jellies and fruit butters hermitically; large pound cake....9c

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER—Used for every cleaning purpose about the house.....4 cans for 30c

GALVANIC LAUNDRY SOAP—The kind that's advertised.....10 bars for 37c

WING WING GLOSS—Gives a beautiful finish to shirts and waists.....3 cakes for 25c

TIN MILK BUCKETS—Two and three quart size, each.....5c

PROOF in the Morning!

We tell you about how good you'll feel after taking a CASCARET—that millions of people—buy, use and recommend them—But that's talk—you *buy* a box now—take as directed *to-night* and get the *proof* in the morning—After you know CASCARETS you'll never be without them.

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

Dr. L. L. GARDNER

Announces he has opened an office in suite

306-307-308 Shoaf Bldg.

Practice limited to diseases of the Ear, Nose and Throat.

Office phone 542. Residence, The Portland. Phone 2817.

Prices LOW enough for EVERY man.

Quality HIGH enough for ANY man in Suits at $10.00 and Hats at $2.00 at

Extra Pants $2.00 & $3.00 — THE BUCKEYE 819 Calhoun St.

I have high-class investments in Local Bonds and Local Stocks and Mortgage Loans. C. F. PFEIFFER, Shoaff Bldg.

SCHEUMANN & ULMER
UNDERTAKERS & EMBALMERS
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.
Albert H. Scheumann, Assistant.
339 E. LEWIS ST.
Office 'Phone No. 900; residence, 6186 and 1210.

COAL AND WOOD.

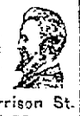
—Best Grades of Coal—
Coke, Charcoal, Wood and Kindling at
Fort Wayne Coal Co.
Phones 1082 and 1005.
WEIGHTS GUARANTEED.

For best quality Anthracite and Domestic Coals at Lowest Prices, Call
OLDS COAL CO.
Home Phone 6034. Bell 261.

Wm. Keough Coal Co.
COAL, CORE, WOOD, Etc
Yards at Lake Shore Tracks, West of Wells St.
—PHONE 502—

DR. HAVICE
FORT WAYNE, IND.
150 West Wayne St.
Eye, Ear, Nose, Throat Specialist
GLASSES ADJUSTED.

NO MATTER WHAT TERMS OTHERS OFFER YOU, I UNDERBID.



Consult the specialist with MOST EXPERIENCE if you have private or chronic weakness, disease or deformity.
DR. KOWENSTROT, 820 Harrison St.
MAIL TREATMENT $1.00.

Elastic Trusses FITTED and Guaranteed

W. O. Gross M. D. Cor. Barr-Washington Fort Wayne, Ind.

Fancy Fresh Baled Hay

We are now getting in a car a day Choice Ohio Hay, $17.00 per ton, 95c per hundred delivered anywhere in city. Now is the time to lay away your hay. Thoroughly seasoned and cured. We weigh our hay, it is not sold by bulk. Prairie hay, $12.00 per ton. Prevents heaves.

Our balanced Chicken Feed, makes your chickens lay. Keeps them growing.

Use our Insect Powder for lice, and Condition Powder for gapes and cholera. We guarantee them.

S. Bash & Co.

$6.50
Niagara Falls
and Return
27th Annual Excursion
August 22

Special train 4:40 p. m. Regular train, 8:05 p. m. Good 12 days.

C. A. PRITCHARD, Ticket Agent.

NICKEL PLATE ROAD

Pennsylvania LINES

NIAGARA FALLS
$6.50 Excursion

From
AUGUST 25, 1910
RAIL AND STEAMER
OR ALL RAIL
Via Cleveland and Buffalo.
Get particulars from Agent

DR. K. L. SEAMAN
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.
312-313 Shoaff Bldg.
Phones: 2904. Res. 2763.
STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWEL SPECIALIST.

Constipation, indigestion, gastralgia, appendicitis, inactive liver, diarrhoea, bowel obstruction or any disease resulting from digestive disorders quickly cured. No other treatment so effective. No drugs or medicine. Constipation in children predisposes to other more serious diseases. It can be quickly cured.

—D. C. FISHER—
Insurance. Real Estate and Loans.
—No. 128 West Wayne Street.—

DEATH!
WHAT IS DEATH?
Will Death Ever Cease?

JAMES H. COLE,

Noted Bible Exegete Free Lecture.

SUNDAY, AUG. 21, 3 P. M.

Grand Army hall, Elektron building, East Berry St., opposite postoffice, under auspices of the International Bible Students' association.

More than ninety thousand men, women and children fall prey to the grim monster every twenty-four hours. Man stands helpless, he cannot stop the breaking of tender ties, the snapping of heart strings, the cold hand of death. But why does not God stop it?

COME AND HEAR THE BIBLE AND REASON HARMONIZED.

Seats Free—No Collections.

"If It's a Good Thing, Seavey's Have It"

Some Specials We Will Run Until September 1st.

A 20 per cent. discount will be given on White Mountain Freezers and Belding-Hall Refrigerators.
Small Boxes $6.50, were $8.50.
Medium Boxes, $8.40, were $10.50.
Large Boxes, $19.20, were $24.00.
We also carry a full line of the famous McCray Refrigerators and Detroit Gasoline Ranges.
3-Burner, with oven, $19.20, were $24.00.
3-Burner, without oven, $12.80, were $16.00.
2-Burner, low, $7.20, were $9.00.
3-Burner, low, $8.80, were $11.00.
2-Burner Oil Stoves, $7.20, were $9.50.
2 and 3-Burner Reliable Make, tested and guaranteed, $3 to $4.50.
Gasoline Ovens from $1.50 to $3.00.
Alcohol Stoves and Hot Plates at a discount of 10 per cent.

WATER COOLERS

2-Gallon White Enameled Lined, $2.25.
3-Gallon White Enameled Lined, $2.75.
4-Gallon White Enameled Lined, $3.00.

LAWN MOWERS

A high-grade piece of goods sold at cost. 12-inch at $2.40; 14-inch at $2.60; 16-inch at $2.80. Grass Catchers, 75c and 85c.
Lawn Hose—The best that money can purchase at a discount of 20 per cent.
Faultless Fly Killers, 5c each.
Fancy Screen Doors and Adjustable Window Screens, 20 per cent.
This is the first sale which we have ever offered the people of Fort Wayne and it truly is an opportunity which you cannot afford to miss, for hardware, unlike other lines of goods, never goes out of style, and when you buy here, you get the best that money can procure.
Phone orders will have prompt attention.

Phones 149 and 2648. SEAVEY Hardware Co. 119-121 W. Main St.

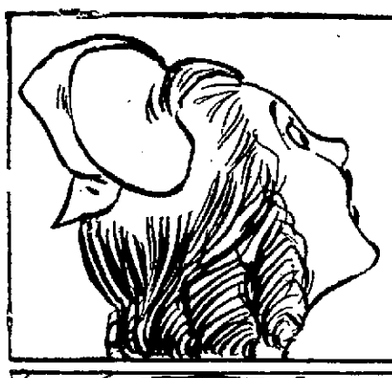
The First Newspaper Established in Northern Indiana.

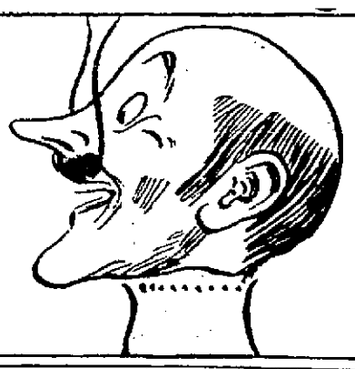
The Fort Wayne Sentinel

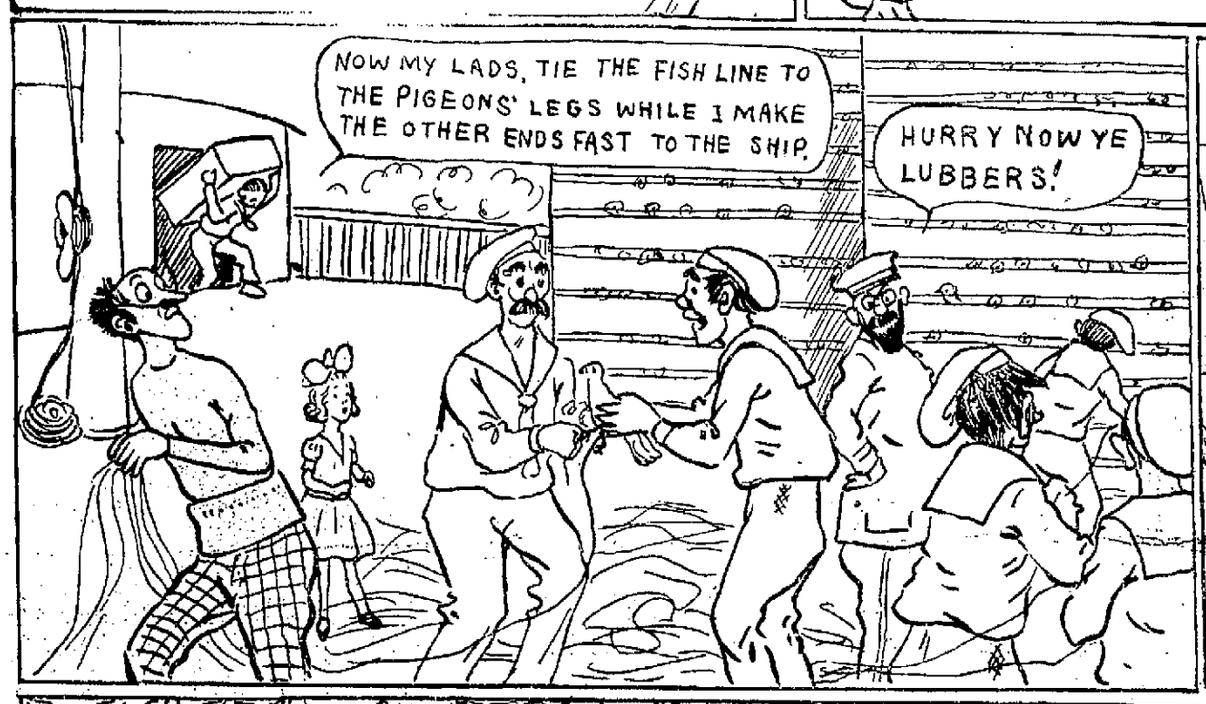
SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 20, 1910.

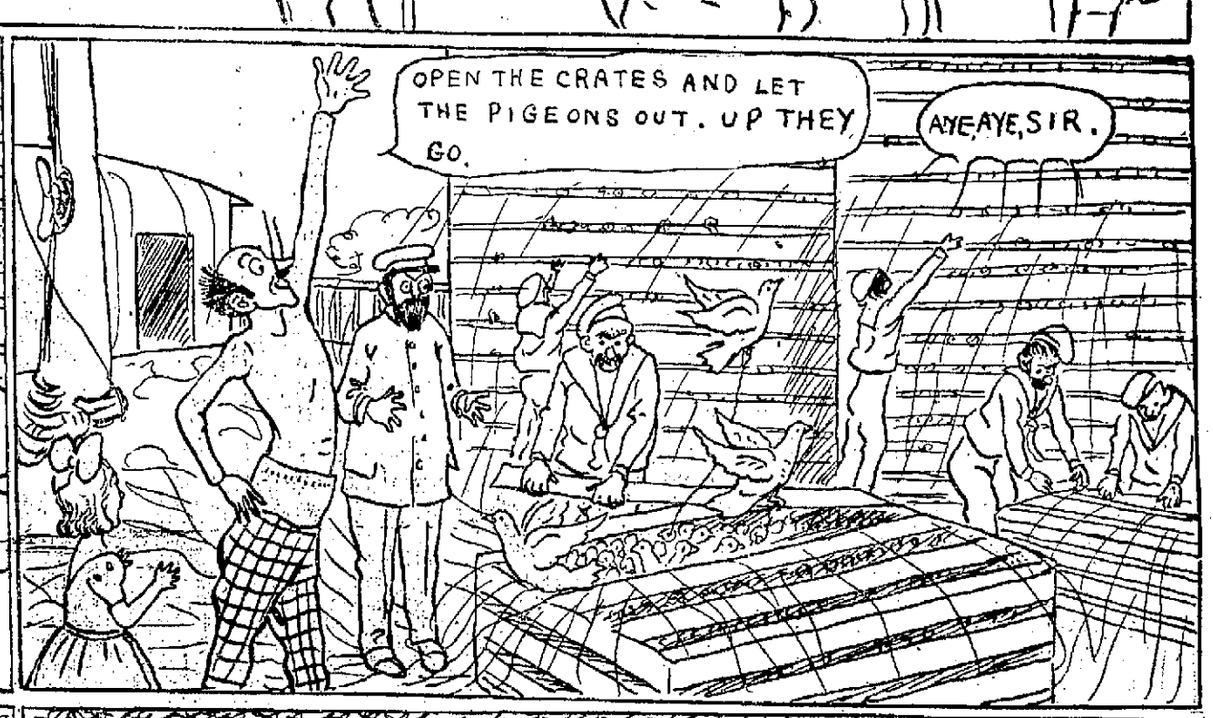
All the News All the Time that is Fit to Print.

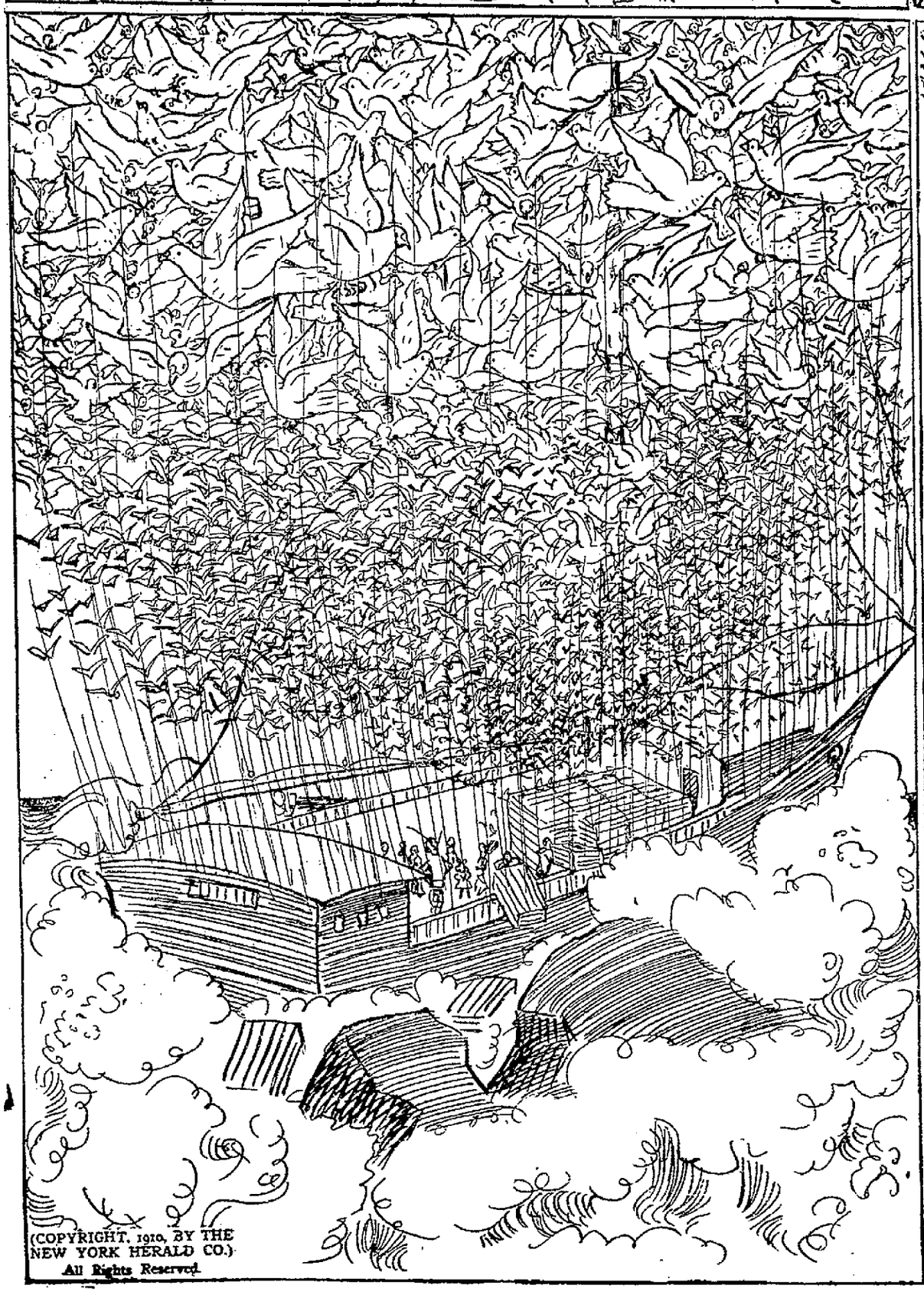
UNCLE MUN

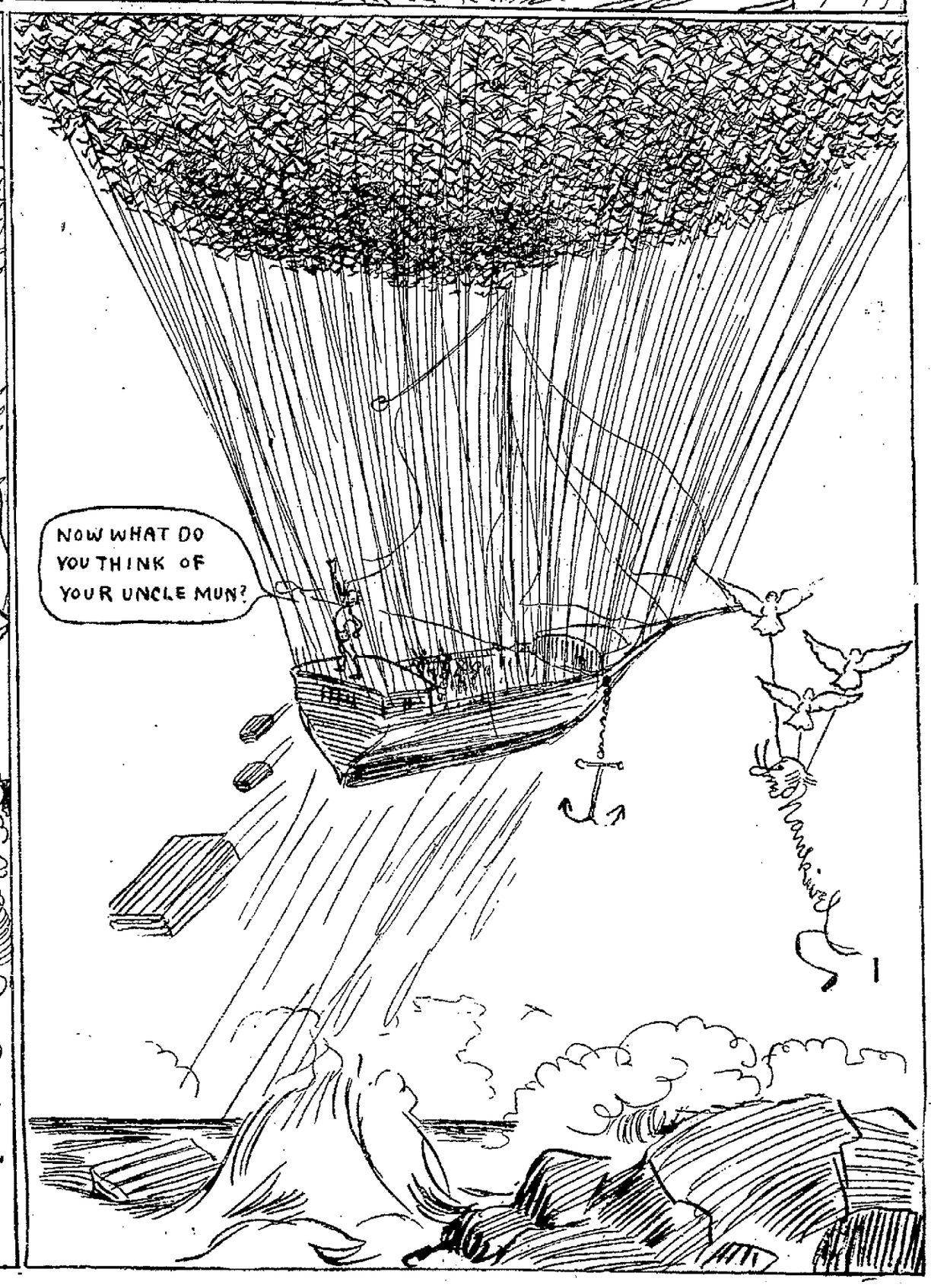












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RAISING TROUT ON HOGS' LIVERS

FISH Farming in the Great Marshes of New York State Is Described by the Men Who Are Making Their Fortunes Out of the Finny Creatures.

Feeding Fish.

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD.

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IN this day and generation a deal is being said as to the renaissance of the farmer, particularly the Eastern farmer. Attention is being given to an increase of education and scientific training—that magic phrase "intensive farming" is being spoken from many lips. A hundred hands are reached down to help the farmer stand squarely upon his feet once again. Still, the fact remains that all attention is being given to land farming—to the pasture, the orchard, the meadow—even to the long neglected wood lot, for the wood lot is soon to play its own rôle in the national problem of forest conservation.

But how about water farming? It is a poor farm in the dimpled East that does not have some little brook or kill trickling down across it—does not at least possess a bit of a pond within its boundaries. The farmer's boys generally know those brooks and those ponds. The old man knows them—as a nuisance. He tries his level best to drain them dry, and all the time they are assets—unappreciated assets, to be sure—but assets for all that.

For the humblest pond can—and some day will—bring forth part of the farmer's food supply. It will become an economic part of his land holding, doing its part toward the success of that land holding, just as much as its most productive acre of soil. Mountain streams may bring forth trout, and brook trout commands a high price in every city market, but the humble pond will house and develop catfish, and catfish as food deserves no sneers.

To make the farmer see that pond as an asset and not as a nuisance is to-day one of the gravest problems of Dean L. H. Bailey, of the Country Life Commission, and the other men who are giving their time and study toward bringing agriculture into its own once again. A little later and we shall see what Dean Bailey's great school at Ithaca has accomplished along this very line. For the moment let us turn our attention to a fish farm, where raising trout for the market has become a matter of practical industry.

James Cruickshank's trout farm lies in a deep hollow of the Catskills, on the rough, high road that leads from Big Indian to Oliverea. There are more than five thousand acres of wild mountain forest in the Cruickshank preserve, and in the beginning it was established merely as the summer home of a man who had retired from a manufacturing career. But Mr. Cruickshank was not long satisfied with a mere show place among the Catskills. He began to turn his active attention to some practical development for his great preserve. He had decided that its many acres must yield something for their keep. Farming such as had been known upon the land was out of the question. Then he hit upon fish farming.

It is more than a dozen years since the first of the tiny trout were planted there at Oliverea. To-day there are more than a million of the speckled beauties living in the crisp, cold waters of the big hatchery, while Edward Townsend, its superintendent, promises twice that number within the next few years. Mr. Cruickshank thinks nothing of sending from 75,000 to 90,000 trout to market during the open season—from June 15 to September 15. Those are the trout that are sent ready to eat. All the year round the hatchery is busy sending out tiny fry or "fingerlings" to other pools, to the preserves of fishing clubs or to other fish farms, for the raising of brook trout as an industry is already beginning to grow.

The Hatchery Itself.

"It is simple work and easy work, but work requiring exceeding care," said Mr. Townsend the other day. "We have the natural equipment right in this little valley for it. There are from a dozen to twenty fine natural springs on the place, although as yet the water supply from two of them has been sufficient for the needs of the hatchery."

The hatchery itself consists of a long, low wooden building and a great number of surrounding pools and ponds. In the building the actual hatching takes place. The eggs—the average female trout should yield from five hundred to eight hundred eggs—are placed on long screens, about one foot by five feet in dimensions. Each screen holds about thirty thousand eggs. They are constantly washed by the cold spring water, carefully filtered and refiltered, while heavy leaden tops shut out the light from above.

"We started to hatch our eggs on November 9 last," Mr. Townsend tells you. "We can count on ninety days for the process of hatching and so on February 9 and 10 of this year every single egg was hatched."

In those ninety days there was no loafing in the hatchery. It is tedious work, constantly going over those hatching screens in the dim light, but upon the faithful and constant turning of those tiny eggs the success of the batch is going to depend. Townsend hatched about ninety per cent of his eggs this year. He will expect more than seventy-five per cent of them to give him marketable fish. Record so much for care in the hatchery house.

When the tiny fry are all successfully hatched they are still kept under cover. The strong light of the sun is not to glare down on their delicate eyes for another five or six months. Bigger tanks there in the hatchery house are given them and there they are swimming in great hosts—five thousand to a tank no larger than the bathtub in your apartment and not anywhere near as deep.

"How about their food?" you ask Townsend.

He is kind and does not smile upon your ignorance.

"Hogs' livers," he says quickly.

You wonder if you have understood him correctly. Somehow you have never thought a delicate brook trout quite as carnivorous an animal as that.

"Hogs' livers," he repeats. "We have found that the most practical food for trout, and other hatcheries all use them, too. We get 1,200 pounds of them a week from a packing house in Chicago, and up there next to the engine house we have chopping machines to cut them up for the trout."

Then he goes forward telling you of his troubles when once in a great while the refrigerator car with the hogs' livers fails to get through to Big Indian. It needs all the resources of West Washington Market, down in New York, to fill their needs. But you are still thinking of hogs' livers, thinking of them until Townsend's assistant comes down the steep path from the engine house with a great pail of the chopped raw meat.

Hatching House.

You follow the hatchery men to the edge of their biggest pond, where five thousand "two-year-olds" are luxuriant in a deep natural pool of the cold spring water. They kneel upon the edges of the pond and the fine chopped meat goes into the water in handfuls. There is mighty splashing—the usually placid surface of that big pond seems to be stirred by a hundred tiny geysers. Then the men move to another corner of the pool—and the tiny geysers show themselves there. So it goes, all the way around the edge, and—lest some of those splashing fellows be forgotten—finally the hatchery men step into a little punt and scatter the remainder of the day's meal into the very centre of the pond.

All They Can Eat.

"How do you know when they get enough?" you ask.

"We keep giving them all they will eat," Townsend tells you. "If too great a quantity comes to the surface after the meal, we know that we are overfeeding them. You see, it's all in the 'know how.'"

All in the "know how." You come away down through the lovely trout pools there in the guardianship of the high hills realizing that there must be a deal of "know how" in the rearing of a million brook trout. It takes some little skill to market them at seventy-five cents a pound—three of the delicate fish averaging a pound in weight—but the skill comes in that two years of careful nurturing between hatching and the hour that they go to the city market.

Still, as you slip out from the forest vistas of Mr. Cruickshank's great trout farm and down the hill toward the railroad station at Big Indian, that problem of hogs' livers worries you. It does not seem quite practical to have to send all the way to a Chicago packing house for the food for these finny folk of the wild mountain streams.

Down in Cayuga Lake marshes, at Ithaca, Dr. J. G. Needham is working out some of the most practical problems that to-day confront fish farming. He is working toward the end that every farmer in the great agricultural State of New York may have his own fish pond or brook at least as a source of food supply if not as a matter of revenue. Last week Dr. Needham gave the outside world the first intimation of what several years of patient labor and scientific study have brought to light in the solution of this very practical problem, and this newspaper today prints these for the first time.

Hatchery in Winter.

His laboratory, which is closely affiliated with the intensely practical Cornell University College of Agriculture, is situated about a mile out of Ithaca in a dense fresh water marsh, close to the head of Cayuga Lake. Long years ago Ithaca had one of the earliest of American railroads and dreamed of herself as a most important port in the coal carrying trade through the interior. Those dreams have been dissipated these many years, but the ancient docks and labels that are rotting into decay in this piping year of grace 1910 still show the grandeur of that dream. Along one of those inlets the bungalow-like wooden laboratory raises itself on stilts, high enough to be fairly clear of the mosquitoes which infest that morass by the millions.

When you finally reach that fish laboratory—and it is no easy task—you will find Dr. Needham hard at work about it, his coat off, his sleeves rolled up. He looks like the sort of man who tackles a proposition with coat off and sleeves rolled up. He has the lively enthusiasm of youth and the hard energy and hard common sense of the older man. He begins by telling you that this is no fish hatchery. There are other problems of fish culture. You interrupt. You think you know.

"Hogs' livers?" you blurt out.

For this one time you are precisely right. Dr. Needham smiles at you encouragingly.

"Doesn't it seem absurd," he asks you, "that the water should have to beg food from the dry land?"

That, then, is the problem of this little green laboratory in the density of that Ithaca marsh. You can devote much science to the breeding of cows or of hogs, but you are a poor stock raiser if you pay no attention to their forage. The fish hatchers have done their best—with hogs' livers—but it has not been better because there has been no one to lead the way. The hatching of the fish has become a fine art; the equally vital problem of finding their best food has been wofully neglected. Dr. Needham has started out to find it. He has examined the stomachs of thousands of the fish of our inland water and as a result of these examinations he has found that their favorite food is the larvae of May flies, of caddis flies and of midges. Fresh water shrimps are also a favorite delicacy of trout and some other fish.

So the problem of the fish forage became compounded. It was next necessary to find the best foods for these three flies. On land live vegetable growths of every sort form the favorite forage for animals of every sort. The creatures of the water almost invariably wait for the vegetation to die, rarely attacking the stems or leaves of growing seed plants. Algae, the delicate masses of soft green weeds of most minute size that grow in profusion along the shores of still water, form part of the food for the tiniest of these forage animals.

Solving the Problem.

Dr. Needham takes you down a long incline from his stilt high laboratory and you are on a narrow walk between two pools. There are fish of every sort within those pools, and here and there he has thrust a mat of rough straw, dried from marsh grass, just beneath the surface of the water.

"That is the best breeding place for the valuable May flies," he tells you, "there where they have both food and rest and shade. The midge fly is valuable," he insists, "for think of how these native fish thrive upon him. These May flies, no matter how sparingly they are distributed in the water, under the right care and conditions will develop rapidly; we can expect a generation in five weeks in midsummer. Moreover, these generations overlap one another, and then you have their splendid reproductive capacity, a female laying about one thousand eggs. At that rate in four generations you have increased your family only about one hundred and twenty-five billions."

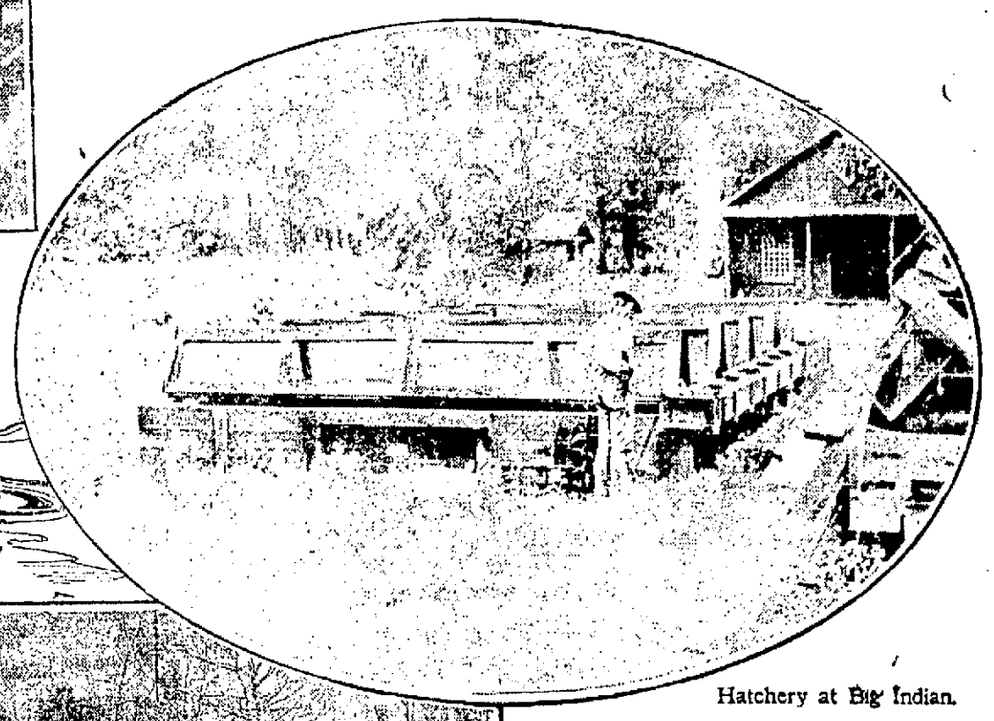
You have almost ceased to wonder about the problem of the hogs' livers and how the practical fish farmer of to-morrow will be able to run his pond independent of the Chicago packing house.

"The old way was like turning a hog loose in a cornfield and calling it a practical method of forage," Dr. Needham tells you. "I can remember in the old days, when I was out in Illinois they used to turn the hogs out into the woods and called that agriculture. Now they tightly limit the consumption area for a single hog and there is where you get your intensive farming. We are going to have intensive fish farming too."

Then this man, this very practical man of a practical science, begins to tell you more of the possibilities for the farmer and his fish pond.

He Sees Visions.

"Do you remember the razor back hog of other years?" he asks you bluntly, and then, not waiting for an answer, starts briskly forth. "We raise a better looking hog nowadays, a more profitable hog to put upon the market. You do not think very much of the bullhead to-day—he is too much head and fins. Well, the bullhead of to-day presents the same possibilities that the razor back hog of yesterday presented. He can be improved by scientific breeding and brought to an economical and a practical food. Take the catfish. The catfish, as to quarters, is not over particular. He will be glad to live in any mill pond where his food supply is maintained. A catfish will run from a pound in weight up to those 150 pound 'cats' that they take out of the Mississippi. A good commercial catfish, out of the farmer's own private pond, should run from one to three pounds in weight and provide mighty good eating."



Hatchery at Big Indian.

Dr. Needham's enthusiasm fairly runs riot over that farmer's fishpond of the days that are to come.

"It will be a mighty poor farm that does not have one," he tells you. "Every successful farm, no matter how small it is, that has available water supply will have a fishpond. The farmer will lay it out, round and shady, and around its periphery there will be a circle of small pools for the development of the fish foods, just as farmers to-day put their pigsty in the edge of a cornfield. We are going to try and make that thing possible."

Then he goes into more detailed explanation of the future hopes of that Cornell fish laboratory. It started its work on an acre of land given by Jared T. Newman, one of the trustees of the university. Dean Bailey and the College of Agriculture combined to put up the simple little green wooden building with the boathouse and workrooms below and the light and airy laboratory above. But Dr. Needham insists that he has only made a beginning. He is anxious to expand his work so that his unique institution can solve other problems of practical fish farming in the East.

"There have been too many mistakes made here," he tells you. "Take this matter of fresh water shrimps, that ideal trout food, for instance. There are four varieties of those crustaceans here available for trout forage, and those four require at least a decent care in their rearing."

He gives a particular instance of a lack of care in this very thing:—

"Caledonia Creek, up in Monroe county, has always been famous for its trout," he tells you. "There is a very successful hatchery at work there. Well, a long time ago they discovered those fresh water shrimps in that creek, and some one had the ordinary horse sense to know that they formed the real reason for the trout. So after a while they decided to plant a lot of those shrimps down in a creek south of Ithaca here. They were going to help out the trout fishing. The experiment was a failure. The shrimps died, and so, of course, the trout failed to flourish upon them. There was where ordinary horse sense needed a little practical science just back of it. Practical science would have taught that those fresh water shrimps could not live in a creek where the water ever rose above a temperature of sixty degrees. That was why the shrimps thrived in Caledonia Creek and died down south of here. To transplant them without knowing the difference between the brooks was like sowing fine wheat in a forest.

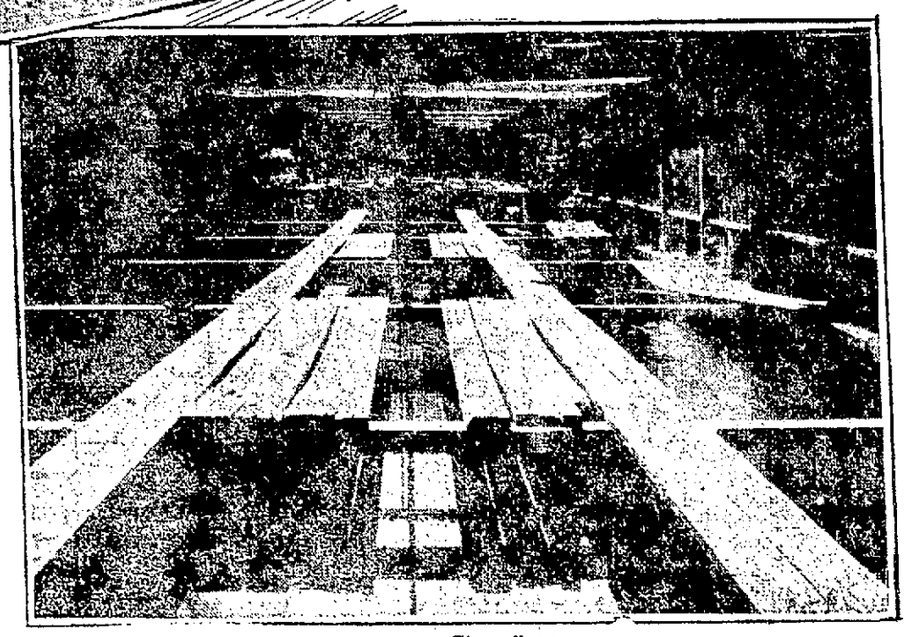
"Another mistake of a somewhat similar sort was made at Freeville, where a brook was stocked with newly planted fingerlings, young trout. Those fingerlings enjoyed no isolation, they had no protected enclosure, and the larger fish crept in and destroyed them. You must have what we call 'pure cultures' in such a case, and in every case you must have some system of management. It seems that the modern methods of general agriculture are going to be applicable to fish farming."

For the last time hog's liver comes to your mind. Dr. Needham laughs.

"The water will not be begging of the land much longer," he says. "In England they have been rather successful in raising a certain species of small red worm as trout food, but that is not necessary; the flies and the shrimps, each in turn carefully nurtured and protected, are going to make the trout happy all his life. The water is enormously productive as compared with the land; it can take care of its own."

Then as you turn to leave that fascinating laboratory there in the marsh grass he stops for a final word. That word, like all that have gone before, is intensely practical.

"There are 100,000,000 acres of this sort of marsh in the United States," he says, "considered all but worthless. New York State is the fourth or fifth in the land in its area of marshes, and yet the day may come when every acre of its marshes will be turned into fish farming, into a practical asset. There are great marshes to the north of here, lying right along the main line of the New York Central at Montezuma, vast areas within an hour's ride of New York city. Every one of those acres can be turned to profit in the production of a food supply for the hungry mouths of our great city."



Tanks for Fingerlings.

STONE of WINSTED

BEING an Unvarnished Account of the Wizard of Connecticut, the Master of Wondrous Tales, the Owner of the Tunnelling Trout, the Inventor of the Cheese Boring Woodpecker and the Only Human Being Who Saw the Great Frog

LOUIS TIMOTHY STONE

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"PETER!"

Clear and strong the caressing cadences of the Wizard of Winsted fell into the depths of a well.

"Bl-u-u-p!"

Quick was the response to the summons. A dark and graceful form shot with arrowlike swiftness from the sandy bottom, and Peter, the Tunnelling Trout, emerged half out of the water with a look of polite interest on his high bred and intelligent face.

He did not speak, but it was as if he said:—

"Master, I am come to your bidding bowed."

The Wizard smiled and waved his hand. Peter, seeing that it contained no worm, disappeared as suddenly as he had come. To whom else would a dumb creature respond like this but to Louis Timothy Stone, the man who made Winsted famous?

Winsted? Yes, Winsted, Litchfield county, Connecticut, near the foothills of the Berkshires; Winsted, the home of the bait retrieving hen, of the grateful woodpecker who, saved as a callow fledgling by a dairyman, remained forever in his service boring holes in Switzer cheese; Winsted, which not all the anathemas against nature faking ever stirred from its proud pre-eminence as a mart for wondrous tales; Winsted, where Puss of the Woods became a household pet; Winsted, home of the biggest frog in the world; Winsted, the centre from which went the tidings of Professor Pupin's parentless pigs and the duck which put something aside for a rainy day, hatching rattlesnake eggs for bounty.

"It was thoughtless of me," observed the Wizard of Winsted with a sigh, "not to have had a worm for Pete, but, unfortunately, ours became extinct. There used to be plenty of good bait along the edge of the little brook over there, and some fine trout, too. The hens went there, scratching around for breakfast, and they were very successful at first, but they soon realized that the fish were eating the very choicest and fattest worms. Those trout were the most greedy that I ever saw. They jumped out of water to the bank, seized their prey and flopped back again. The hens saw that two or three times, and one day they held a consultation. It happened to be a pretty bad year for potato bugs, and my friend was giving them a paris green [illegible] One day the hens helped themselves to all [illegible]dison they could load on their beaks and went down and washed off their mouths in the brook. The paris green, of course, got into the water and killed off all the fish, as those chicken Borgias intended. There have been none since, and the hens, having no ideas about conservation, ate up all the worm reserves, and now there is hardly any bait on this place at all."

"But you saved Pete?" I suggested.

Peter's Simple Story.

"Yes," replied the Wizard, calmly and deliberately. "Pete is a good sort. I am much attached to him. You remember my story of the tunnelling trout. Pete is a subway maker. He got away from the upper brook, following a hidden watercourse of some kind; may have used a mole for a tunnelling shield, but I doubt it. Anyway, Pete arrived with a muddy nose in the lower spring, where I found him. He has lived here ever since. I hadn't the heart to drive him away."

"Bl-u-u-p!" A flash of a glossy side, and a fin waved above the water, and although Peter did not exactly say it, surely none could doubt that he meant "Thank you."

Winsted is grateful to Louis Timothy Stone, for before he began his picturesque career as faunal naturalist for the New York newspapers the town was not on the map. Pike county had a monopoly and drove a hard bargain with the downtrodden Sunday editors, making its stories longer every year and insisting on special rates even for such items as bears putting up scarecrows to frighten away the birds from the blackberries. It was twenty years ago that, modestly at first and then by slow degrees, Louis Timothy Stone came as the foe of the snake yarn trust and brought into life his dependable accounts of the happenings of the New England countryside.

Winsted rests in a chalice of hills and near it are the jewels of three lakes, which on clear days are like great expanses of turquoise. For miles round about are flourishing farms, each connected with the outside world by long distance telephone and also with the sympathetic ear of the Seer. Litchfield county is a whispering gallery to him, with the Berkshires as a sounding board. No story of the doings of beast or bird comes out of the thicket or the wood but what "Stone of Winsted" knows. Being a Wizard of fairness of mind, he spreads what he learns to ascertain if such and such a locality has a better offering. And, strange to relate, before the wires are heated even more remarkable occurrences have been found, for nothing is too good for the metropolitan journals which the Seer zealously serves. He is the city editor of a daily paper in Winsted, which means that he gets most of the news, edits the foreign and telegraph despatches, attends to the market reports, keeps his eyes and his ears open for those wonder tales garnered with such conscientious care and writes advertisements.

His Lake Retreat.

Great inspirations come to the "man who made Winsted famous" amid the seclusion of his summer home on the shores of Highland Lake. Here it is that he harvests $20 a year from his chestnut trees and also writes many of his most profitable contributions. Wintergreen is the name of this Arden of ten acres, which slopes down to the edge of the water, and within its boundaries are brooks for fish, trees for birds of strange plumage, caverns in the living rock where weird animals come to hibernate until the spring critter yarn season has come, and cavities where ancient toads may come forth to tell feebly of the paleozoic age, bless Louis Timothy Stone and die.

Beauteous and romantic Wintergreen, home of checkerberries and stories of checkered animal lives, holding within its limits the cottage where the Wizard of Winsted goes to commune with the secrets of earth and sky. His bedroom is an octagonal chamber perched on the second story, from the seven broad windows of which he can view the lake and shore and wood and dale with the rising of the sun.

Practical and direct is Louis Timothy Stone. His square jaw, his clear blue eyes, his broad forehead are not those of the dreamer, but would characterize the hard working man of affairs. When he speaks it is with an air of conviction. He looks the auditor squarely in the face and tells his story without the quiver of a muscle. His voice takes on inflection only when he talks of his friends of furred and feathered tribes. He was born in Winsted in 1875, and after completing his high school course plunged into the vortex of journalism, twenty years ago, and within a year after his entrance into the lists he had "landed" his first story. It was something about a chipmunk and a poker game.

His humble beginnings enabled him to acquire this domain on the shores of the lake, and to add to it year by year. Such is the gratitude of nature that the birds of the air and the creatures of the wood and field pay for their shelter and add to the preserve by furnishing stories for metropolitan markets. Like ginseng, some of these narratives are disposed of in condensed form and have much of the zest dried out of them, yet for all that every little helps. Wintergreen grows larger as the years add lustre to the fame of Winsted and its sage.

Hatched by Hand.

"I do not suppose," said the teller of tales, "that anything more happens in Winsted and its neighborhood than in any other large rural community, but I take as much care as I can to get all of interest which does occur and to present it in compact form. I find some of them here. Now, there was the crow which was hatched by hand."

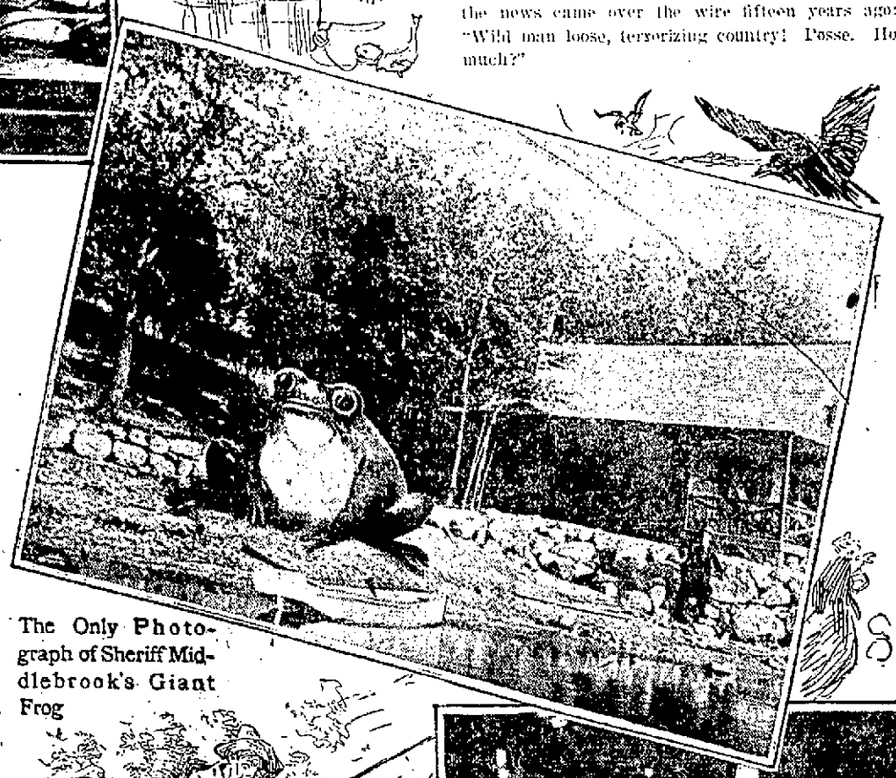
"The which?" I asked.

"Claude Berne," began Mr. Stone in a low and even voice and with that intensive earnestness which shows a minute attention to details, "is a neighbor of mine, and here is the tree where we found the nest of a crow, perhaps deserted by the unkind mother or perhaps the parents were slain by some wanton hand. There were four eggs in the nest, and Claude took two and I had the others. He wanted to carry his home and put under a sitting white duck just to see what the effect would be, and I had some scheme to hatch mine by electricity. Claude started down the road with his two eggs, walking under the broiling sun, when suddenly a beak came out of one of the shells and a little black crow hopped out on his hand. He took it home and tried to raise it under a white hen, but as only one kind of a crow is welcome in a poultry yard the poor little chap died of a broken heart."

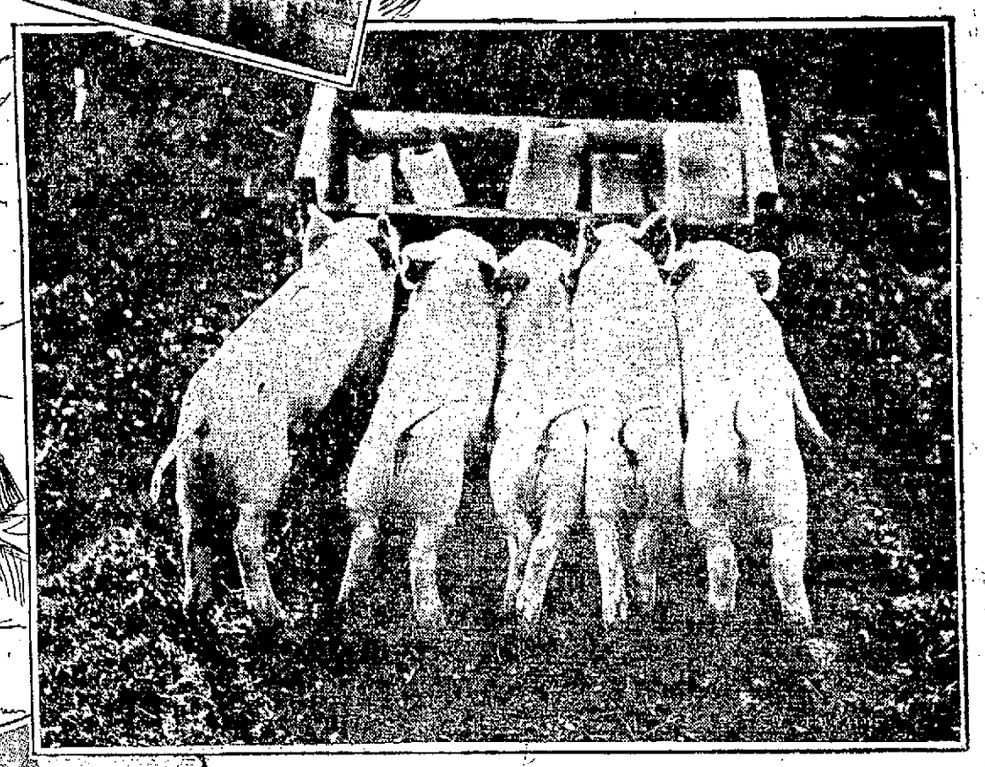
"Bl-u-u-p!"

We had wandered unconsciously to the well, and looking down we beheld the smiling—yet perhaps it was all imagination—the mocking countenance of the intelligent Peter.

The Sage tossed a bit of soda cracker to the Tunnelling Trout, and out of the depths shone the eyes of the creature, which now seemed all confidence and trust.



The Only Photograph of Sheriff Middlebrook's Giant Frog



The Curly Tailed Orphans and Their Storage Battery of Nursing Bottles

In the Chill Spring They Were Accustomed to Lie Down by the Kitchen Stove

One of the charming places on the estate of Louis Timothy Stone, where the prophet rests while the ravens bring him food, is completely shut in by the giant pine trees, where for years the dried needles have been accumulating in a carpet in which one's feet sink ankle deep. His favorite seat, however, is by a spring in the centre of his demesne, between the upper and lower vegetable gardens, and from its cool waters a simple lifting of a rope brings to light a basket filled with bottles of cooling and sparkling drink. The glasses are brought frigid from the same delectable source, and here, where the water rills from nature's fountain and the birds blithely sing and the chipmunks leap from bough to bough, the Wizard of Winsted is at his best. His mind dwells almost tenderly upon all the children of his brain.

"Out there somewhere," said he, indicating the lake, with the biberon in his hand, "is the Sheriff's giant frog. He came ashore one day and we managed to get a photograph of him, and then he jumped off the pier when he realized what had happened."

Everybody remembers the Giant Frog of Winsted, pictured not so long ago, tall as the persons who stood near him and as wide as a barn. The lake is said to have risen half an inch after his plunge back into its bosom.

Professor Michael Pupin, the eminent authority on electricity, who is connected with Columbia University, lives not far from the retreat of the fame maker of Winsted. His farm bore tragedy, for an automobile ran over Getrulda, the mother of as fine a porcine litter as ever graced Connecticut. The curly tailed orphans were in despair. They pined for food and mother and refused ordinary fare. The professor mounted a storage battery of nursing bottles in a trough, pig high, and in the form of a plate drying rack or a saw buck. The necks of the bottles, with their rubber feeding appliances, were placed through the holes bored in the side of the rack and the bottles being thus placed with their bottoms up and well secured afforded rapid feeding by gravitation. The young porkers took to this substitute in avid and joyous fashion, as was evidenced by the swift moving of their tails. They all flourished. In the chill spring they were accustomed to lie down by the kitchen stove until the season advanced sufficiently to permit them to wander in the open and to achieve a sty.

Wild Men and Wraiths.

What memories cluster about old Winsted! How the news came over the wire fifteen years ago:—"Wild man loose, terrorizing country! Posse. How much?"

"It was a good story," remarked the Wizard of Winsted, "and so true, although another man got it first, but I made New York with it in time."

How many boys have been saved from recklessness by the simple warning which came from Winsted in the story of the rude youngster who disturbed his teacher in school by blowing into and bursting a paper bag, and in so doing broke both bag and hand.

All the accounts which the Wizard commits to the wings of the morning have names attached and always suitable ones. What would a man named Otis E. Gillette do, for instance? He would be resourceful, brilliant and inventive. He was tormented by the attacks of mosquitoes on the bare citadel of his brain and at once had a picture of a spider painted on the top of his bald head, which frightened away every pest within lighting distance.

Phineas Aldrich captured twenty-nine skunks in one day, selling them for $80.25, and it was a gentleman of a similar name who had many of these interesting animals as household pets, so great was their admiration for the bonhommie and cheerfulness which he had ever displayed.

When the President fared on opossum in the South Winsted and its environs were not to be outdone. One old settler declared that he knew wildcat soup to be beyond compare; a second recommended consommé de woodchuck; a third was sure that black lynx purée would fill the bill.

Peanuts win the hearts of squirrels near Winsted, and that appetency of theirs resulted in a great saving for Mr. Thomas Hicks. One appreciative rodent on the payment of ten goobers was accustomed to brush off Mr. Hicks' shoes with his bushy tail, taking the end of it in his teeth and swinging backward and forward imparting that brisk action so necessary to a perfect polish.

It was only last May at Winsted that a trout (not Peter) bit a man and hung to him for a quarter of a mile as he ran, finally relinquishing his hold when he came to an inviting stream.

These are only a few of the traditions on which the mind of the Wizard delights to dwell as he sits on Sunday afternoon listening to nature's teachings and taking deep draughts at the Pierian spring. Peace be to him at Wintergreen, where the laurel grows and the white blackbirds sing, and long life to Peter in the limpid pool and to all ravens hatched by hand.

Versatility and Vim in Him.

Meteorological information of all kinds comes from Winsted. It is not recorded that late one October Mrs. Ellen M. Wright was picking raspberries by the quart and that dahlias were still in bloom. A stout armed matron had been brought from Canada to wash all little children in Winsted and put them to bed amid squalls. Where but in the Connecticut town and who but Louis Timothy Stone could have discovered that the decision would have been reached by Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Whitcomb to change occupations? He to stay at home and wash dishes; she to work in the factory.

How the news simmers out of Winsted when the indefatigable Wizard invokes the muse! In one despatch he announced that Minister Rockhill was back from China, that a pig running wild for two months had been captured, that five large rattlesnakes and violets had been seen as harbingers of spring, and a new order issued on the railroad was to make all conductors look the younger.

It is nearly time for the floating islands on Goose Pond, in the Berkshires, to begin circulating. They break adrift occasionally and then fishermen sitting on the Sargossa-like wastes cut holes in the sod, drop their lines through and haul up gudgeons in great and considerable quantities.

Who can drive from his mind that beautiful lyric entitled "Wets Want Wicked Pumpkin Pie," based on the guile of certain restaurateurs who placed more spirits than vegetable in the pastry which they sold in a temperance town? What of the squirrels, which threw limburger cheese at a man who had tormented them? How time flies! They have long since repented of their unsavory deed and died in the odor of sanctity. When the discussion concerning race suicide was at its height did not the wires from Winsted sing with the story of the barber blessed with an eleventh child and who was immediately called upon by a delegation of democrats, who insisted that he accept a nomination for the Legislature?

Lay of Grateful Hen.

Mr. H. C. Spaulding had the grateful hen which in return for her board dug worms for him. The bird whenever she saw her master going for his fishing pole and basket ran like one possessed to the garden and brought in her beak worm after worm so that he might go on his excursion well provided with bait.

How the reporters went by shoals to be received at the station by the Sage himself, then slender and with the bloom of youth in his cheeks! How he conducted them through swamp and field and briar patch! Shall that memorable Sunday ever be forgotten when distracted farmers reported that they had seen a monster with eyes of flame, with his great shock of blood red hair and his purple eyes? How the hero of Buena Vista had fired at him and the creature had bounded away leaving in his wake a thin crimson trail! Ah, halcyon days were those!

Wizard of Winsted, it has been many a day since you have brought such a tale as that.

"Do you know," commented he, "as he sipped in reminiscent mood, "I have often wondered who that wild man was? Do you suppose that old Deacon Blank could have started all that to keep the children from getting into his blackberries?"

Who can ever forget the spook of Wonksunkamonk,

MAKING FRIENDS WITH HETTY GREEN

A Jobless Stenographer Strikes Up a Boarding House Acquaintance with the World's Wealthiest Woman and Succeeds in Getting from Her Plenty of Good Advice

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ALMOST the first person I noticed at my table in the boarding house the evening of my introduction there was a wrinkled woman, shabbily dressed, who ate as if she had just found a square meal after a long search. No one spoke to her and she said nothing. She seemed to be embarrassed, even a little frightened. I passed her all the dishes which came my way, but that was all I thought I should do, being a newcomer. She is some poor, friendless, penniless creature the good hearted landlady is taking pity on, I decided. Honest, I felt sorry for her.

I had breakfast early next morning, soon after seven o'clock. Two others were already at the table, one a little school teacher to whom I had been introduced, and the other the wrinkled woman. When I took my seat the school teacher looked up from a newspaper to smile a good morning. The other gave a quick glance at me, then resumed her meal, as if in a great hurry to get it done.

"What is the news this morning?" I asked, wishing to make myself agreeable.

"Yes," the older woman spoke up suddenly, in a sharp, snappy voice. "How is the market?"

I was almost flabbergasted. The person and the question were apparently so much at odds that it was all I could do to keep still until she left the table. Then out it came. "Who in the world is she?"

"Why, don't you know?" the school teacher replied. "She is Hetty Green, the richest woman in the world."

"Honest?" I couldn't help exclaiming.

"Honest!" She held up her right hand.

The very first thing I did was to write to mother. The idea! Hetty Green and I at the same table; she one of the greatest financiers in the world and I a stenographer looking for a job! It was too good to be true.

I saw myself as the luckiest girl alive. Fortune certainly had been good to me. In my mind there was not a doubt that Hetty Green was to be my patroness, was to pave for me the road to success and then assist me to travel it. Certainly I wrote to mother. I would even have stopped the first policeman I saw and told of my luck if I had not feared arrest.

And the reply I got in the first possible mail was classy, too. Mother could hardly appreciate the idea of my being so fortunate, but she was quite as enthusiastic as I over the opportunity at my elbow.

"I've told Mrs. Alberts and Jenny, and they both agree with me that you are to be congratulated," she wrote. "The only thing I fear, May, is that you'll become extravagant when you begin drawing your salary. The people that you'll meet through her always have been used to lots of money, and they can afford some things which you will not be able to. Remember this, May."

That is part of mother's letter—just about the line I expected. And I agreed with her in some things. But my mind was made up to at least have the kind of clothes I wanted. The Hoosier fashions I was a model for I would discard. They were quite impossible. And I would buy—oh, what wouldn't I buy, whom wouldn't I meet, where wouldn't I go! I made as many plans in those first few days as Indiana has poets, if what I read in the New York newspapers is so. Honest, I never saw one at home.

Cultivating Mrs. Green.

I don't think there is any use in beating around the bush, so I shall state very truthfully that I began systematically to cultivate Mrs. Green. It was no hardship for me to get breakfast early. I had to be out looking for a position by eight, so I seldom missed seeing and talking with her before she went to her bank office.

Always her first question was "How's the market?" She did not seem to expect an answer, only to be handed the market page. I never knew her to buy a newspaper for herself. The little school teacher was the victim, that is, until I started to take the paper. I went farther, too. I boned up on markets, finance, &c.—the man at our table who worked in a trust company helped me—and in almost no time I was able to answer "Professionals only in a narrow market" or "Sterling exchange continues to decline" when she asked her usual question.

You should have seen the expression on her face the first time I came to the front with my little answer, just as easy, right off the bat, like that! She looked at me and looked and looked, just as if I had handed her the catsup instead of the cream and ordered her to put it in her coffee. Finally she said "Umph!" That was all.

But that night after dinner, when we had all gone up to the parlor, she asked me to sit beside her, and she confided to me how much money she had lent that day to the big men in Wall street.

I wrote to mother before I went to bed that at last I was in the "great one's" closest confidence.

These breakfast and after dinner meetings and chats became the rule very soon. At the former I always managed to make myself agreeable without having to talk much. The business of lending money had never appealed to me. Consequently I knew little of Mrs. Green's favorite—her only—breakfast subject. But I was a good listener, and this seemed to satisfy her.

I learned at these morning sermons that it is "security" and "interest" which make the mare go. And in order to get as much of both as you want all that is necessary is "ready money." To hear her tell it one would soon believe that this "ready money" is the last answer in Wall street.

"X. Y. Z.'s going down," Mrs. Green would say, for instance. "And I know how much of it the B—— crowd has. They'll be rushing to me about two o'clock. They'll want ready money; they'll have to get it, too, or go under. I'll let them have it. Oh, yes, I'll lend them all they want—when they give me what security I want and enough interest. I'll make the terms. You see, they must have money. I have what they want. Of course I'll make the terms."

Often she would talk of "my bank," as she called it. At one time she had an iron cage built about her desk, she told me, in order to protect her from borrowers and those whose notes and mortgages she had to foreclose. People came from all over the United States to see her to try to borrow money. She would see many such every day.

She would describe sometimes the rage into which some of these callers would work themselves when she would refuse to do what they wanted. She was actually afraid of being done physical harm.

Knows Clerks Jeer Her.

Probably on account of this same feat Mrs. Green never carried a purse—that is, so any one could see it. Underneath an old fashioned overskirt she wore a bag fastened with leather shoe laces, and in this she kept her handkerchief and ten or fifteen cents. She was never known at the boarding house to carry more money than that.

And the clerks at the bank! She called them "smart Alecks" and "nifty upstarts," and said she knew every time they would make fun of her behind her back. The idea that she ate her little luncheon at her desk was something terrible to them. "All they think about is dressing up. Umph!" That was the way she used to express her opinion of them.

One morning she apparently had just learned that a relative had spent $100 for a dress. Why, the market page was almost forgotten! And the little school teacher and I let our coffee get cold. To hear Hetty Green talk on the crime of spending the whole of one hundred dollars on a single dress was an entertainment you couldn't pay enough to hear. I would not attempt to quote her. She said too much.

* * * * * * *

A waist and shirred skirt of some cheap black material, the skirt carelessly mended in several places, the style of the whole many years old; a small black bonnet, worn and almost green with age, and stout shoes, the kind that it takes a mountain trip to wear out. Imagine a medium sized woman of years, whose face is deeply wrinkled, whose eyes are small, shifting, keen; whose hands are large and knotty, like a workingman's, dressed as I have described, and you have Hetty Green.

At the time of my acquaintance with her she was in the city for an indefinite stay. Things were topsy-turvy in Wall street and she was doing a land office business. She had one piece of baggage at the boarding house. It was a small hand satchel, only large enough to hold her nightdress, a comb and a paper of pins.

At dinner Mrs. Green was generally in a more talkative mood. She always appeared to be in a good humor and always hungry. I do not know which she liked better, talk or tea. She invariably took three or four cups of the one and if anybody started any sort of money talk, why, she was right there with the gossip from headquarters every time.

Just let some one mention a chorus girl. My, how her eyes used to snap, queer little sharp lights and the lines about her mouth deepen!

Snobbishness was another thing she particularly disliked. To see it in those in her debt was to see a red flag. It seemed to worry her that persons who borrowed her money used it in ways she would not. It did not make any difference how good their security was—and you may wager it was extra good if they were of the spender class. She knew them, their business life, their home life and otherwise. There was not a piece of scandal among the "400" as large as a quiet family argument she did not know—and before anybody else. I used to get hours of it.

The Earl of ——, for instance, the one who married Miss T——. She told me how he had held up the wedding until an extra $500,000 was added to his portion, and about how a little joker was put into the contract without his knowledge. This was before the recent news story which made public the fact that he had lost the fortune when he lost his wife. She certainly had a source of information that was reliable.

The Flat Refusal.

My impression of my new friend was pretty well formed by this time. I was alone, remember, and while there was not anything motherly about her, still she was really the one I thought I knew intimately, and so, of course, came to like. She has a heart and a big one. She must appear what she isn't in order to conduct her great business. She is really a womanly woman deep down, and I got underneath the wrinkles and behind the snappy eyes to the truth.

But the time came for me to ask about the job. I figured everything was right, so one evening I took the centre of the stage and did the touch act.

Bing!

"You are a nice girl and all that, but I will not assist you. I would not assist my own relatives. I make it a rule to assist no one."

It was the neatest little nip in the bud you ever saw. No fuss over my story of need; no smile to soften her final ice water words. She certainly knows how to say "No."

Well, things were the same as usual the next morning. Same thin smile, same question about the market, same wise bits about money deals, same hurry to get to the office and work. That evening—I remember it distinctly on account of the embarrassment I felt at first—Countess Leary was Mrs. Green's subject of discourse in the parlor.

The weather that day had suddenly changed from mild to a chilling cold. The wealthiest woman in the world had even worn her "furs" to the dinner table. Nobody had noticed them, however. She showed them to me only—four pieces of newspaper, one for the inside of her bonnet, one inside her waist to cover her breast, the others in her shoes. Thus the Countess Leary for a subject.

"She is my dearest friend," said Mrs. Green, "but she doesn't seem to take my advice. She's so extravagant. And she gives so much away, needlessly and uselessly, too, I tell her. Why, all during the winter it is her custom to give every man who is released from the Tombs two suits of all wool underwear. And she pays $4 a suit!

"Time and time again I have asked her not to squander so much money that way. The men only pawn the suits as soon as they get them. And goodness knows what they do with the money they get. I could do the same thing just as well and only pay fifty cents or less a suit, I'm sure."

That she had a rather severe cold the following day did not shake Mrs. Green's faith in her newspaper protectors. And would she see a physician? She would not. Hot lemonade (made by one of the waitresses) was her medicine. Her boast that she always had taken care of herself seemed a good one, too, for instead of taking to her bed she was as spry and cheerful the next morning as I ever had seen her.

There were two other subjects over which she used to boast as emphatically. One was a knowledge of law and the other the fact that she had never been "done" in a deal.

Poor With $80,000,000.

"I have studied law in all its civil phases," she would declare. "I know where I stand always. They can't beat me."

Since then she has lost a suit in court. I can imagine her feelings. I am glad I did not see her directly afterward. I also would have felt mighty bad, I'm sure.

For in spite of that ice water shower she gave to me I could not help liking her. I think it was because I felt sorry for her. Just as she said and as I myself had proved, everybody was after her money or her influence. She was lonesome. She was poor with $80,000,000. That is the way I thought of her, and I believe she knew it herself. Why was she so glad, apparently, to talk to me? Surely not because she imagined I cared to learn high finance.

The story about her that I had heard before I left Indiana—the one telling about her refusing to give a newsboy a doughnut because another boy was watching her and would want one also—came to have a new meaning to me. Even when she offered to one of the maids a street car transfer for a tip—the only one she ever was known to give at the boarding house—I looked at it differently from the other boarders. They laughed. Just like her, said they. But I felt sorry for her. I believed she could not help herself. Her brain was so full of money, money and the saving of it that she could not do otherwise. She would not be content playing any other part.

Finally I got a job, one paying $12 a week. I told her about it with much satisfaction. But she did not congratulate me. She did not say "I knew you had it in you to succeed," or anything like it. Instead she said:—

"You've got to leave here. You're not earning enough to pay so much for your keep. (She was paying between $15 and $18 for her board and room.) I'll tell you where to go. There's a hotel for working girls I know of. I lent the man the money to build it.

"There are washrooms there and sewing rooms. Make your own clothes and care for them. Get a roommate. It will cost you only $4 a week then. Save $6 of your $12.

"Do not go out nights. Watch your company. Meet good people; they will help you to a better job. I can't do that. It is against my rule. But lots of people will.

"Do what I tell you and you'll get on. Anybody can. The trouble is most people don't know the value of five cents. You be advised. Don't figure in dollars; figure in pennies, and save them."

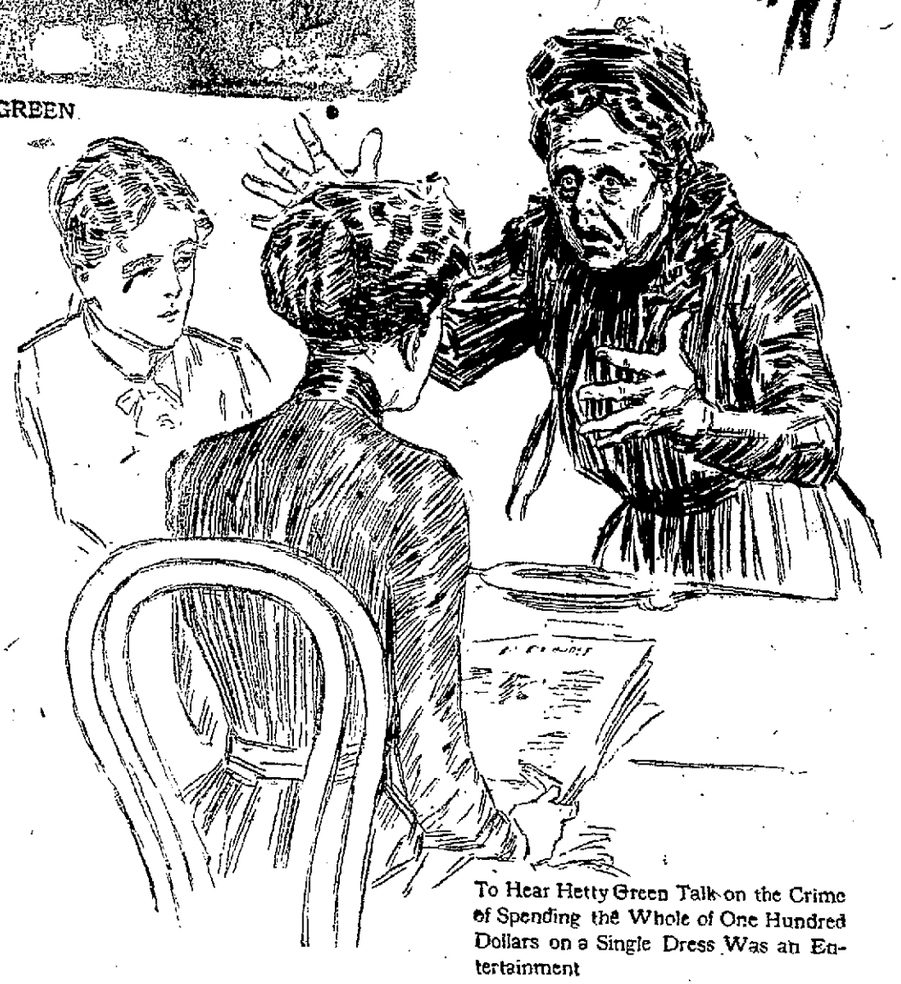
Well, I took her advice—that is, so far as going to the place she recommended. I will not go into details as to what I found there, but—well, I stuck it out until I got to making more than $12 per.

I did not like to leave the boarding house, and especially Mrs. Green. I had just come to think a whole lot of that little woman. There is a great deal I might learn about her yet, I feel sure. And the more I know of her the better I like her.

She said goodby just like she would ask "How's the market?" but with less interest in her tone of voice. "Save," was her final word. Then she hurried off to her office to lend a million or two.

HETTY GREEN

The Older Woman Spoke Up Suddenly in a Sharp, Snappy Voice, "How Is the Market?"



To Hear Hetty Green Talk on the Crime of Spending the Whole of One Hundred Dollars on a Single Dress Was an Entertainment

SALLY PRUE MAKES FRIENDS

SALLY PRUE is fast becoming accustomed to the comedies and tragedies of life in New York. This girl from back home has had one or two quite startling adventures, and in this instalment of her story as told by Elise Williamson, she dips still deeper into the Sea of Life. With all her experiences here Sally Prue remains the same artless child and keeps herself uncontaminated from the influences with which she necessarily comes in contact in the Great City.

BY ELISE WILLIAMSON.

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DABBED the powder puff lightly upon my nose, approved of myself in the tiny square of mirror and tripped down the boarding house stairs humming. For, was I not going out to dine with a real artist who did illustrations that some day should appear in the big magazines? And was not my black hat most becoming? What more could the heart of woman desire?

Oh! but it was nice to dine out and a very rare treat indeed. Below, in the hall, Annette Birot, who was the landlady's niece, and her fiancé, Mr. Andrews, were waiting for me, with Mr. Erstelé, the artist. He was a friend of Mr. Andrews. I had never met him.

Erstelé was tall. So tall, in fact, that I remembered the quotation "Art is long" and smiled. But Erstelé took himself so terribly seriously that I gently laid that smile away.

He had a loose, baggy appearance. His clothes just hung on him. He wore a turned down collar and flowing tie, and the most individual headpiece I had ever seen. It was a soft felt, utterly shapeless, and yet it did seem to be a hat. It was rather becoming. He had beautiful hair, too, which he wore long.

We all started out in gay good humor to go to Little Hungary, in East Houston street. I never had been there and was much excited. But at Erstelé's suggestion we decided to go first for dinner to Morenti's, a little Italian place in Eleventh street. The spaghetti there, so Erstelé averred, was the best in town. He had eaten no better in Italy. (This added very casually.)

To Morenti's we went. A small Italian girl in a soiled white dress opened the door to us. We followed her along the dimly lighted passageway out into the back yard, which proved to be the summer garden. This space was enclosed on three sides by a high board fence. Two poles, about three yards apart, stood in the middle of this enclosure, supporting a framework upon which, in case of bad weather, a canvas was stretched to protect the guests from a wetting. Ten tables stood about covered with white cloths in varying degrees of unfreshness. Upon the centre of each was a tall glass filled with Italian bread sticks. Erstelé led the way to the only vacant table. He moved with a lordly air, fully aware of his Bohemian appearance and content with the artistic fitness of the setting.

The cloth was sadly stained. One could almost read the menu thereon—soup, wine, ketchup. Erstelé glanced at it in bored disgust.

"Maria," he ordered, "a clean cloth!"

Maria appeared presently with a small cloth exactly the size of the table's top, which she spread over the soiled one.

The weather was fine, so that now the canvas was rolled back and the stars looked smilingly down upon the scene, as did likewise the neighbors—those who were sufficiently interested. Upon all sides, above the height of the fence, rose the back walls of other houses. It was summertime and windows were open. Occasionally the careless occupant of some lighted room would appear blissfully unconscious of the dark outside world. Then the guests in the summer garden would become most interested in their plates until such time as the careless occupant had adjusted his tie and gone out himself to dine. A woman sang in a shrill soprano on one side and a phonograph with a cracked record aswered on the other. During a blessed intermission a hurdy-gurdy suddenly sounded.

Erstelé nodded to a number of persons and finally beckoned to one of the men to come and join us.

"A great chap," he whispered, "on one of the big dailies."

I was impressed, and it was not until later that I wondered just what he did on the daily. He proved to be a fresh youth, who thought this sort of thing "jolly more interestin' than goin' to the classy restaurants." I did not like him at all.

The dinner was about what Mme. Birot gave every day. But then we were in Bohemia, and the spaghetti was excellent. Erstelé rolled his spaghetti round his fork, oh! most artistically and with great naturalness. Indeed, he hinted mysteriously of foreign parentage and let fall one or two timely hints about a certain dissipated Italian nobleman, and then sighed over a bitter secret shadowing his young life.

After the coffee and brie we all started for Little Hungary. We made several changes and finally entered an old time horse car that took us within a block or so of our goal. The street was swarming with east side children of every age, size and nationality. They followed us up to the very door, begging for pennies.

The Cafe Liberty.

Café Liberty was the name upon the door and there was a set-apartness about it with the taxicabs out in front. The hour was now nearly eleven and the place was crowded. We were compelled to wait until a table was vacated. But finally a waiter whom Erstelé called Siegel procured us one. As we walked down the aisle between the tables some one of that good natured crowd, espying Erstelé's melancholy air, cried out, "Hello, Hamlet!" Others took up the cry with "Speech, Hamlet, speech!" and one hilarious person called out, "To be full or not to be, that is the question," but he was soon squelched.

I never had known anything like this before, and I am sure that my face was as red as a peony. Erstelé was calmly amused and smiled indulgently at these ways he knew so well. We found our seats. There was a stir among the orchestra. Thus the general attention was diverted from us. The first violin, a swarthy man with dancing black eyes, began to play. The crowd applauded.

"He is a real Hungarian gypsy, one of the few in New York," Erstelé informed us. He never has been taught music in his life. He just plays what is in his heart. His name is Kapashy Karlo. That's backward in English."

I did not hear any more, for Kapashy Karlo was telling me more with his violin than Erstelé ever could have told.

If he was playing just what was in his heart, then it was a wild, strange heart, and very wise. It knew the fever of the wanderlust in all its madness, that strange fire that is, perhaps, after all but a wild and fruitless search for home. The home that is anywhere, and nowhere, and is never found!

Children of the restless heart! Some are Hungarian gypsies, but not all, and only now and then is there one like Kapashy Karlo, who can speaks of it in music.

What holds him here," I wonder, "playing to people who do not understand?" mused Erstelé.

But I knew. Only the body of Kapashy Karlo was in Little Hungary, the wandering soul of him had gone upon a far journey. And of all that laughing crowd he had taken with him only those few who were of his own heart's kin, the few who heard the music and understood—Erstelé was not one of them.

When the waiter came Erstelé ordered liquor. Annette took crème de menthe, so I said I wanted that, too. Then I watched the crowd. There was a young fellow near me who had the appearance of an army officer, and, judging from the deep tan of his face, he had seen recent service. His left cheek had been laid open by a sabre cut. It was an ugly wound and showed white.

They were good natured, and oh, so gay! Like the spray of the sea. They jested from one table to another, men and women who had never seen each other before. They guyed all newcomers, who took it in good part. But always among them there moved a sedate personage who corrected overboisterous parties. It was the Café Liberty with reservations—one might be gay, but not too gay.

I spoke of this sedate one to Erstelé, who beckoned for him to come over to us.

He was Edward Schoen, the manager and host. He laughed at my having called him sedate.

"It is mos' necessary, on Friday night—I am sedate. Every one knows every one in Little Hungary on Friday night. All are friends; but I mus' see—not too much wine here at one table, or maybe there at another table, a big German, it is not too much for him."

And off he went to seat some newcomers with the solicitude of a gracious host, but returned presently with a fan for Annette as a souvenir and for me the most absurd toy monkey fashioned of wool upon wire.

"Home, Sweet Home."

I noticed that Schoen kept his eye upon a table that was on a slight elevation above the main floor, where two couples were drinking champagne. One of the women was beautiful. I think that she was really young, but her eyes were wise and they held such a reckless, devil-may-care look. She did not seem actually to see any of all that crowd. She paid no attention to what was said to her. Only to the music she listened. When Kapashy Karlo stood up to play she stared at the instrument he held as if it were a live thing. I saw the man with the sabre cut look at the champagne girl with a curious expression of both misery and contempt in his eyes. But if she saw him she made no sign.

The violinist drew his bow across the strings and when there was some semblance of quiet he said smilingly:—

"I play zees by especial requos'."

Then he played "Home, Sweet Home." My heart stood still, and I suppose every other person's heart did the same thing, for there was comparative quiet.

He had not played six bars when the champagne girl, with her eyes still on the violin, began to sing, just as if there had been no one to hear. Oh, it was so sweet, her voice, and so intolerably sad! She sang the song through, and when she had finished there was silence. She rose, walked across to where the first violin was standing and took the instrument from him, and then—she played the melody herself, "Home, Sweet Home." If it had been sad before, now, oh, now it would break your heart to hear. The man with the sabre cut bowed his head on his folded arms upon the table. The woman's face was sweet and tender, just as if it had been a little baby she held instead of a violin.

When she had done playing the woman returned to Kapashy Karlo the violin. She looked about her at the crowd of still faces. For one brief moment her gaze rested upon the bowed head of the man with the sabre cut and then she laughed—such a mocking laugh—I can never forget. The sound of it broke the spell of silence. The crowd shrieked with applause. They whistled and cried, "Bravo! bravo!" But the woman paid no heed. She went back to the table and ordered more champagne. She took up her half filled glass, holding it to her lips and looking over the rim of it with insolent eyes.

Kapashy Karlo gave the word and the entire orchestra swung into the mad rhythm of a "Csardas." The atmosphere of sadness created by the woman's performance was dispelled and almost forgotten. The man with the sabre cut rose and, careless of the staring crowd, passed out into the night.

Just then a stunning red haired woman came in at the door. She carried in tow a little fat man who had the appearance of a poodle.

Erstelé's eyes lighted at sight of her. She saw him, too, I think, but she pretended to be very much surprised when he rose and asked her to sit at our table.

"Hello, Dreamy," she drawled, in a voice that went up and down like the tone of a calliope; "how's the queer boy?"

"Hungerin' for the sight of you, Red," Erstelé replied with more warmth than I had thought it possible for him to show.

She laughed and laid a careless hand upon his arm, all the while her restless eyes were taking in the crowd, glancing from face to face and never staying anywhere. Her name was Miss Atkinson. She sat down with us and Erstelé said we would all have beer. Our waiter was nowhere to be seen and Erstelé grew quite impatient.

"Don't bother, Dreamy," drawled Miss Atkinson. "Here comes the queer waiter now."

I observed that functionary to see what was queer about him. I later learned that everything was queer according to Miss Atkinson. It was merely a favorite adjective. She paid no more attention to the Poodle than if he had not been there. But he was content just as soon as he had his beer. When the check came, however, he settled. I think it was from force of habit.

Erstelé was very much interested in "Red," as he called Miss Atkinson, and Annette was carrying on a mild flirtation with the newspaper chap, so I watched the crowd. The spirit of the place appealed to me. There was good fellowship and liberty without license. This, then, was Bohemia, where every man is one's brother. Yet I felt no sudden tie of fellowship with my companions.

But I had felt near akin to the Champagne Girl when she sang.

The Champagne Girl.

Just then there was a crash of splintered glass. The champagne girl half rose from her seat. Miss Atkinson, whose restless eyes noted everything, observed her coldly.

"The queer girl is drunk," she said.

I had never seen a woman drunk and I did not want to see this one. I would not—the beautiful champagne girl who had sung.

"Annette," I said, "I'm going home."

The newspaper chap smiled sneeringly. "Be calm, little Puritan; nothing shall harm thee. I, myself, will protect thee," he mocked.

They all laughed.

"If that is a promise," I said, and my voice was like a cool wind, "I think I won't run the risk."

The newspaper chap laughed boisterously. He thought it a fine joke.

"Come on," Miss Atkinson cried, "let's go to dear old Mouquin's. I'm on for a queer highball."

We went out and at her suggestion piled into taxicabs. I did not know who was to settle for them, but I suspected it was the Poodle.

I never had been in a taxicab before, and we had not gone a block before I had begun to wonder why the stupid people did not get out of our way. Such a nuisance to keep from running over them, ye know!

But we arrived without mishap. The cabs drew up before what Miss Atkinson might well have called "queer" Mouquin's. I had passed it scores of times in broad daylight without really having seen it. Then it was only one of a thousand places in Sixth avenue. But now there was an air of romance quite thrilling about it. One expected a cloaked figure with a hand upon his sword's hilt to step from the doorway any moment. The structure was of frame and the face of it painted a dull orange. A straight, steep stairway ran up to the middle of it, like a nose. We chose rather to enter the cavernous mouth that opened upon the pavement, going in through a glass revolving door.

The room was comparatively small, low-ceiled and filled with bare tables. A long benchlike seat, built against the wall and upholstered in dark leather, extended around the room, broken only by the entrance doorways and one that led to the room above stairs. Over the back of this seat, and also built in the wall, were mirrors which created an illusion of space.

We sat at a table alongside the wall. Every one seemed stupid. The Poodle looked as if he were about to fall asleep. The musicians were leaving and everything had a late look. The waiter was prompt and attentive, but I felt like apologizing to him for keeping him up.

There were three men smoking at one table, adding to the gray cloud of tobacco smoke that already hung like a heavy mist above the tables. They were most matter of fact. Neither did the fat woman and her two fat escorts, who sat drinking beer at another table, breathe of romance. They just sat and drank beer, that was all.

There was one interesting individual who sat alone in a far corner commanding a view of the room. I felt that he was an habitué of the place. I was quite sure that at about this hour of any evening one would find him in that same corner, selecting from a gold case a slim cigarette, which he smoked with delicate enjoyment, and now and then sipping from a thin glass an iced and colorless liquid. He sat now with lowered eyes, but I knew that he saw everything and that he read what he saw. I could not take my eyes from his hands. They were white, strangely long and slim, and, what was most peculiar, their slightest movement seemed fraught with meaning. He held his cigarette carelessly and yet it appeared to be caught in a vise.

I wondered about his hands, looking at them intently, and then, like a flash, the thought came to me. "They are the refinement of cruelty, those hands."

Suddenly I raised my eyes to his face. He was regarding me curiously. He dropped his eyes and smiled, not at me; but at what I had been thinking of him. He made me uneasy.

Just then the drinks came. The Poodle took a new lease on life. I heard Miss Atkinson saying to Erstelé:—

"He says I'm a good model, all right; so I guess it's a go."

"Oh!" I cried, thoroughly interested, "do you—are you a model? That must be fascinating." An artist's studio seemed to me the very heart of Bohemia.

She gazed at me in unaffected amazement.

"I can't say I think so," she drawled. "I do it for the queer money that's in it."

The Long Hands Again.

She turned again to Erstelé. "Say, we've got a fright in the cloak department. It's awfully funny I didn't mention to you I was goin' to Blank's. There's sure some class to that shop."

I gasped. At this point the Poodle began to talk. Something reminded him of a funny story. Nobody listened. He just talked. I did not see anything funny in the story, but all at once the Poodle seemed funny to me and the newspaper chap, with his would-be worldly air; Miss Atkinson with her "queer" way, and Erstelé most of all. Erstelé the artist! With his large brown eyes, set wide apart and mournful, like a cow's. He thought them tragic, I felt sure. And his hair, that long lock draped over his brow, after a picture of Byron in his bloom! I wanted to laugh outright.

The check came and the Poodle settled.

We rose to leave. In the confusion I dropped my handkerchief, all unconsciously.

"Permit me," said a low voice that made me start.

The man of the strange hands was returning to me my property. It was a handkerchief that mother had given to me at Christmas, a bit of linen cambric as fine as a cobweb. I was glad that it was so dainty.

"Oh! Thank you!" I cried.

He held the delicate thing above my outstretched palm and spread those long, slim fingers as if he had been casting off a bit of thistledown. There was such indescribable grace about the action, such subtlety, almost meaning. Yet what had he done? Nothing further than to show me a most ordinary courtesy. My hand burned as if he had touched it. And only by an effort of will did I keep my eyes from following him.

When we came outside Miss Atkinson and the Poodle got into a taxicab. The newspaper chap caught a downtown car and the original quartet, Mr. Andrews and Annette, Erstelé and I, walked home. It was a matter of but a few blocks.

Erstelé, I think, felt that he had rather neglected me all evening, so now he elected to be very playful in his manner, as one might amuse a small child. He little dreamed just what amusement he had afforded to me.

When we had reached our boarding house a taxicab slowed up alongside the curb and stopped. The man inside struck a match, and, shielding it from the wind, lighted his cigarette. Those long, white hands! My heart warned me. It was the man from Mouquin's.

"Thanks," he said to the chauffeur, "I have it." His voice sounded like a mocking wind.

I said good night to Erstelé and the others and ran up stairs, my heart beating strangely.

Why had he stopped the taxicab just there? What had he meant by those words to the chauffeur? What was it that he had?

Oh, nonsense! I had been by a coincidence. Surely the man had a right to light his cigarette, and even in New York one chanced upon the same face twice within the hour, sometimes.

I remembered him as I had seen him in the café. How much a part of the place he had seemed there at that late hour!

Then I thought of the incongruous ones—Erstelé and the newspaper chap and the Poodle.

"Why, they don't know what Bohemia is," I told the girl in the mirror.

She smiled at me from under the black hat.

"And what do you know of it, Miss Wise?" she asked.

I gazed at her earnestly. "I know, I know," I said, thinking very hard, "that Bohemia isn't a matter of cafés and drinks. Why, it isn't a place at all. Bohemia is just in your heart, and if you are not born with the love of it in your blood and a knowledge of all its ways and customs you may wander the wide world over, but you will never enter in."

"The Café Liberty was Bohemia to the champagne girl when she played on the violin.

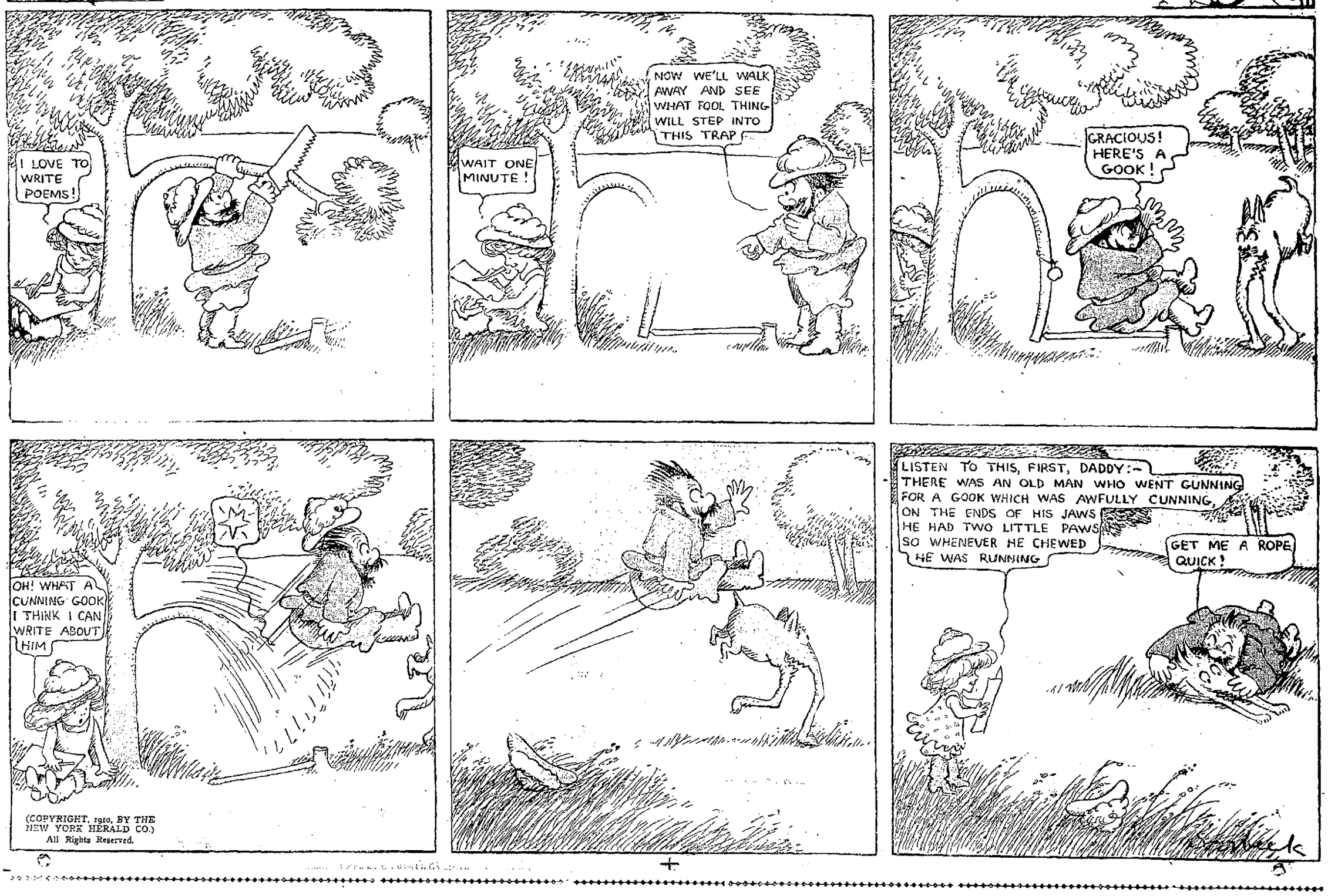
"Mouquin's was Bohemia to the man with the strange hands"——

"And to you?" suggested the girl in the mirror slyly.

"Er—yes," I agreed hurriedly. "Good night."

"If it had been sad before, now, oh! now it would break your heart to hear."

THE LOONY LYRICS OF LULU


I LOVE TO WRITE POEMS!
WAIT ONE MINUTE!
NOW WE'LL WALK AWAY AND SEE WHAT FOOL THING WILL STEP INTO THIS TRAP
GRACIOUS! HERE'S A GOOK!
OH! WHAT A CUNNING GOOK I THINK I CAN WRITE ABOUT HIM
LISTEN TO THIS, FIRST, DADDY:— THERE WAS AN OLD MAN WHO WENT GUNNING FOR A GOOK WHICH WAS AWFULLY CUNNING, ON THE ENDS OF HIS JAWS HE HAD TWO LITTLE PAWS SO WHENEVER HE CHEWED HE WAS RUNNING
GET ME A ROPE QUICK!

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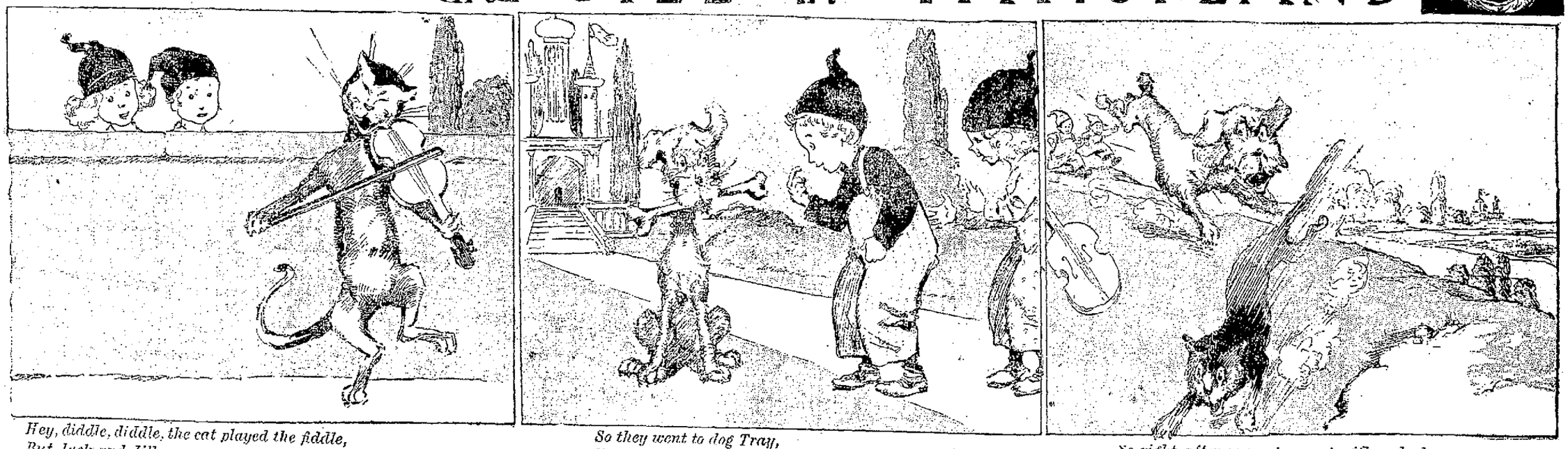
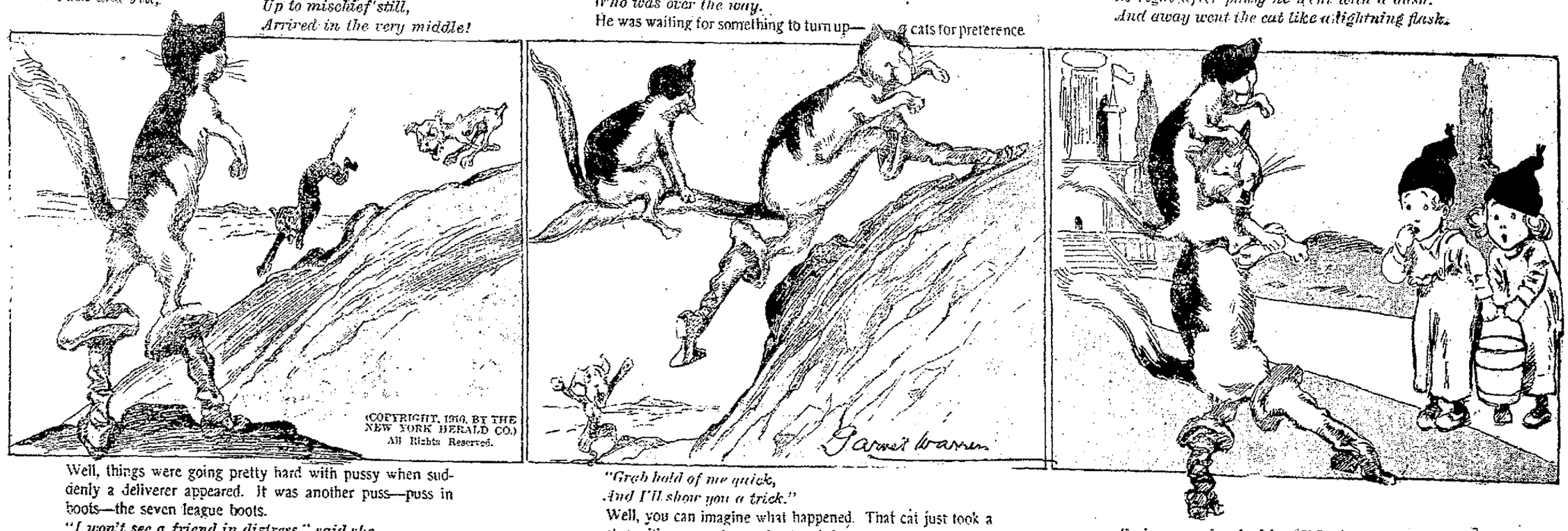
JACK and JILL in FAIRYLAND



Hey, diddle, diddle, the cat played the fiddle,
But Jack and Jill,
Up to mischief still,
Arrived in the very middle!

So they went to dog Tray,
Who was over the way.
He was waiting for something to turn up— cats for preference.

So right after pussy he went with a dash.
And away went the cat like a lightning flash.



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Well, things were going pretty hard with pussy when suddenly a deliverer appeared. It was another puss—puss in boots—the seven league boots.

"I won't see a friend in distress," said she.
"I'll rescue my sister-imm-ediatelee!"

"Grab hold of me quick,
And I'll show you a trick."

Well, you can imagine what happened. That cat just took a step with a seven league boot and they were over the mountain in a whisk.

So in very airy fashion did my cat come back.
And the joke was merely on the dog and Jill—and Jack.

THE WIDOW WISE

Verses by Paul West ✒ Drawings by W. H. Loomis

1.—A rising man was Blackstone Smith, a member of the Bar,
With talents which, it was declared, would take him very far;
So when he entered suit to win the charming Widow Wise
Her friends all said, "Don't lose this chance! Young Blackstone is a prize!"

2.—To court he asked the Widow, and she often went around
To hear him try his cases with a cleverness profound;
But, though she gauged the brilliancy with which he was imbued,
She thought, "His methods strike me as a little bit too shrewd!"

3.—The more she watched and listened and observed his legal stealth,
She doubted: "Would he be the man to trust with all my wealth?"
"Absurd!" exclaimed her confidants; "he's honest as the day.
A lawyer MUST be sharp to win. Don't throw this chance away!"

4.—So Blackstone's suit progressed with speed, until one fateful night
He thought the moment ripe had come a verdict to invite.
'Twas at a bridge whist party and he found a chance to say
That he'd be most enraptured if the Widow'd name the day.

5.—The Widow made no answer, though she fluttered like a dove.
"Aha!" he cried, "you doubt me! Well, you'll see I'll prove my love.
I swear before the evening ends I'll do it in some way."
And at this crucial moment came the signal starting play.

6.—Now, with her many talents, bridge was not the Widow's forte.
Besides, her heart was full of thoughts of quite another sort;
Yet every time as partner she obtained her ardent swain
They made the most astounding scores, again and still again.

7.—"It's strange," thought she, "the hands we hold each time it's Blackstone's deal."
And then a strange suspicion through her mind began to steal.
She watched him and her sharp eyes saw his deft hands "stack the deck,"
And a blush of scorn suffused her cheek and tinged her marble neck!

8.—The game was o'er. She faced young Smith. "I've proved my love," said he.
"Be mine and you'll always win and hold good hands, you'll see!"
She turned on him. "No, thank you, sir!" and anger lit her eyes.
"WHO CHEATS AT CARDS WOULD CHEAT AT LOVE!" exclaimed the Widow Wise

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A GAME FOR A GIRL

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

The Life and Fortunes of Richard Ferrier, Gallopin' Dick Sometime Gentleman of the Road.

LOVE laughs at locksmiths, they say; and, faith, 'tis true, as I have made it out in my experience. When a woman is a woman will do over a way, and 'tis a pretty frequent trick they have of willing, even despite their parents and their guardians. I have an eye for a lover, and if I cannot be he, I am content to let him be himself, more especially if the maid be not too much to my fancy. But there is no denying but what the girl I saw at the "Green Man" out of Shrewbury was a mighty taking creature. She was a slim pretty wench that knew how to use her clothes, and that a nod and a toss were not all the weapons that a girl needs to her hand. She sighed and smiled like any angel at the young oaf at her side. Well, it was not that he was an oaf, for I am only calling him that in that he was of a rustic habit. He was passably well-jointed, and had a smooth ingenuous face that was ripe, you might think, for sheer folly. But he was tolerable, though the wench was too handsome for him with her style. And yet with the perversity of her sex, 'twas plain her heart was set on him, and that she would not merely ogle him, whatsoever she might do to others.

She sat t'other side of the room, eating of her food, and casting me mild glances now and then, in part of wonder, no doubt; but I am not unaccustomed to the battery of female eyes. So I gave her back her shot with interest and presently, as if she thought she had done enough mischief, she turned to her man and gave him her attention. She hung on him, the sweetling, till I was driven to believe she was maybe as innocent of heart as of eye; and so I fell, too, and, having gotten a quart of good wine under my jacket, I mellowed towards 'em. Lord, they were turtle doves a-cooing, and the one helped t'other with a titbit, and t'other would and would not. 'Twas pretty enough for idle eyes. But 'twas time I was away, and so I rose and made for the door; the which I had no sooner reached than there was a tap on my shoulder.

"The devil!" says I, whipping out my sword.

But it was only Master Turtle with a kerchief that had fallen from my pocket.

"Ye're a pleasant friendly youth, lad," said I, "and your sweetheart would tempt a monk," I said.

"Lord love these innocents!" says I, seating myself, and staring at the girl with admiring eyes. She was fair like a May flower and dainty as blue skies in Spring, and it was a little time 'ere she could recover from her confusion.

"Name the day," said I, "and I will make free to send a wedding gift."

They looked on each other, and says the man, "Sir, you are good, but 'tis not determined."

"What!" cried I, "with that eloquent piece before me, you have not settled? If I waited a sennight I should deserve my peepers blinded," I said, "and not to tell black from white, or beauty from a beast?"

"O, sir, you mistake," he said, speaking some earnestness. "The fault lies not with me.

"'Tis my father," she panted, speaking for the first time, and in a pretty rural accent.

I nodded. "Ay, old hunks. I see well. 'Tis often so. They will not remember youth and roses and the bloom of May. Rip me, I would learn him had I the old thing here."

"Joan's father," says the young man, being thus encouraged, "is of an ill name."

"Well, Joan's a pretty one to make up," I said, laughing.

"Nay, but sir, 'tis a hard situation," he went on earnestly, "and as you are so kind you may like to hear it."

"Say on, my hero," said I, ordering another bottle, and crossing my legs under the table.

HE HAD CAST A FOUR AND THREE.

"'Tis this way," said he, eagerly, "Master Appleton took a wife when he was grown thin of blood and all that was human in him was burnt like a savaged heath in Summer."

"He should ha' known better," said I, burying my nose in the pot.

"And as he grew older his blood ran thinner," said the young man, now fairly taken up with his story, "so that his riches became to him more than wife or child."

"Riches are good," said I, "but I have known women I liked better."

"Then, sir, you will see how tragic this grew," says he mournfully. "For the mother died, and the child lived on with this hoarding miser, that would not use her as his own flesh and blood."

"An old skinflint!" said I, "I would I had him at the tip of my toasting fork."

"So that his happiness is naught to him," says this ceremonious youth, "and though I can offer her an honorable place, being schoolmaster to the village with no less than thirty pounds a year, he refuses, for his own profit, to let her go. He is as rich as Croesus, and will not suffer me in his house, desiring a wealthier suitor for her than shall pay him for the board.

"You don't say you are driven to more than?" I put in, with a smile at the pun that was as good as words, for I was by then of sufficient wine in the devil's name had to do her take up with this long-winded, church-jabbering, milk-and-water son of a cream.

"You have an open mind, sir," says he, "though I deplore the necessity."

"I implore your wig and waistcoat," said I. "You should thrash old hunk, until he cried for mercy!"

"Sir!" he cried, in surprise.

"There is only one way with fools and madmen," I said, "and that's the cudgel. There be some that add women to the list," I said, giving the maid a look, "but not I. I am of another kidney."

"I fear we have taxed you with the idle talk"—begins this sacristan, but I stopped his mouth.

"Oh, drink," says I, "drink to a better sense and more spirit, and confusion to old Hunks, the Miser." I winked at Miss, and tossing off my liquor, rose to go. If I was to reach my destination that night I must be ahorse, and, to say the truth, I was weary of the parsonical youth, though I should have liked well enough to have had the girl for company longer. He rose and gave me a bow, this pew-opener, and I doffed to Miss, and so got forth.

'Twas a fine night, and, though 'twas late for my errand, I trotted gently forward along the lanes, pretty content in mind, and singing like an innocent child at nurse. I had got a mile or so away when I descried against the twilight of the sky a man jogging along toward me; and at the same time I caught the measured tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp of a horse's pads, on the highway. I reined in, and waited, with the silly wine in my noddle; and of a sudden I burst out on the traveller as he reached the turn of the road where I stood. Lord, it was like roampadding of a sheep for all his squeals. He was an elderly thin man, something lanky, but bowed in his shoulders, and he carried a bundle and a great blunderbuss. This latter he slewed round about towards me with a cry of terror as I came up, as if it swung on a swivel, and bang went the contents right across the mare's crupper, startling her.

"Damn your silly head," said I. "D'ye think that is the way barkers should be used? I have half a mind to give you a lesson and take you for a target. Meanwhile and whilst I ponder it, friend, out with purse and baubles."

And thus, despite his protests, I ransacked his pockets, and found therein a purse of good yellow guineas, the which did please me. But all the time he shifted about in his saddle, moaning and bewailing his hard fate, and I saw that he held a hand behind him. So says I, suddenly reaching out and catching at this:

"Shake hands on it, old friend," I said, and pulled his arm forth.

He uttered a howl of misery, for what was clutched in his talons was a bag, and in that bag, slit me, was a pile of goldfinches.

"Ho! Ho!" said I, but ere I could say more he had begun on his old note, crying that he was a poor man, that these were his master's, and that he should die dishonored, and the like of that. I stowed the bag about my waist, and was for giving him some lessons in truth and honesty.

"This learns us, old gentleman"—I began solemnly, when he broke in, paying no heed, and, to my surprise in quite another voice.

"Sir, you are a man of your hands," he said, "and one that takes the hazards, I suppose."

"All are one to me," I said merrily.

"Then," he said earnestly, "here is something for your digestion. You have a small spoil there, wrested from me, after hard years of labor and toil. But what if you had the chance to double, nay, to quadruple, it?" he asked, pushing his nag close to mine in his anxiety to be understood.

"What mean ye?" I asked.

"'Tis true," he said, "that I am a poor man. But I have labored hard and have collected some few pieces of gold. I should lose them with an ill mind. Yet I have, like yourself, a heart for hazards, and I will make you an offer," he says. I stared on him in wonder. "You shall come with me," he pursued, catching my arm eagerly, "to my solitary house, and there you shall dice against me; and, if so be I lose, you shall have not only what you hold now, but all that is mine therein, which is four times this little. But if so be the lot falls to me, then you shall surrender what you have, and leave me in peace."

Now I sat looking on this strange creature with his strange proposal for some minutes in silence, for what he suggested perplexed me. And yet it tickled my curiosity. I could see the perils of it, but if he played me fair, there was something attractive in the notion. I am not a glutton for a guinea, but I like a game of chance. And so, said I, at last, revolving it all in my mind:

"Lead on, old beetle, and I follow. But beware lest you play me false."

"Sir, it shall be as I say," he answered, not without some dignity. And so we jogged along together in the direction he had pointed, but, as you may suppose, with one eye upon the lank old rogue.

Presently a twist of the lane brought us to an open green, in which twinkled a few lights, and I now pushed my mare abreast of the other nag and redoubled my watchfulness of my shifty companion.

"Sir," says he now in a trembling voice, "we are nearly at our destination, and I am obliged to you for your courtesy."

"You may quit civil terms," I said shortly, "until this occasion is celebrated. Where is your house?"

"Straight across the green," said he mildly, and we turned the horses thither.

I was not afraid of a mere village, let alone a puling hamlet, but somehow I distrusted my companion, and I was not for being tricked by an old knave. So I was not taken aback when, our horses swinging into a lane off the green, we came abruptly under the lights of a tavern.

"Josiua! Peter! Help! Thieves!" screamed the old man, suddenly seizing my leg.

But the old villain had reckoned without Dick Ryder, though there are plenty that would have been put about by the unexpectedness of the trick. I seized his rein swiftly, leaving him to pinch my leg as he willed, and, giving his nag the tip of my boot simultaneously, in a moment we were in a sharp canter. The tavern lights slipped by, and though I could hear the tramp of feet and the sound of voices, and guessed that some within had responded to his shouts, I had old bag of bones safe and sorry.

Well, I will own it was an odd business, this compact with the old trickster, but I was in a gamesome mood, and cared not. And, moreover, I was assured that he had had a lesson in conduct and would not attempt his treachery again. In this I was right, for there was nothing happened until we had pulled up before a house in a lonely road.

"This is where I live," said he, and would have descended, but I was before him and took him out of the saddle myself, leading him to the door. He opened it, and, still under my hand, fumbled for a flint and took out a light. The room in which we found ourselves was large and gloomy, with flagged floors, and an old table with two chairs stood before a dying fire. I looked on with a grin while he made his preparations, which he did with a shaking hand.

He went to a cupboard, and not knowing what he would bring forth there, I caught hold of his arm, at which he turned in a frenzy.

"You will get nothing more. 'Tis all hid," he cried excitedly. "Know this, that if you ransacked this house from floor to garret you would find nothing."

"Fool!" said I, "'tis the dice I want, and let's see who is master."

'Twas the dice, after all, that he was searching for, and when these were gotten out we sat to table, the light between us.

"Faith, old man," said I, "'tis cheerless hospitality. Where is your bottle?"

He rose mumbling, and went to the cupboard again, whence he took a bottle and glasses, and poured forth some *eau de vie*. He fumbled with the dice.

"The first throw, my nobleman," said I, "and if ye win here's your guineas." I set 'em on the table, and his eyes greened o'er with delight. But his fingers still shook. I rattled the box, and threw two fours. Out went his talons greedily to clutch the box, and he rattled and rattled till I thought he would never cease.

"Come, venture," I adjured him. "Launch your ships!"

There was a gurgle in his throat, and spasmodically the box went over. He had cast a four and a three. A scream escaped him, and he sat leaning against the table like a palsied man.

"You have no luck," said I grinning. "And now for the coffers!"

He made no move, so I clapped the pistol to his head.

"On my oath, I will fire," said I, "if you do not carry out your word, like a man of honor."

"Stay, good sir," says he, quavering and clutching of the table. "I have another course to propose—a merry course."

"Give up. Concede!" I threatened.

He clasped at my arm with his claws tremulously.

"I will give up. You shall have all," says he, gasping, "but there is something better." He gazed wildly about the stone room, and his eyes lighted on something that seemed to stir him to speech. "I have, good sir," he went on in a wheedling, caressing voice, "God hath blessed me with a lovely daughter—a beautiful innocent." He held up his hands as though in admiration.

"The more is she to be pitied for such a father," said I.

"Sir," said he eagerly, "we will have one more throw. Sir, the dice be ready to hand. And you shall wager your winnings and all against my lovely daughter, the beauteous innocent."

I was taken aback in fair amazement at the old goat's proposal, but I was not the one to stay at a good hazard, no, nor one to buy a pig in a poke. So says I

"Where is this daughter of yours whom you rate so highly?"

He stared about the room, as if listening. "She should be in bed," says he. "Oh, she is a pretty innocent, a lamb, and goeth early to her sleep. She should be in bed above."

For a moment I said naught, looking on him and wondering. I was not in need of his gold, damn him——

"What looking maid is she?" said I. "As like her daddy as two peas," said I, jeering. "Rip me, am I to risk a golden fortune for a girl with a parsely face and carrots?"

"Sir, she hath a skin like a peach, she hath blue eyes; her face is cream; her hair is like waving amber," says he, with enthusiasm. "But I swear you shall see her, if you will consent."

Again was I silent, whistling a stave unto myself, but, sink me, I knew not what to make of it. Yea I was in the mind to think shame of this unnatural father that would barter his daughter for his gold.

SHE SAT T'OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM, EATING OF HER FOOD AND CASTING ME MILD GLANCES.

"Well"——I began at last, taking up the dice, but in good sooth I scarce knew what I would say; but he, whose face had been working all the time, and at the back of whose sordid brain the thoughts and fears had been driving like mice in a wainscotting, broke in quickly.

"Nay, nay; I will exchange," he cried feverishly. "I will not toss. 'Tis unseemly, and against law," he says, "to put all fortune to the fall of a die. But I will make a bargain with ye. You shall take my daughter, exchange her against the gold."

"Bah!" said I, throwing down the dice, so that they scattered on the floor. "Bah, you limb of Beelzebub! You would sell your own flesh and blood, your own innocent lamb, your ewe-lamb, your lambkin that dances among the flowers. Pah, you old satyr, there's non so foul as you, I'll warrant, even in the purlieus of London town!"

"You will not!" he cried. "You refuse?"

"Aye, a thousand times, you muck-worm!" I said, and rapped on the table loudly with my barker. "Forth, then, with your treasury. Disgorge, old satyr, or I will blow your carcase into slithers. Up, man, and deliver!"

I shouted this loud in my anger at his baseness; and then turned my head sharply, for a noise caught my ears. It came from a door t'other side of the room, and I fastened my eyes on it. As I did so it opened, and there was a light on the stairs and behind the light a figure of a woman, robed in some white night-rail, and a white and frightened face above it, crowned with golden hair.

"Damn my boots!" said I, open-mouthed at this apparition.

"Joan! Ah, Joan, my dear!" cooed the old man.

"S'life!" cried I, and gaped again, for, if you will believe me, 'twas no other than the girl I had met in the tavern that had looked so sweetly on me, and was with the young school-master.

"Father, what is this? Are you ill?" she asked, and then her eyes travelling across the intervening space to me, she cried out in fear.

"Mistress Joan," said I, recalling my wits, "you need fear naught from me. 'Twas a point of argument your father and I had together. I pray you, go back to your slumbers in security, my pretty."

"Ah, is she not pretty?" whispered the old fiend, nearing me.

"Get you gone," said I curtly to him. "Get you away, lest I forget your age, and strike you."

"What is it, sir?" says the girl Joan, coming down a step into the room. "Why speak you so roughly to my father?"

At that a notion came to me, seeing her there in her beauty the more enhanced by her nocturnal habit; and so said I with a sharp cunning to old hunks.

"Get you away, fool. I would have some talk with her."

"Yes, yes," said he eagerly, as if seeing his wishes carried forth, and the gold reclaimed; and he made off. But I was wise enough to see him locked safely in a further room. Then I came back to Miss.

"Oh, what is all this sir?" she demanded fearfully.

"My angel, 'tis a clear case of rum-padding," said I briskly with a long congee to her. "But I swear you shall sit in Paradise, and be no worse for it a whit—only old stingy sobersides yonder."

"I do not understand, sir," says she, looking puzzled. "Have you robbed my father?"

"You may call it that," I answered. "All that he hath is mine. But 'tis you I want," I said. "You with your pretty eyes and little smiles, and cajoling humors."

"Sir," she drew back affright. "I do not know—I—'Tis but a jest. Oh, you cannot mean it."

"Why, 'tis all agreed 'twixt old hunks and me," I said, encouraging her to lose her fears.

She leaned back against the wall as if in a faint. "But I am promised, sir, to—oh," she wrung her hands, "I cannot understand this. I fear you. And I thought you had so generous a face!"

Now this touched me on the raw, and 'twas plain also that I had mistook her, and that she was other than her smiles and glances would prove her. Lord, 'tis as hard to know women as 'tis to win a battle. But I have sharper eyes than most men, and I soon spied what was wrong. She was indeed the innocent her miserable father had proclaimed her. And, faith, she loved young Sheep-face and was true to him. But that's the silly way of women. So said I, in a whimsical voice:

"Well, maybe, I know when a bargain should be dropped, and I'll keep that face you speak of, Mistress Joan."

"What bargain?" she asked, opening her eyes.

"Why, 'twas an exchange of beauty for gold, and well worth it; so you can keep that for smiles in your mirror."

"With my father? You? A bargain?" she exclaimed, her face moving with wonder and then dismay; and then, as I was silent, she flushed red, and buried her face in her hands. "Oh, he hath outraged me," she cried. "Oh, 'tis the last, the very last and worst that I could bear!"

It was like the cry of a child that is hurt and hath no refuge from hurt.

"He is a dung-fork not worth tears," said I, consolingly. But she wept on. "Look you here, mistress," I said, "there is this schoolmaster of yours, and damme, I will set you up with your father's gold. He has lost his all to me, and I will exact it from him to the uttermost farthing."

"My father's gold!" she said, and stared. There was a change on her face, and she drew back. "The gold you have stolen from him!" she exclaimed.

"Rot me, 'tis better with you than with him," I said, with some impatience at such scruples.

She shook her head. "Perhaps you mean me well," she said dolefully, "I know not. But I may not take that which is wickedly taken."

The girl put me out of temper, and I saw now pretty clearly that she was not such a doxy as would have served me. But she was handsome enough, and appealing too, like a helpless kitten. And I was come to an end of my endurance.

"Oh, well," said I, taking a sudden resolution to be quit of all at a blow, "have it your own way. But I am master of the situation, and will do what I will with my own."

I went to the door of the room where the miser was, and unlocked it.

"Come forth," I said. "We may now come to terms."

He came out, with a brightened face, looking at one and the other of us.

"You will take her?" he hoarsely whispered.

"Aye," said I, "I will give ye back your money for her, and here 'tis."

I slapped the purse and the bag upon the table, which he greedily seized on.

"And now the girl's mine," I said.

"Yes, yes," he assented, counting up his guineas, to see if they were right; but Miss looked on with a mighty scared face.

"Why, then," said I, "if she be mine, she is mine to do what I will with."

"Yes, yes," said he, still counting.

"You shall set that down on paper," I said, and forthwith made him furnish the implements of the craft.

"Sir!"—began the girl, trembling, but I hushed her with my hand.

"Mistress, by this token, duly signed, ye're mine," I said, lifting the document. "And so I can dispose of you as I will. So go you to your jackanapes of a schoolmaster, and weep on his bosom," I said.

She gaped; and the old man's jaw dropped.

"'Tis a trick," he began in a shrill and wheezy voice.

"If you shut not your mouth I will close it by other means," I cried. "You have your money, which is more to you than flesh and blood. And the innocent beauty is mine to bestow. She shall to her lover, if I say so."

He was silent, and then resumed furtively on his guineas. But the girl came towards me, white of face. "I misunderstood you, sir—you are"——She stopped.

"Here's your liberty—here's your warrant," I said, giving her the paper her father had signed. "And what happiness you may get by exchanging a skinflint for a popinjay take a God's name."

And with that I went to the door, leaving her dazed, and the old man hanging over his treasure.

I mounted the mare and rode off, tickled with myself at my neat behavior; for I have never gotten out of a difficulty with more grace than on that occasion; and I have been in many a one in my time.

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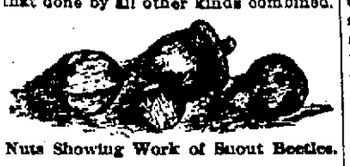
NEXT WEEK A WALL STREET SCOOP BY ARTHUR REICHMAN

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE FARMER

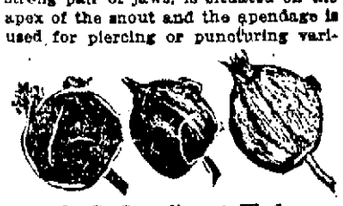
SNOUT BEETLES INJURE NUTS AND FRUIT

Nuts are attacked by a great variety of insects but the most serious injuries are done by moths and snout beetles. The larvae of several species of moths may be found in chestnuts, beechnuts, hickorynuts, hazelnuts and acorns, particularly in nuts that have their shells broken so as to permit easy entrance to the kernel by the insects. The damage wrought by the class of insects known as snout beetles, however, is greatly in excess of that done by all other kinds combined.



Nuts Showing Work of Snout Beetles.

The term "snout beetle" is applied to the adults of a group of insects on account of the peculiar structure of the head, the front part of which is prolonged into a snout or proboscis. In some species this snout is short and stout and in others it is long and slender and wire-like. In the females of some of the nut weevils it is longer than the rest of the body. The mouth which is armed with a minute but strong pair of jaws, is situated on the apex of the snout and the appendage is used for piercing or puncturing various kinds of plant tissue to obtain food and to provide an opening in which to deposit eggs.

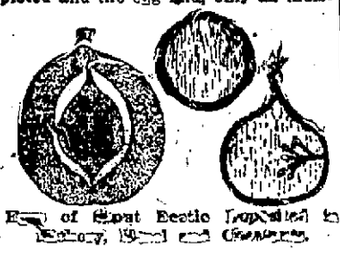


Apple Curculios at Work.

The plum curculio is a snout beetle about one-fifth of an inch long. It is armed with a curved snout one-third as long as the body.

The snout of the apple curculio is almost as long as the rest of the body, or three times the length of that of other species. This snout is carried projecting forward like an elephant's trunk, as is the case with the plum snout beetle.

In attacking the fruit the apple curculio bores through the skin, in a manner similar to that of the other species, but after the puncture is completed and the egg laid, only an indistinct speck is left on the surface to mark the place of an injury whereas the plum curculio makes the conspicuous crescent-shaped mark.



Egg of Snout Beetle Inserted in Cherry, Plum and Quince.

The larvae of most of the species of beetles and curculio remain in the nuts and fallen fruit some time after they drop to the ground. If these are all gathered carefully and thoroughly and the worthless ones fed to hogs or burned many larvae will be destroyed and the generation of beetles that would injure the next season's nuts be greatly reduced.

GROWING BLACKBERRIES PROFITABLY.

The most important thing in growing blackberries successfully is a moist soil, not one in which water will stand, but one rich enough in humus to hold sufficient moisture to carry the plant through the growing season.

I find that the best results will be obtained if the blackberry bushes are planted in the fall, in October or November, setting the smaller growing kinds 4x7 feet apart and the larger varieties 6x8 feet apart.

Thorough cultivation throughout the season will help in a material degree to hold the moisture necessary to perfect a good crop.

The soil should be cultivated very shallow, so as not to disturb the roots of the plants. Breaking the roots starts a large number of suckers which have to be cut out and destroyed.

Blackberries, like dewberries and raspberries, bear but one crop on the cane. That is, canes which spring up one year, bear the next year.

From three to six canes are sufficient to be kept in each hill. The superfluous ones must be thinned out as soon as they start from the ground.

The old canes should be cut off soon after fruiting and burned.

The new shoots must be pinched back at the height of two or three feet if the plants are to support themselves.

If they are to be fastened to wires, the canes may be allowed to grow through the season and be cut back when tied to the wires in the winter or early spring.—W. Hanson, Illinois.

A GOOD CORN CROP.

One of our neighbors is greatly pleased over his fine corn crop this year. He says he never before bought seed corn, but last spring having attended the short course at the Agricultural College, concluded to try some pedigreed seed. He had to pay $2.00 a bushel for it but he is convinced that it was cheap at that. He says the field stand is almost perfect, the corn is a fine color, strong and vigorous, in fact the best looking crop in the township, and he attributes it to good seed and the new methods of preparing the seed bed, cultivation and things learned at the short course. If this man keeps up his enthusiasm and follows up his present good resolutions he will be selling pedigreed corn himself the next thing we know.—S. M. C.

THE NEED OF AN AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION

Every Farmer Who Wants His Son to Be a Farmer Too Should Give His Boy An Education at an Agricultural College, and Should Attend Short Courses Himself Whenever He Can

By J. A. MARTIN, Memphis, Tenn., in Southern Farm Advocate.

Lawyers, doctors, civil engineers and architects are professional men. They spend years and years of constant study to attain that knowledge that will fit them for the front ranks of their professions. Only those who do study ever make a great success. A man cannot be a great surgeon simply because his father was. He must study, for the knowledge of his father cannot be inherited, nor can it be passed on simply by word of mouth. While the son of an architect may be gifted with certain talent, he, too, must study, for the talent will avail him little unless he knows mathematics.

Few men in life have made a success without education, and those few who have, have had inborn shrewdness to employ educated men or use educated men to formulate plans to carry out their schemes. The lack of education has whetted their ambition to "be somebody," and to be somebody they must have aid. Therefore they turn to the man with the education along the line they wish to move.

The surgeon studies for years before he ever touches a knife or instrument. It would be impossible for him to become a surgeon, either by watching the work of others or by experimenting alone on human bodies. He must first possess knowledge of anatomy.

And how is it with the man upon whom the whole world leans?

How is it with the man who if he would quit his work for sixty days could paralyze mines, railroads, cities and towns; who could wreck banks, overthrow governments and make gold as worthless as clay?

We speak of the farmer—the very axle upon which the wheel of life itself turns.

Agriculture is the axle of the world. Money is the hub. Commerce is the spokes and rim that completes the wheel. The grease that will prevent a hot box is agricultural education. "Grease" the brains of our boys and girls and the wagon will run easy. The load will be success.

But some may be asking what the motive power is. There is none yet—save the natural law of gravitation and momentum. The wagon of life is only coasting. It will take a long time to reach the bottom of the hill—the "Valley of Desolation"—where the lands have been robbed and impoverished and the nations of earth will starve. But by that time a new motive power will have been found. It will be Ambition, who with bowed neck and sturdy legs, champing upon the bit of resolution will pull the load to the top of the hill.

But enough of dreaming and back to earth now.

Farming is a business—just as any other occupation. Yet, it is the most negligently conducted of all.

The average farmer is one because his father was or because his lot made him one. And this son will probably be a farmer, too, because he knows more about farming than anything else. Yet unless this boy has caught the true spirit of the farm and loves the work; unless he sees the beauty of the life that throbs in everything around him—he cannot make a success and will farm simply to make a living.

The love of farming is peculiar only to the best farmers—the ones who love and understand their work. No man can succeed at any work he does not love. The farmer who does not love his work, who does not love his stock, his crops, his very home, is not likely to make the success that the man who does love his work will make.

No class of work requires a higher grade of training or special qualifications than farming.

The Southern farmer has been sleeping upon his oars. The fish have been striking all around. He has been baiting the hook and the other fellow has been doing the "stringing."

The cry of "back to the farm" is yelled the loudest by those who have an ax to grind. It is usually the railroad president who notices decreased tonnage, or the real estate man, who has farm lands for sale.

The restoration of rural life depends upon the farmers themselves. They alone must solve the problem and upon them depends the saving of the rural South to the white race.

The cotton crop of the South is made by the "one-horse" farmer; the little fellow in the fork of the creek; the little fellow who drives a mouse-colored mule (for which he paid an exorbitant price) to a cheap plow (that cost him dearly); the litt'e fellow who actually plows the ground, plants the seed, cultivates the crop and picks it with the aid of his blue eyed babies and wife. He is the backbone of the South.

If the world depends upon the big cotton plantation owners for cotton it would go almost naked. They are planters only in name. They hold and control thousands of acres, but they sublet their lands to ignorant negroes and sap a living from these.

The greatest curse of the South today is its big plantations and the subletting of these lands to negro tenants. It is ruining the rural South to the white race.

There is a certain farmer in Chester county, Tenn., (and there are thousands like him) who owns a little farm of sixty acres. It is a jewel. He lives upon it; buys nothing save sugar, salt, coffee, clothes, and farm implements and tools. Yet his dear little home is entirely surrounded by negro "share croppers," and his closest white neighbor is eight miles away. He fears to leave his wife at home in the day time and is afraid to send his little girls to the county school. He is prosperous enough to send them to college, but hates to take them from their mother, who would be all alone during the long, long day. He has everything on his farm to make life attractive, music, books, etc., except decent companionship.

Oh, the pity of such cases!

And yet there is a solution to these terrible problems that face the Southern farmers. It cannot be worked by the "back to the farm" cries. It can be worked only by the farmers themselves.

The beginning point must be with our boys and girls. Just so long as they have to gaze upon black cotton stalks all fall, winter and spring, just so long as they must live in isolation and be denied the pleasure of companionship; just so long as they must sit in uncomfortable rural schools and be taught by teachers who know little more than themselves—just so long will they want to leave the farms and seek the crowded cities and towns with their glamour of life.

It cannot be denied (except dishonestly) that city life is pleasanter than country life in the South.

It is easy enough for glib-tongued writers to dream of the limpid streams, the song of birds, the smell of new-turned earth and the whistle of the barefoot boy in the field. But the limpid streams are far, far fewer than stagnant bayous, and baked fields and red gullies are in greater evidence than the new-turned earth. Tired, worn-out, discontented boys are far more numerous than the whistling kind.

No wonder boys and girls leave the farms. No wonder they do not love their home as they should, and all the talk in the world telling them of the evils of city life will not discourage that desire to go there.

The city boy or girl who goes to the country to live is rarely ever content. He or she does not like the quiet and the inconveniences and longs to get back to town. It is far easier to alienate a country boy from country life than it is to make a city boy forget the city.

We want the boys and girls to love the farm, the growing crops, the sweet-scented clover, the blooming orchards, blooded stock, etc., and to think out the problems of life as typified in the mysteries of nature. And we want them to hate conditions that deprive them of the ability to love and strive for such things.

PACKING APPLES PROPERLY FOR THE MARKET

Never ship bruised fruit, because every bruise means quick decay and rotting fruit never brings its cost on the market. Some growers harvest their fruit by shaking it onto the ground on beds of straw placed around the trees or knocking it off with poles and clubs. Fruit gathered in this way is almost worthless.

Fruit should be picked in bags or baskets slung around the picker's neck in order that he may use both hands and every individual fruit should be laid, not thrown, into the receptacle. Growers of fine oranges have learned that even the slight abrasions made by the picker's finger-nails will cause decay, and in many orchards the pickers are provided with gloves to prevent injury of this kind.

Apples Wrapped in Paper and Packed in Boxes.

Next to proper picking comes grading, and many growers consider this the most important operation in preparing fruit and vegetables for market. This work can best be started in the field with the growing of the crop. Careful cultivation means fewer culls and less expense for sorting and grading.

Usually fruits and vegetables are divided into three grades, "Firsts" or "Primes," "Seconds" and "Culls." "Firsts" must be uniform in size, color and shape, of an even degree of ripeness, and free from insect injuries, bruises and all other defects. "Seconds" must be good, fairly uniform specimens, not noticeably marked by insects or other damage. "Culls" are those specimens which are left.

Each package should be filled with the same grade throughout. If this is done the top layer may be faced by arranging one to three layers of fruit to increase the attractiveness of the package. This is honest and perfectly legitimate, provided the entire contents are of the same grade as those placed on top.

Properly Packed Apples.

Fall and winter apples for the local market may be allowed to fully ripen but should be picked before the mellowing process begins. Summer, fall, and winter varieties for long-distance shipment or storage should be gathered as soon as fully grown and colored. The fruit should be allowed to become thoroughly cool before shipment. If packed in barrels or boxes in the orchard, they should be kept in a cool shed for a day or two before being put into cars, and no fruit should be shipped in carload lots or kept in refrigerator cars.

To show the importance of the proper grading and packing of fruit it may be mentioned that some apples sold on the New York market at $4 per barrel, while apples from the same orchard at the same time sold at $4 per box. The former were ungraded, while the latter were graded, wrapped and well packed.

Most of the fancy fruit from the western States sold on the eastern markets is wrapped in paper and packed in boxes. Apples of this kind frequently sell on the Chicago, New York and other big markets at 5 cents each, while if they were packed indiscriminately in barrels they would not bring one-third of that sum.

NEW DAIRY RECORD

It remained for the Missouri College of Agriculture at Columbia, Missouri, to raise and develop the Champion Dairy Cow of all the world. Missouri Chief Josephine, a Holstein-Friesian cow finished her six months test on July 16th, producing 17,008.8 pounds, and average of 98.4 pounds of milk daily for 182 days. This is equivalent to 46.7 quarts, or 11.8 gallons every day. Her highest record for one day was 110.4 pounds. This record is the more remarkable because no special preparation had been made for this test and Josephine has done her full duty in the regular dairy herd of the University, having had five calves in five and one-half years.

Not only has this record smashed all previous world's records for milk production, but the per cent. of butter fat is increasing daily, so that, barring accidents this cow will undoubtedly produce more butter during a period of twelve months than any other cow that has ever been tested in the world.

This cow is but one of a number of remarkable cows owned by the University of Missouri and maintained solely for the instruction of its students in Agriculture and for investigational purposes. Only twenty Jersey cows in the history of the world have produced more than 700 pounds of butter in one year. Five of these cows, or 25 per cent. of the total number are owned and were bred by this Missouri institution. The College owns more than 800 pure bred and registered animals, belonging to 17 distinct breeds.

Josephine's record exceeds the present world's record for six months by 1458 pounds.

LARGER CROPS POSSIBLE.

How long will the farmers of the great corn belt go along satisfied to raise 20 to 35 bu. of oats per acre? If they will take pains to find out what it costs they will learn that they cannot earn 5 per cent on land that is worth $100 per acre—and nearly all land is now worth that and more. It costs about 16 cents per bushel to raise oats, according to very careful tests by the Illinois station. Now, there is no money in oats at the average price when it costs so much money to raise the crops and we must make the land produce more.

Our corn belt farms are capable of producing 75 bushels per acre, and such a yield is nearly as paying a crop as corn; it cuts down the cost of production one-third. The Illinois experiment farm has produced 97½ bushels per acre. We must economically give our seed bed a much better preparation. We will never raise oats profitably until we set a high mark and plan our rotations and systems of farming eventually to reach it. A permanent system of agriculture means sensible rotations, and the application of plant food in as large or larger amounts than leave the farm, year after year, and generation after generation. Any other plan is hardly worth thinking out.

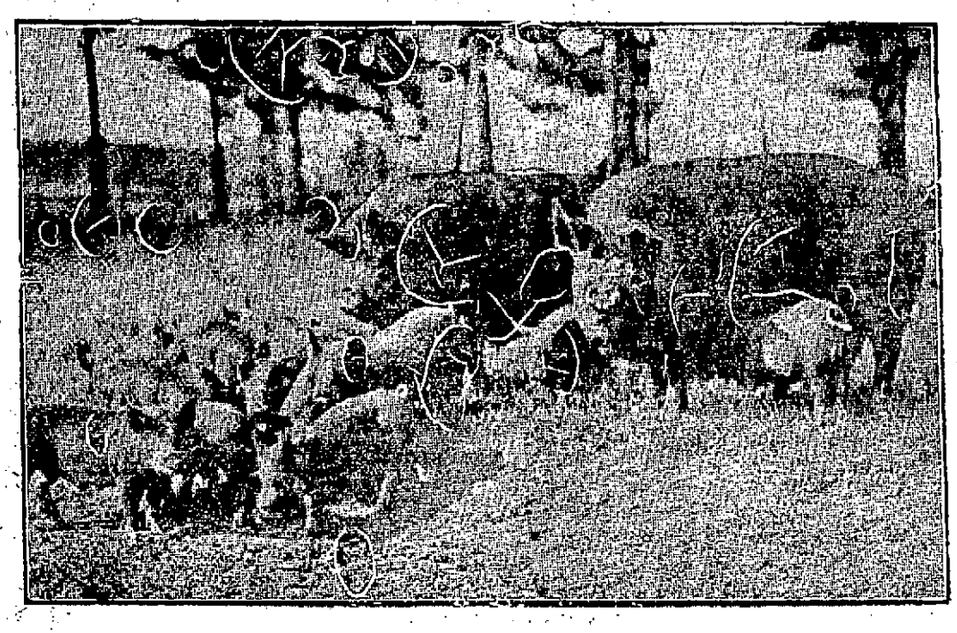
When this is done the production of 100 bushels of oats or 100 bushels of corn per acre will not be the exception but the rule.

HAULING MANURE.

Manure can be hauled and scattered over some portion of the farm every month of the year to good advantage. It is much better to leave it on the land than in the barn yard or in piles near the farm buildings. The manure spreader is a wonderful help in lightening the work of unloading and obtaining an even distribution over the soil.

Why not screen the windows of the stables?

A GROUP OF MONEY MAKERS



THE PRODUCTION OF VEGETABLE SEEDS

There is profit in raising high grade seed. Seed crops of sweet corn, garden peas, and beans of good quality are in ever-increasing demand, and the quantity needed yearly has become so large that the seedman is obliged to have the major portion of his stock grown for him by others.

Within the past few years there has been an enormous increase in the quantity of seeds produced for commercial purposes. This has been due in large measure to the development of seed growing and handling as a business. There are now nearly one thousand seed firms doing business in the United States. One of the largest of these uses buildings with an aggregate floor space of more than 16 acres. This space is much larger than was occupied by the entire seed trade of the country only fifty years ago. The quality also has vastly improved.

One of the most encouraging developments in the growing of garden vegetables is the increasing recognition of the practical importance of using pure and uniform stocks of seed whose varietal characteristics adapt them to distinct local conditions and market requirements. Another consideration is the fact that the growing of seed crops of these vegetables can be undertaken without any radical change in farm practice or material increase in farm equipment. These conditions make this industry well worth the attention of farmers who are located where soil and climatic conditions are favorable for the best development of such seeds.

However, the raising of these vegetables for seed crops is not recommended for all circumstances, even when soil and climate are suitable. The farmer who contemplates undertaking seed crop farming, will do well to consider thoroughly the many elements which enter into profits. Seedsmen are often able to place contracts for growing seed at very low prices—even lower than that at which grain of these same species can be sold on the market. Such a condition might be due to any of several causes, but usually rests on an over supply or a demand for an inferior product.

The general tendency now, however, is decidedly in the other direction, and both seed dealers and seed growers can do much by cooperation to further this tendency.

Dealers should not buy by sample, no matter how good the samples may be, but should endeavor to limit his supply to seed which he knows was grown from pure and true stock seed and, as far as possible, to that which was subject while growing to his own inspection. Knowledge, experience, and care, on the part of the grower will, also contribute much to a higher standard, and consequently to higher prices and better market conditions generally.

FARMING IN CEYLON

General farming is practically an unknown enterprise in the island of Ceylon. In the early days of the British occupation the European population was too small and widely scattered to induce any capitalist to embark on such a venture. Every available acre of land was planted in coffee and such subsidiary source of profit making as general farming was never seriously thought of. Tea succeeded coffee as the chief industry, and the new capital that flowed into the island was all invested in it. Tea is still a great industry, but a greater has sprung up in rubber, and with two such profitable openings for capital it is not surprising that farming has failed to attract the attention it deserves.

To commemorate a royal visit in 1870 a wealthy Singhalese philanthropist donated 100,000 rupees ($32,442) to open a model farm. The governor made a grant of land in Colombo for the site of the farm and appointed a committee to arrange the lines on which it was to be worked. Cattle, sheep and pigs were imported from Europe, substantial buildings were put up, and for a time it appeared that the model farm was going to be true to its name. But the experiment, it appears, was based on wrong lines. The site was altogether unsuitable, being subject to periodical inundations. The upkeep of the farm swallowed all the available money, the venture went from bad to worse, and finally a severe flood carried off all the live stock, damaged the buildings, and brought the experiment to an end within a few years.

General farming in Ceylon on sound business principles will return a handsome profit. It could rely for its success chiefly on the raising of live stock and the supplying of eggs, butter, and milk to the Colombo hotels and the well-to-do residents, both European and Ceylonese. If vegetable and fruit farming can be worked in conjunction with it, so much greater will be its chances of success.

FELLING TREES BY ELECTRICITY.

According to a statement issued by the Siemens-Schuckert Company of Berlin, Germany, the felling of trees by means of wires heated by electric currents, which has been described in various newspapers, cannot be accomplished in a practical and economical manner, for the following reasons: The wire, to cut effectively, must be very tightly stretched and is therefore very liable to rupture, in consequence of its high temperature.

The redhot wire carbonizes the wood, and the charcoal, if allowed to accumulate, protects the interior parts from the heat of the wire. In order to remove the charcoal, the wire must be roughened and moved to and fro lengthwise, so that the operation is still a sort of sawing, and the motion and roughening increase the liability to rupture.

AUGUST WORK IN THE GARDEN.

Apply fertilizers to gross feeders in midsummer, and give plenty of water. Shear and trim all foliage plants to keep in good shape.

During the hot months pansies will not bloom much; try cutting the plant back for fall flowering. Hot weather blooming weakens the plant.

Mulch dahlias, cannas, caladiums and like plants with coarse manure and deluge with water. If water cannot be had, withhold the manure, as manure alone is drying.

Fine, well-rotted manure is a good mulch for tea roses. Prune by cutting the blossoms lavishly with long stems, in order to induce vigorous blooming branches.

To induce nasturtiums to bloom in rich soil strip off most of the leaves and all seed pods and let the sun to the stalks. Nasturtiums bloom best in poor soil.

Nearly all plants thrive best if given plenty of breathing space, either by spacing when transplanting, or by pruning off the side branches. Many plants give larger and better bloom for this vigorous lopping off.

But roses now. Choose healthy vigorous stock. A very pleasing effect is had by inserting buds of different varieties, generally teas, on the same stock. This makes a fine showing.

TO TIE A CORK IN A BOTTLE.

First make a loop in a piece of strong twine and pass both ends through at B and A. Place the loop over the neck of the bottle and draw it snugly at A and tie in a hard knot at B, when there will be a string on both sides of the bottle to tie firmly over the cork, also a handy loop to handle the bottle with.

PROTECT FROM THE HEAT.

Provide shade for the little pigs during the hot weather. Their skin is tender and scalds and blisters easily under the scorching rays of the sun. They cannot do well unless given such reasonable protection from the weather as most every farmer can provide with trifling or no expense.

CARE IN HANDLING WAX.

There is probably no product of the apiary that shows a greater percentage of loss than in the wax that is lost by imperfect methods of extracting it from the comb. Wax brings a good price at all times, requires no particular care to keep if desired to hold for any season, can be shipped at any time and in any manner without danger of injury in transit, so that every ounce that can be saved means just so much saved to show on the right side of the account for the year.

ARGENTINA'S BLOODED STOCK.

That the number of blooded animals in Argentina is increasing is shown by the new handbook forwarded from Buenos Aires. On February 28, 1910, there were registered 29,077 bulls (22,117 being Shorthorn), 34,191 cows (25,146 Shorthorn), and 22,058 sheep (20,178 Lincoln). Most of the 12,037 blooded horses are Clydesdale, Percheron, and Shire.

Experience shows that farmers who have made a practice of keeping live stock on the farm have as a rule, been more successful than those depending solely upon grain.

HIGH PRICES IN MALAYSIA.

Consul-General James T. Du Bois, of Singapore, notes that the cost of living in the Straits Settlements has increased with the upward trend of foodstuffs throughout the world. A medium quality of bacon costs 29 cents a pound; beef, 17; butter, 37; chickens, 19; capons, 23; ham, 31; lard, 14; pork, 20; turkey, 40; salt, 1½; sugar, 5; tea, 34; coffee, 13; onions, 6; cucumbers, 2½; celery, 3; potatoes, 4½; rice, 3½; bananas, 6 per dozen; eggs, 21 per dozen; fresh milk, 11 per quart; bread, 3½ per loaf.

FOR GRAZING PASTURE.

Rye sown in August will make, if weather conditions are at all favorable, excellent grazing for stock through the fall when the pastures are short of feed. This is recommended by several experiment stations.

COAL ASHES.

Little value attaches to coal ashes as fertilizer. In some classes of soil it might be beneficial to use as a mechanical agent but it would have little other value. In closely compacted soils or clays the mechanical action of coal ashes might be in a measure beneficial by loosening the substance of the soil and permitting a freer circulation of air and water, though the use of such ashes is of doubtful value.

Any soil which could be improved in this mechanical way would doubtless be equally improved by the growth of clover, alfalfa, cowpeas or some other legume the long roots of which would have the effect of loosening up the soil, of adding a quantity of humus to it when the crop is plowed under, and of fertilizing it very materially by the development of the nitrogen secreting bacteria on the roots.

THE VELVET BEAN.

In the far South the velvet bean has a great value and may supersede the cowpea as a forage-maker. In Florida the beggar weed has been found valuable, but its value decreases rapidly as we come northward, until in the larger part of the South it is simply a weed. The velvet bean, while of great value where it matures, soon reaches a point northward where the cowpea will beat it

SKIBBY TURNS the JUDGE'S TRICK

By William Chester Estabrook

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"UXTRY! Uxtry! All 'bout de big shipwreck on de New York Central!" The voice sounded shrilly, and Walter Skibbons, hearing it, turned from his course down town and hurried toward lower Dillon street, whence the cry came.

He knew just what that cry meant. It was the call of the Dillon street gang, a band of little newspaper pirates who worked their game along a thoroughfare that was literally lined with barrel houses and saloons.

If their prospective customer was so drunk that he saw nothing unusual about a shipwreck on a railroad, and if he made it known that he desired a paper, they immediately surrounded him, each apparently clamoring for the sale. If he had the exact change, well and good. But if his uncertain hand brought forth a large coin or a bill the money was snatched from him and passed from one to another of the gang till the befuddled victim could not have sworn in whose possession it actually was. The gang then "beat it," and if the victim complained to the police—as had sometimes happened—he found himself unable to identify any one of the dozen boys who had danced so tantalizingly about him.

Skibby soon came to the man who was being "done." He was an old man with a dissipated face and a "jag" which made it almost impossible for him to keep his feet. One wabbly hand clutched the newspaper that had been thrust into it and the other extended a ten dollar bill.

"W'y, it's ole man Blake!" Skibby cried in astonishment. He fairly dived over the head of the leader, who was reaching for the bill with assurances that he would "bring back de change," and jerked the money from the old man's hand.

"Beat it fer keeps," he shouted to the surprised gang, "or I'll call Conlon and have ye all t'rowed in!"

He made the threat as a last resort, hoping to save the old man's money and to avoid a beating himself. Luckily for him, a group of well dressed men emerged from a nearby saloon, and the gang, feeling perhaps that he would appeal to them, made a hurried getaway.

Skibby steadied the old man's steps and by dint of hard work got him across to the next street.

"Dey'd 'a' had yer tenner all right in about t'ree shakes more, Mr. Blake," he said, stuffing the bill into the old chap's purse. "De t'ing fer ye to do now is to go straight home. I'll boost ye on a Harlan street car. Ye'll get pinched if ye loaf around here wid a load on like dis."

A shrewd look showed for a moment in Blake's watery eyes. "I ain't afeered of gettin' pinched now. You bet I ain't! They wouldn't dare to!" he declared with what was intended for a vast significancy.

Skibby managed to get him on the car, admonishing the conductor to let him off at the yards. As he turned from the street car tracks he picked up the paper which the old man had dropped.

He marvelled at two things. How had Blake, who was never known to have more money than to "booze up" on, come into possession of the crisp ten dollar bill and the other crisp bills with which his wallet was packed? What cause had he for saying that the cops would not dare arrest him now?

The Call to Arms.

He had known Blake and the Blake family ever since the Skibbonses had moved from the Dock street commons to their present place. Not, however, that he had an intimate acquaintance with them; he knew the old man by sight only and the others merely by reputation. The family consisted of old Sharon Blake, his son and daughter, and the daughter's two children, girls of twelve and fourteen. The son was serving a two years' sentence in the State prison. The grandchildren, Myrtle and Ethel Davidson, were in the House of the Good Shepherd, out on Lanzford avenue, sent there by Judge Dugane on a charge of incorrigibility preferred by their mother.

But where had poverty stricken, liquor soaked old Sharon Blake got all that money? And why did he say that the cops were afraid to pinch him now? The questions chased themselves teasingly through Skibby's wondering mind.

Continuing his way down town, he unfolded the newspaper for which Blake had so closely escaped a fleecing. The first thing about it to attract his attention was a column on the first page headed:—

AN OUTRAGE ON THE CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS OF CHILDREN.

Tender Girls Held Illegally at House of Good Shepherd Confined There Incommunicado by Order of Juvenile Court.—Writ of Habeas Corpus Application Is Filed.—Some More of Dugane's Dirty Work.

Skibby cripped the paper with tough little fists that suddenly shook. He didn't understand the big words; there was no need. It was all contained in that last sentence. The Machine was striking at the Judge again, striking at him like the cowards they were, because they knew that he was away on his wedding trip and would not return for weeks. Striking at him because he was not there to strike back!

Intent, he read on. The girls in the case were Ethel and Myrtle Davidson. Judge Kilraffy, of the Criminal Division of the District Court, whom Skibby had heard Judge Dugane declare his stealthiest enemy, was to grant a hearing on the following morning.

The paper—which was a machine organ, of course—declared that two innocent little girls had been sentenced by Judge Dugane without a semblance of a trial and committed to the House of the Good Shepherd till they were twenty-one. Not only that, but they were not to be allowed to talk to any one outside the home without a permit from the Juvenile Court! Such a high handed procedure on the part of a judge would not be tolerated anywhere else in the civilized world. But there were still a few unadvertised but nevertheless true friends of helpless children, and they would teach Dugane that the rights of such children were not to be trifled with. The public might rest assured that the little girls would be promptly set free and their names disentangled from the ignominy of such dastardly judicial procedure.

The article was of great length. It was full of technicalities intended to impress the ignorant, but so adroitly was it worded that the most ordinary of readers would have no trouble in understanding that Judge Dugane was charged with crimes worthy of Weyler himself at his worst! Just who the "unadvertised but nevertheless true" friends of the Davidson girls might be the machine organ was careful to keep to itself.

Skibby determined to let his errand wait. He hurried to the Juvenile Court room. Judge Clews, the young man who was sitting in Dugane's court during the latter's absence, was not in. Nor would Skibby have consulted him had he been there. He wanted to talk to somebody better known to him. The new Judge's bespectacled, rather stern face, so different from Dugane's, was not particularly conducive to easy approach.

In the corridor he came upon Conlon, the Juvenile Court special officer. Had he heard of the new trouble they were cooking up for the Judge? Skibby asked him anxiously. Well! Hadn't he? Hadn't he just that moment been served with a subpoena from the District Court!

"It's like sticking a knife into a man when his back is turned!" he declared vehemently. "They'd never dared do it if the Judge had been here."

Skibby Explains.

Skibby lost no time in telling him of his encounter with Sharon Blake.

"Maybe we'll find out what he has to do with it to-morrow morning," Conlon said—"and maybe we won't," he added significantly after a moment's reflection. "They're not going to damage their case if they can help it. Just what they expect to stick the Judge up with I don't understand. I took those girls down to the Good Shepherd myself. They were sent there at their own request and their mothers' as well. And I tell you they were mighty glad to go. The home they had was something fierce!"

Conlon hadn't much time to talk with Skibby. There was a multitude of things concerning to-morrow's trial that needed looking after, and he wanted to be fully prepared.

There seemed nothing else for Skibby but to go home and await developments. He could at least pour his worry into his mother's always willing ears, and maybe his father, when he came from work, would suggest some little thing that could be done to aid the absent Judge's cause. Oh, if they could only talk to the Judge himself!

"They're a smooth lot, all right," his mother said excitedly when she had seen the paper. "They lay low till the Judge gets clean out of the country and then they're up and at 'im agin! The dastards!"

When Skibby's father heard the news he declared it was no more than was to be expected. "They're never asleep, that gang at the City Hall," he said, "and, mind you, they don't always tackle the judge with the hope of really cinching anything on him. Nearly everything they try blows up on their hands, as doubtless they know it will. The point is that they want to discredit him by their mudslinging. If you always keep readin' in the papers that a man has been doin' dirt here and dirt there and dirt everywhere the first thing you know you find yourself believin' some of it in spite of yourself. That's the game they're always worked on the Judge. Mebbe they've used old Blake and mebbe they've got. It looks suspicious, though. By the way, some one was tellin' down to the mills today that the old man's son has been loafin' around their shack in the yards for mor'n a week. It's reported he's out on parole."

This piece of news concerning Tim Blake's freedom excited Skibby's curiosity almost as much as had Sharon Blake's sudden affluence. He immediately determined to go down to the yards and see if there wasn't something that might be unearthed to the Judge's advantage.

The Blakes lived in one of those habitations which make one wonder sometimes what the difference really is between human and the higher animals. Their shack huddled precariously on the edge of the Harlan street railroad yards, surrounded by a narrow fringe of hovels like itself that had not yet been forced off the right of way.

Skibby found the old man draped over a dilapidated chair before his door. One glance was enough to show that he was "carrying the same load" that he had acquired earlier in the day. Behind him, stretched full length on the cluttered floor and snoring loudly, was a man whom Skibby surmised to be the convict son. The daughter, the mother of the Davidson girls, who made a pretence of keeping house for her brother and father, was nowhere to be seen.

"Howdy, Mr. Blake? I see ye got home all right," Skibby ventured by way of a starter.

The old man eyed him dully. He evidently had forgotten all about his strenuous experience with the newsboys a few hours ago.

"It's sure a wonder de cops didn't levy on yer jag," he resumed, seeing that any finesse of introduction would be lost on the old man in his present condition.

"Eh?" Blake demanded, rousing with maudlin belligerency. "Cops? Huh! They won't bother me. But we're to lay low, Timmy and me. Dimmick was here. We promised Dimmick—till the girls is out—we're to lay"——

The man on the floor turned at the sound of the father's trailing voice, opened his eyes and yawned.

"What do you want?" he demanded surlily, his glance falling at once on Skibby, but the latter was already engaged in a swift fight. He didn't care to account for his presence to the younger Blake.

It was a minute before Skibby could place Dimmick. Then he remembered. Dimmick was the new secretary of the Humane Society. For the first time in all the years of that ancient organization the machine had succeeded in dictating the appointment of one of its officials. Dimmick, in the few months since his appointment, had worked in opposition to the Juvenile Court. Instead of the unfailing cooperation and help that had been extended the Juvenile Court by Dimmick's predecessors Judge Dugane had met with nothing but complaint and hypercriticism from Dimmick himself. Down in the courtroom Skibby had once heard the secretary's attitude discussed by Judge Dugane and his associates.

Solving the Problem.

When Skibby returned home he found that his father had got a later edition of another paper.

"I see just as plain as day how the Blakes come into this," Skibbons said upon hearing the result of Skibby's trip to the yards. "Dimmick and old man Blake signed this petition to get the girls out, so this paper says. Dimmick's goin' to get them away from the Good Shepherd and make as big a roar as possible while he's doin' it. The 'grandfather' part looks well in the petition and in the papers. 'Two innocent little girls sentenced without any trial!' Torn from the arms of a lovin' grandfather!' But you can bet the lovin' grandfather will be kept out of the way till the case is cinched ag'in the Judge. So will the innocent little uncle that's out on parole. Why? Because the people'll do some talkin' when they find the little girls have been taken out of the Good Shepherd and turned back on a gang of sweet-smellin' relations like that! That's the reason. The people would never stand for it. So the Blakes must lay low—a while—till the Judge is soaked by a higher court that's got it all fixed up for him. That's the reason the old man has been sugared to keep out of the way."

"Well, daddy, wot's to be done?" Skibby asked impatiently.

"That's what we want to know," Mrs. Skibbons declared, in her eyes the fighting look that Skibby liked so much. "Sure, it seems we could get some action fer the Judge!"

But Jack Skibbons could give no suggestion. The Judge had no end of friends among men of position and means, and they were doubtless doing all that could be done in his absence.

Skibby wasn't satisfied to let it go at that. Everybody's business was nobody's business, he knew from experience as well as from hearsay. If each friend of the Judge thought that some other friend was fighting the Judge's battle, then it was not difficult to foresee how the battle would end.

He tried desperately hard to think just what the Judge himself would do, but not till almost bedtime did it suddenly pop into his head how the Judge would act under the circumstances. His father had gone down town to a meeting of the Carpenters' Union and there was only his mother to confide in, but she gave her immediate consent to his plan.

"Be careful, laddie," she cautioned him when he was ready to go. "Don't start nothin' that ye haven't got plenty help to see ye through."

Skibby hurried down town to the office of one of the few local newspapers that had not opposed Judge Dugane. He wanted to see John Ellsworth, the man who usually reported police and Juvenile Court news.

Ellsworth was away on his vacation, but would not Mr. Talbot, his substitute, do just as well? Skibby was asked.

He said that he would and was shown to Mr. Talbot. He had seen Talbot at different times in the Juvenile Court room. Talbot was a cleanly built, strong faced young fellow, who, coming to the city from a small country daily, was working desperately hard to make good. Fortunately for Skibby, the cub reporter had a tremendous admiration for Judge Dugane, who had extended him many favors.

He had, of course, seen the report of the habeas corpus application, but he had not known what Skibby told him of Blake and his money, nor had he heard of the son's return on parole. He supposed the whole affair would "blow up" as usual. But Skibby's story opened just the change for the sort of counter attack the Judge would have gloried in. Talbot wondered if he could afford to let the chance slip.

"Wait here till I have a word with the old man," he said to Skibby, and hurried away. What the "old man" told him must have been to his liking, for his young face shone and his black eyes snapped with the zest of his plan.

"Come along, kid," he said; "we'll have to hustle."

It was very late that night when he took leave of Skibby and hurried away to catch a downtown car.

Mrs. Skibbons was awake and waiting for her boy. "Well, laddie?" she queried anxiously.

"It's all right, mammy. We goes down to de yards, and everyt'ing plays right into our hands. Wot ye t'ink? Somebody swiped all de ol' man's 'wad!' Tim tells him dat he saw a cop take it from him while he's asleep, and Tim skips, 'cause de cop'll lay it onto him. Dat's de pipe dream he plays up, and de ol' man stands fer it! Course Tim swipes it himself, but his daddy ain't wise to it yet. Dey'll be somethin' doin' in de mornin', all right!"

He could scarcely wait till the next morning when the carrier brought the paper. With trembling fingers he unfolded the still moist sheet, fearful lest Talbot at the very last might have been "turned down." But it was all there, on the first page, just as they had planned it.

First, there was a sketch of the Blake hovel, one of Sharon Blake and another of his convict son. The story of the Blake family followed. The return of Tim Blake, his theft of his father's mysterious "wad" and the old man's sudden contempt for the police were "played up" with all the skill of the modern newspaper writer.

What life must mean in such surroundings was made plain in startling detail. It was unthinkable that a civilized community would permit children to remain in such a place a single day! The jeopardy of the Davidson girls was emphasized by clinching, straight-from-the-shoulder blows that might have been delivered by the Judge himself. The writer knew nothing and cared less for the legal technicalities involved. He did not obscure his so-called "heart interest" by arguments either for or against Dugane. He was concerned with the future of two little girls. In the name of Humanity, let them stay where they were!

All About the Girls.

Skibby was somewhat disappointed at first because there was so little concerning his hero and so much about the girls. It didn't take him long, however, to see the wisdom of it. The Judge himself would have had it just so.

Well, they had at least used the weapon which the Judge always invoked—publicity. They had turned the first trick, one of the Judge's own kind. They had still another up their sleeves, and the next few hours would tell whether or not they had won.

With his mother he went early to the District Court. The courtroom was almost filled when they got there, and there was a positive reassurance in some of the faces Skibby recognized—faces of men and women who had grown old in the city's charities and well-doing; faces that he had often seen in the Juvenile Court when children's welfare was at stake. How shrewd Talbot's appeal had proved!

In the foreground of the audience were some of the officials of the Juvenile Court—the Davidson girls, the mother superior of the House of the Good Shepherd, Dimmick and his attorney. Skibby did not expect to see Talbot. Talbot, he knew, was about more important business.

The clerk of the Juvenile Court was called first, but was soon excused because of the fact that he had been absent when the "trial," as Dimmick's attorney sneeringly called it, was held.

The first witness of any importance was Conlon, the special officer. Dimmick's attorney at once took him in hand.

"Who drew up the information charging these girls with being incorrigible?" he demanded.

"I did," replied Conlon quietly.

"Who swore to the information?"

"I did."

"From your own knowledge?"

"Yes, and from the statement of the mother."

"You were instigated by the mother?"

"No, not instigated, assisted."

"Oh," with a sneer. Then, "Did a stenographer make a record of the testimony in this case?"

"No. A stenographer is not usually employed in juvenile cases unless the attorneys request it."

"Were the defendants present at the trial?"

"No."

"Was the hearing in chambers?"

"Yes."

"Who waived for the children the right of trial by jury?"

"The mother did."

"The court order imprisoning those girls for a number of years was made by word of mouth, wasn't it?"

Conlon looked the attorney over contemptuously. He had learned late the night before that some one had given the machine a "hum hunch" that no commitment had been made in writing. "There was a written commitment, signed by the deputy clerk, as you may learn if you care to put him on the stand," he said.

"Oh!" There was more surprise than sneer in it this time.

"By what authority does the Mother Superior hold those children incommunicado? Yours?" sarcastically.

"I don't know. That's something she may tell for herself."

The Mother Superior was put on the stand next and the question as to her authority to hold the children incommunicado was repeated.

"I do so under the authority of Judge Dugane," she said, her splendid old eyes meeting the attorney's unflinchingly.

"He gave you the order?"

"I requested it."

"You—you requested it?"

"Yes, to protect the girls. This man Dimmick was continually trying to talk to them, and for no other reason in the world but to make trouble for Judge Dugane. He has no actual interest in their welfare. The order was intended to last only so long as he persisted in making a nuisance of himself."

After the explosion of this little bomb the Mother Superior was excused. The attorney looked reproachfully at Dimmick.

The next witness came unsubpoenaed and unexpected to any one in the courtroom except Skibby and his mother. It had cost Talbot ten dollars and five hours' work to get him there. He had pushed his way almost to the Judge's desk before any one tried to stop him. He was old, bestial, besotted.

He leaned toward Dimmick with a leer on his shaggy face. "Hello, Dimmy," he hiccoughed familiarly. "How comin'? Get 'em out, huh? Nice girls. My girls—sure we get 'em out."

A bailiff sprang forward and drew him hastily out a side door. Dimmick was the color of skimmed milk.

There was silence—the silence of a menace—in the tense throng while Dimmick's attorney finished his half-hearted argument.

Skibby's eyes were fixed on Judge Kilraffy. What would he do? Was he so lost to common decency as to grant a petition like that? Had the appearance of the bestial old grandfather counted for nothing? Was the Judge so gagged and bound by the Machine that they could compel him to act as his own political executioner?

For a long time Kilraffy surveyed the rows of grimly critical faces before him; then he spoke, clearing his throat as if his message were a difficult one.

"The petition is denied," he said simply.

Skibby could have shouted. He was not thinking much of the girls and the haven they would have henceforth, but of this act sustaining the man whom he had so long enshrined in his heart.

"Mammy," he said, after they had filed out with the crowd, "de people dey can do anyt'ing, can't dey?"

"Yes, laddie," she said, earnestly. Then her irrepressible humor asserted itself. "Yer pa says it do be that that makes baseball umpirin' such dangerous business," she added with a smile.

"Beat it fer keeps!" he shouted to the surprised gang.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF MARK TWAIN.

"ONE of the characters mentioned by Mark Twain in his inimitable story of travel rose to affluence in trade in Constantinople because he had been enshrined in the record," remarked a veteran globe trotter at a recent dinner. "It was inevitable that the patriotic Americans who visited the Golden Horn would pay a visit to Faraway Moses, impelled by both sentiment and curiosity and still prepared to bring away some souvenir of the visit. Now that the distinguished humorist and philosopher has passed away there will come in time parties of globe trotters who will follow his trail around the globe and see with an interest warmed by deep affection the things, places and peoples he described with so much wit and charm of narrative.

"They still tell a story of Mark Twain in Cairo, which has to do with his perplexity while visiting the Pyramids with two Arab dragomen. The humorist never wrote it himself, so that it may be given for what it is worth. He knew enough of Arabic to fill the needs of an interchange between himself and the natives, but what was his surprise to discover he could not understand a word that his guides uttered! He was in a dilemma, because he desired to make some researches and it was imperative that he converse with these men, who were informed on much that he wanted to know. And what puzzled Mark Twain most was that never up to this time had he had any trouble in understanding Arabic. Try as he would he could not make out what Hassan and Abdul were trying to tell him.

"Fortunately at the Pyramids he met a friend, to whom he explained the situation. The friend looked the two Arabs over from a distance and then looked puzzled. 'Wait here,' he said to Mr. Clemens, 'and I'll go and speak to those chaps and see what's wrong. Probably they are trying to talk to you in English.'

"The humorist watched him as he walked over to the guides, who had been talking animatedly but who fell silent as he approached. The American said something to them and they both answered him, saluting respectfully. He broke into a hearty laugh, wheeled and retraced his steps to where the author of 'Huckleberry Finn' awaited him.

"'Could you make out what they said?' asked Mr. Clemens.

"'Fairly,' said the American, 'but the solution of the mystery is easy.'

"'What is it, my boy? Let us have light.'

"'Why,' Mark Twain's friend replied, 'your guides have no teeth. They speak gum Arabic!'"

THE LOST HINT.

"SOME men are inconceivably stupid where women are concerned and seem unable to use even the A, B, C of logic," remarked a society matron in the tea room of the Waldorf recently. "This summer likely will be productive of just as many Cupid cases, but none so badly handled as one of last summer in which I was consulted. A charming young man was attentive to a very charming girl, and one afternoon when they suddenly returned from a canoe trip he sought me, visibly nervous and perturbed.

"'I want to ask your advice,' said he. 'I'm afraid I've mortally offended Ethel!'

"'How so?' I asked.

"'Well,' said he, 'we were almost in the middle of the lake and I had ceased paddling, and as I looked at her, with the sunlight glorifying her hair and the rich color glowing in her cheeks, it seemed that I had never before seen such a bewitching girl. I know I was foolish, but I could not help saying, "If we were not in this canoe I'd kiss you." She replied, quick as a flash:—"Take me ashore instantly, sir." So we came back.'

"'And—' said I, waiting for him to continue.

"'That's all,' he replied. 'And now I suppose she'll never speak to me again.'

"'If that is all,' I retorted, 'you don't deserve to be spoken to again, blockhead.'"

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

WHILE a bitterly waged war was in progress in Washington among the women of a well known organization, in which there were two militant camps, many cruel, biting things were said by the one of the other. A gracious matron, noted for her consummate tact and the skill with which she handles difficult situations, essayed the part of peacemaker, with the result that, being a person of nice discernment, she at once abandoned the plan.

She called on Mrs. Brown, who was the candidate against Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Brown complained bitterly that her opponent had wilfully misrepresented facts and showed certain infirmities of taste and temper, for which there could be no excuse.

"Well," said the ambassadress, who was friendly with both leaders, "you should not let the passion of politics narrow your horizon, my dear. You should be broad visioned enough to make reasonable allowances for what you consider unlovely harshness. You fail to reason that Mrs. Jones' age may be telling on her."

"What ingratitude!" ejaculated Mrs. Brown. And the tactful woman knew that her mission was futile.

A PAGE FOR MISSES

The GIRL CANOEIST AND HER SUMMER CRAFT

PICTURESQUE and Healthful Sport a Popular Summer Pastime

Two in a Canoe

Off for a Spin

The Canoeist's Paradise

The Camping Girl Must Know How to Paddle

CANOEING has always been a popular sport with young girls, partly no doubt because of its picturesque possibilities and the fact that it fits in so nicely with a great many summer diversions. It is much more interesting than rowing a bateau and more adaptable to social diversions than rowing a shell, so that it is much more popular with girls than either of those pastimes, and while it does not give the perfectly harmonious physical development that either swimming or rowing does, if these arts are properly pursued, it is a very excellent way of increasing the muscular development and adding to the general stock of good health. More and more are girls taking up this sport with every season, until it is really becoming rather rare to meet a girl who has not some skill with the paddles, and a girl who knows nothing of a canoe, even how to get into one and to sit in one properly, will be apt to find herself the exception at the usual camp or house party.

There is one thing to remember when one is about to take up the sport of canoeing, and that is its danger to those who do not know how to swim. Every girl who wants to be a canoist should first learn to swim, if she does not already know how, unless she is willing to confine her canoeing exploits to the mildest of small lakes, which better deserve the name of pond, or to narrow streams, where an upset would offer no dangerous possibilities. On a river of any size where there is a strong tide or on any large body of water where a sudden squall is apt to catch one far from shore, a canoe, even when well managed, is an uncertain quantity, and its occupants should always be ready to take to the water at any moment. This is true to some extent of any water craft, but a canoe is far more apt to spill out its passengers at such a time than bateau or skiff, and the fragile craft is much more difficult to manage in a storm that the heavier boats.

THE canoes are now made with air chambers extending along the sides, which are said to render their turning over impossible. All girls who have canoes should be sure that they are equipped with these air chambers, and then they should be quite sure that they know how to swim also.

As with all their belongings, girls who own canoes take much pride in their beauty and perfection. There are very expensive canoes of mahogany, exquisitely finished and monogrammed with gold, not to mention the fittings, all made to order according to the taste of the fortunate possessor. Some of these are fitted with leather cushions, each one of which is monogrammed, and have beautiful pennants and rugs, all carrying out the color scheme to perfection. Linen fittings are also popular, and there are some who prefer to have their canoes fitted with North American Indian rugs—a large one for the bottom of the canoe and smaller ones of the same coloring and design for the cushions.

If a specially made canoe, fitted out according to some special design in the manner described, is secured the price may reach many hundreds of dollars, but, after all, canoeing is a sport which does not call for the expenditure of much money. The mahogany canoes, exquisite as they are in the shop, look no better in the water than the much cheaper cedar canoes, and the dealers themselves will tell you that they must be covered with canvas if they are to stand wear as well. A remarkably elegant canoe is apt to show every scratch, and the owner may suffer a great deal of annoyance when the shining craft the perfection of which she has been so proud begins to show the blemishes which are bound to come with use. A well made cedar canoe of a pretty shape and neat finish is considered the best investment for the average girl.

Those who have had most experience in canoes recommend green as the best wearing color, because the water does not leave such a noticeable mark on a green canoe. The natural wood finish seems to show wear very soon, contrary to one's expectations. White and red are the favorite colors after green, but the color is, of course, a matter of individual taste, and it is pleasant to see variety of color on a stream much frequented by canoists. A good many girls also select their canoes with some idea of the background they will afford to their own looks or style of dressing. White and green makes as pleasant a summer color symphony as one may imagine, but if a girl usually wears dark blue and white on the water instead of all white she will find a blue, a white or a natural wood canoe prettier. No girl to whom the color is not becoming should indulge in a red canoe, because as the fittings of the canoe match the outside color in those which are most tastefully furnished it really is very important that the color should be becoming.

GIRLS who are attached to any particular college, either as students or because a relative or friend is a student there, often use the college colors for their canoes, regardless of whether they are becoming or not. The Yale blue is a popular and attractive canoe color, but the Harvard red does not come out so well, because it seems so difficult to secure the proper shade, and it is really a rather too heavy shade of red for the water. The Princeton colors make a stunning canoe and the red and blue of the University of Pennsylvania are very handsome when carried out in the American Indian rugs and cushions. The pale blue and white of Columbia College is seen very frequently in canoes and looks exceedingly cool and pretty, especially when the canoists are all in white.

What to wear in a canoe is a question first of ease and second of looks. No girl can paddle a canoe comfortably who is not clad comfortably for her work. Although the task of getting such a light craft along looks an easy one, it is extremely tiresome to the novice unless she have absolute freedom of movement. The position of the arms in using a double paddle, and no other should be used, as the use of a single paddle results in a one-sided development, is very tiresome to the beginner, and there should be no restricting clothing to bind the figure so that reaction is difficult. Many girls who have found paddling a canoe so tiresome at first that they have given it up before properly mastering the art would not have been discouraged so soon if they had not been hampered by their clothing. No stays should be worn by the girl canoist, and the exercise is wonderfully effective in hardening the muscles of the figure at the waist and above the waist so that stays will not be necessary even when wearing another style of gown than the canoe costume. If a girl keeps her figure perfectly firm and upright she will probably be able to go without stays all her life and present quite as trig an appearance and a much more supple and beautiful one than if she wore them. Vigorous paddling is one of the exercises which will help her to do without these hampering garments.

In some places and under some circumstances girls make a practice of going out in their canoes hatless and in their bathing suits. This is great fun, but it is a sure way of getting terribly burned up, and not every girl can afford to scorch her arms, neck and face in this fashion. A beautiful, fine skin never quite recovers from a summer of this sort of recklessness, and it is possible to have just as good a time without losing one's roses so completely. For the brunette who has a dark, oily skin the glare of the sun is by no means so dangerous, and for the girl who has a dull, sallow skin it frequently does a great deal in the way of beautifying, but the blond girl whose complexion is her chief charm should wear a long sleeved waist which protects her from the sun, a collar or a handkerchief knotted around her throat and a hat with a brim which turns down all around. The hat should not be a wide, straight sailor which catches the wind, as this is uncomfortable and inconvenient in a canoe, and it will be quite as much of a protection if it be not very wide, provided the brim turn down.

THE canoist should wear a very short skirt, a loose belt and an easily fitting bodice, with sleeves that are neither tight nor cumbersome and that are very loose at the armholes. White tennis shoes are considered the best sort of footwear. A canoing costume that is very popular this summer consists of a short white linen skirt made without pleats, a white linen "middy" blouse, heavy white stockings and tennis shoes and a white canvas or panama hat, trimmed only with a narrow band of colored ribbon and worn turned down all around. Unless one is ready to sacrifice an endless number of white linen skirts, however, this is an impracticable costume, for every one who has ever been much around boats knows how mysteriously, in spite of every precaution, they manage to begrime one's skirt, and a white linen skirt must be spotless to be possible. Many girls therefore have a short, plain blue serge skirt, with which they wear white "middy" blouses trimmed with blue. Khaki skirts, blue linen skirts and those of natural colored linen are also worn with the white "middy" blouses. The "middy" blouse is by far the most useful and the most attractive style for girls to wear for canoing, because there is no belt and the skirt underneath may be hung from the shoulder, thus insuring absolute freedom of movement. By the younger girls sailor suits are worn, but these are not usually becoming to girls who are almost grown.

In some localities girls who are canoe devotees are in the habit of taking out tea baskets in their canoes and making a cup of tea on board, after the manner of the English punting sisterhood. This is very pleasant when it is possible to draw one's bark up on shore, or, if the voyage is taking place on a shallow pond, but it seems a little dangerous in midstream on a large body of water, for there are lurking possibilities of canoists and tea baskets being precipitated into the water in the excitement of the preparations, not to mention the danger of fire from the alcohol lamp. The thermos bottle for cold or hot drinks en route and the friendly shore if one insist upon the services of the tea basket is the wiser plan.

Pretty Dower Chests Easily Made

NOT every girl who goes abroad can afford to purchase and bring home a genuine dower chest of carved mahogany, walnut or antique oak, but it is quite possible to procure on this side of the Atlantic very attractive looking receptacles for the gradually accumulating store of napery and household linen. Usually the most satisfactory plan is to have the box made to order by some carpenter and then have it decorated according to fancy.

If a girl is collecting blankets as well as linens the dower chest should be of red cedar. This wood is expensive, but it is so beautiful when polished that no ornaments other than ponderous brass handles and a lock will be needed.

A very good imitation of an old English dower chest can be made by having a box of hard wood coated with an antique oak stain, studded with huge wrought iron nails and fastened with a massive ring lock.

If a girl admires mission furnishings she may readily find a sole seat sufficiently large to accommodate her household plenishings and have it trimmed with narrow strips of plain silver washed metal and equipped with a silvered lock.

Many of the sole leather trunks stored in the attics of old time houses are quite large enough to be used as dower chests and are well worth the expense of repairing. Usually the hinges must be replaced, the remnants of straps removed and a key made especially for the ancient lock, but the leather will be as good as ever it was and a coating of oil will make it glisten like a new shoe. If you chance to have a Revolutionary ancestor, dig up his army or sea chest. It will be an oblong affair with a projecting lid, sole leather hinges and handles and a brass lock. If made of oak, cedar or walnut have it thoroughly cleaned, oiled to bring out the grain of the wood, polished by hand with beeswax and then decorate its front with the crest of the original owner.

The girl who does leather or brass work may have as stunning a dower chest as she will take the trouble to decorate. All she need do is to decide upon a design for the corner pieces, handle and lock frames, and, having made them, get a locksmith to attach them to whatever sort of plain box she may fancy.

Ponderous dower chests are so difficult to move and take up so much space that many girls prefer something less cumbersome. Very pretty and entirely satisfactory boxes of this sort are of white enamelled wood decorated with hand painted Dresden or Delft designs, black or red lacquer finished or neatly covered with matting or denim and bound with leather.

VERANDA FURNISHINGS.

FOR the ideal veranda the decorators are now recommending Windsor chairs, armchairs and settles and French fibre rugs, which come in brown and green in very charming colorings.

The Windsor chairs are to be had in the original at very moderate prices considering their age and in very good reproductions at even more reasonable rates. The French fibre rugs which have proved so very satisfactory for veranda use are made from grape vine fibre by the French peasants. They are very durable. There are also the Celtic rugs, which come from Scotland and are in a variety of colors, most of which are decidedly vivid.

The veranda tea table which is supposed to harmonize most admirably with the Windsor chairs is the Jacobean round table, which, although very expensive in the antique, is to be found in creditable reproductions. Then for the lighting of this quaintly furnished veranda there are wonderful lanterns of frosted glass and brass. These in the original are rare and correspondingly expensive, some of them costing several hundred dollars apiece. There are, of course, many varieties of lanterns which even among the genuinely old are quite inexpensive.

SOCIAL AMENITIES FOR THE SCHOOL GIRL

THE life of many summer resorts of to-day is centred entirely about a club house, which is the natural meeting place of young and old. Here every one in the community comes, the young people for tennis and golf, the older ones for bridge and gossip.

So absolutely a part of the place is the club that those who do not belong are cut off from almost every interest and gayety, so that it is necessary for even the children of the summer colony to be listed on the club books as junior members.

Frequently it is the young girls and boys, the college youths and the girls who are to come out in a year or two, who derive most from the club through its tennis courts, golf links and other forms of fun and exercise which really make up the summer life of boys and girls of this age. It has been necessary for this reason to waive all prejudice against young people spending a great part of the day at so public a place as a club house, and the juniors now have become an important consideration in country club life. They must not, however, abuse this privilege.

A young girl should still bear in mind that she should not monopolize a tennis or squash court for hours at a time without making sure that there are not some older persons waiting to play. Apart from the question of respect and consideration due to older persons, the question of selfishness comes in here strongly. Does she wish to keep the pleasure for herself indefinitely to the absolute exclusion of another's enjoyment?

A younger person should remember, too, that just because she is frequently on view, so to speak, at a public club house she stands out rather conspicuously and it will be an easy matter to be much criticised and quickly disliked if she forgets that she is really there only on sufferance and has not equal rights with the senior members.

At all times young people should be as inconspicuous as possible, but it is particularly urgent that at the country club they should conduct themselves so as not to attract attention. A noisy group of young people "fooling" together in one corner of a veranda will not excite envy but only comments on their ill breeding.

If they must laugh and carry on they had best go elsewhere for their fun, for the club is the resort of older people and not of those who by their actions show themselves to be the merest children.

There is something in the whole influence of club life which seems to be strangely demoralizing.

Girls who ordinarily are noted for their charming manners and deportment seem to feel that the club is a place for freedom, where natural respect for their elders is unnecessary and where, since their way is paid, they need exhibit none of the small courtesies and marks of politeness due to those about them.

It is just as necessary in a club house as anywhere else for a young girl to offer her chair to an older woman even if she is not personally known to her. Nor should the young people use all the chairs to the exclusion even of older men, who naturally feel the club house to be their rightful domain.

It is is often difficult at a hotel for a girl to determine just what rule of manners to follow. Temporarily the hotel where she is staying is her home, in which she feels she should be free to do as she will in so far as she does not interfere with any one else. She is not wholly independent here, however. She must constantly watch lest she enjoy herself in a manner so noisy that she disturb those about her. As anywhere else, she must not take the best place on the piazza without first offering the chair to some old lady, perhaps, who cannot move about and find an equally attractive resting place elsewhere, as can an agile young girl.

The conduct of the girls, and boys, too, in most country places, which is so criticised and put down to the bad manners of the present generation is due almost entirely to thoughtlessness. It is hard to think of all the little things when one is having an especially good time, but the girl who stops to think of others and remembers to consult the pleasures of older persons is sure to have her good breeding appreciated. As the person who truly loves could not do a wrong act, just so the girl who is instinctively kind is at all times well bred. And it is in all the little actions, not in any great big way, that true refinement and breeding are shown.

Bonbon 'Cups Made from Napkins

VERY attractive little cups for ices or bonbons may be made from paper napkins if one wishes to decorate a luncheon table inexpensively or to make attractive the sweetmeat booth at a summer bazaar. The making of these charming little cups is entirely a matter of folding, no stitching or pasting being necessary, and the work takes only a moment. There are now so many designs in paper napkins that one may make a selection pretty much according to one's own fancy, but for the paper cups it is better to have a design that encircles the napkin or covers it nearly all over rather than one which is only in one or two corners. Flower bordered napkins are especially good for the cups.

As paper napkins are somewhat irregular, it is necessary at first to get the centre accurately by folding the handkerchief catacornered and then catacornered again. Then unfold it and the centre will be marked.

The first fold that you make after getting the centre in the manner described is to turn all the points of the handkerchief in to the centre, leaving the decorated side out. Then turn the handkerchief and again turn all the corners in toward the centre. Without turning over the handkerchief turn the corners in toward the centre for the third time. Then turn over the handkerchief again and turn the corners up to the centre once more.

The folding is now all done. To shape the cup place the folded handkerchief over the bottom of a tumbler which is placed upside down on a table. The side of the handkerchief which should be uppermost is that which shows four squares. Then turn down each of the four points over the glass, pulling them a little, which will not hurt the paper and will make a better cup. As soon as you have pulled down the four outer points four more points will be exposed, which are also to be pulled down. You have then a cup with eight points. This may all sound very difficult, but if you start out following the directions in order you will find the process extremely simple.

If these are to be used for ices there are little cardboard cups which will fit inside. If they are to be used to hold bonbons no cups are necessary.

MOSS COLLECTING.

THERE is a craze this summer for collecting mosses, and a most fascinating fad it is, as the search for mossy treasures means wonderful excursions into the very heart of the woods. Like other of her delicate children, Nature guards her most beautiful specimens of moss in secret places, and the girls who are bent on making their collections interesting as well as valuable will search diligently with gratifying results and be astonished at the number of varieties they can get in whatever part of the country they are.

At one of the large resorts where a noted professor of botany is staying there is great rivalry among the girl moss collectors, due to the fact that the professor has offered a prize for the best collection submitted to him by the middle of the summer, the prize to be a liberal donation in the winner's name to a fresh air fund for which the girls are to raise money by means of a fair.

All the collections are to be exhibited at the fair, where they are sure to be a unique and much admired feature. No doubt if it were suggested to them elders in many places would emulate the professor, and girls who are now only collecting for fun might make their lovely mosses a means of helping to provide country joys for tenement children.

For Every Boy and Girl

THEIR ONE VETERAN

By ALICE MILLER WEEKS

SOFT May breezes showered the pink and white of the apple blooms gently down from the gnarled old tree at the corner of the side porch. One daintily curled petal floated light as a fairy shell, and came to rest unnoticed on the bowed gray head of Grandpa Jones sitting in his old armchair beside the porch railing.

Robins and orioles flew here and there, busy with nest-building; the air was sweet with the odors of spring. But there was no sign of human companionship, save in the still bent figure in the battered arm-chair. Lower and lower drooped the silvered head. The old man's shoulders shook convulsively, and from between the shaking fingers covering his wrinkled face tear-drops fell unheeded. Presently, a slender, girlish figure, in a fluffy white dress and with fluttering ribbons of red, white and blue, came hurrying down the road and across the soft spring grass.

"Grandpa! *Dear* Grandpa Jones!"

Betty's voice was full of distress. With blue eyes wide with dismay she had stopped short, panting a little for breath, for the day was warm and she had been running.

The old man raised his head. In a moment he was encircled by a pair of loving arms.

"Didn't—didn't ye go with the others, Betty? Why—why—what's happened, dearie?"

Grandpa Jones wiped his eyes furtively, and slipped his handkerchief hastily into his coat pocket. It was of no use; Betty's loving eyes were too quick for him.

"Grandpa Jones, you were crying! Now, tell me this instant, sir, what was the trouble?"

One girlish arm still rested upon his shoulders, and Betty shook a threatening finger in her grandfather's face, on which smiles and tears were struggling for mastery. Smiles won, of course; who could withstand Betty's laughing eyes? Not grandpa Jones, who loved her so.

"'Twa'n't nothing, Betty dear," he protested, but Betty's small hand was promptly laid across his lips.

"Now, I know better, Grandpa Jones! I *know* you wanted to go? I knew it all the while! Why shouldn't you, when it's Memorial Day and you were in the war, your own very self, I should like to know? I told them that, but they said you never cared to go anywhere and you'd be all tired out, and the buggy was crowded anyway, and all that stuff. But I just couldn't stand the thought of you left here all alone, and so when we got to the Crossroads I slipped out and ran all the way home to you. I'd lots rather have my Decoration Day here with you than to see all the parades in the country, or sing in the chorus, either, Grandpa dear."

Betty snuggled closer and laid her rosy cheek against Grandpa's silver hair. She spoke so stoutly that even he forgot how dear to her loyal little heart were the flags and banners, the patriotic songs and spirited band music of Memorial Day; and how momentous had been the making of that very white dress. But that, of course, had been when Betty had expected Grandpa Jones would go with them.

"Now, you'll tell me about it, won't you, Grandpa?"

Betty perched herself comfortably on the arm of the old chair, blowing away the pink and white petal, which floated down to join the drift of apple-blossom snow lying across the fresh green grass. "Tell me some of your very best war stories, won't you, dear?" she went on. "No, I don't want to see the parade, I tell you! I'm lots happier, right here with a really, truly soldier, don't you see? It's soldiers that Decoration Day is *for*, Grandpa."

There was no resisting Betty's coaxing ways. Ever since Grandpa Jones had sold the old homestead and came, nearly a year before, to make his home with his son Charles, it was Betty, of all that large, well-ordered household, who had stolen into the man's heart and seemed to understand his loneliness and need for love. A dear and sweet sympathy existed between the imaginative young girl and the broken old soldier.

And so Grandpa Jones cleared his throat, drew a little nearer the shade of the blossoming apple-bough, and began.

The spring sunshine filtered softly down through the leaves, crowning with light the silver head. Animation brightened the faded eyes, the bent shoulders straightened. Grandpa Jones was a soldier once more. Shouldering an imaginery musket, with head erect and eyes flashing, he sprang to his feet and paced to and from down the length of the long porch.

"Splendid! Splendid!" cried Betty, picking herself up from the floor, where she been unceremoniously rolled by Grandpa's sudden move. "What a splendid soldier you must have been, you dear!"

Neither had noticed the approach of a carriage nor the click of the gate, till a hearty masculine voice chimed in:

"Brava! Bravo!" A pair of white cotton gloved hands clapped enthusiastic approval, while Betty and her grandfather stood speechless with astonishment.

A tall, uniformed man, wearing a resplendent badge, stood beside the steps. He smiled and lifted his plumed hat with a courtly bow, which won Betty's heart at once.

"Our committee learned this morning," he began by way of explanation, "that a real veteran has come among us. Sergeant Jones, I am commissioned to request you to occupy a place of honor at the head of our parade. We'll have everything as comfortable as possible not to tire you. It is what our parades have always lacked—the presence of a real soldier of the Civil War. Will you consent to come?"

The sudden change from war reminiscences to this unexpected request bewildered Grandpa Jones. Betty, however, always ready to accept miracles, jumped up and down and clapped her hands in delighted excitement.

"Oh, Grandpa!" she cried. "You won't only see the parade—you'll be in it—the very nicest part of it all! Oh, Grandpa, it's just too lovely to be true!"

"Aren't you going?" the stranger asked, looking at Betty's gala dress. Probably he had a daughter in that chorus, she thought. But before she could reply Grandpa was himself again, and explained briefly how she had left the carriage at the Crossroads and come back to him.

"Well, she'll not be left out either," the committeeman said, with a smile. "Now, have you an old army-coat, Sergeant, or a musket—anything, you know, to make the affair seem more real to the spectators?"

In a twinkling Betty was up-stairs, pulling out the faded uniform and batered musket she knew and loved so well. Almost before he knew it Grandpa Jones was arrayed in full regimentals. With the donning of the old uniform all signs of weariness and despondency vanished. He walked with Betty to the waiting carriage with firm, steady tread, holding his head high. They were soon flying down the road toward town behind a pair of handsome bays.

Along the main street of Blankton all sorts of vehicles stood waiting while throngs of expectant people jostled one another on the sidewalks. Memorial Day was a great event and all the country around turned out to witness the parade and listen to the band and the speeches. Some unaccountable delay seemed to have occurred. The parade was late in starting.

"I declare" said Betty's father, turning in the democrat wagon to speak to Mrs. Jones, sitting on the back seat, "I don't feel right about father being left this way. It's too bad Betty's had to give up the singing and all, too. She'd been looking forward to it a long time."

"Well, he'd have been all tired out," Betty's mother began, but a rumor running through the crowd caught their attention.

"There's an old soldier—a veteran—going to be in the parade. That's what's made them so late. They didn't know about him till the last minute."

"Oh, why didn't we bring father!" Mr. Jones exclaimed. "I'm afraid we've been making a mistake, Anna, thinking he's too old for such things. How he would have liked to see another war veteran. I wish we could go back after him. I wonder who the other soldier is, anyway?"

"Hark!" cried the boys. "There's the band! It's coming—oh it's started at last!"

Silence settled down over the throngs of people straining their eyes to catch the first glimpse of the shining, glittering instruments of the brass band of Blankton, which from time immemorial had always headed the parades. A new element of expectancy was added by the floating rumors of the coming of a representative of the Civil War soldiers.

"Hail, Columbia!" blared forth in stirring measure as the band drew nearer and nearer, but all eyes were instantly fixed on an open carriage immediately following the big bass drum. The carriage was elaborately draped with folds of red, white and blue. Wreaths and festoons of flowers hung from its sides, and, with Old Glory proudly waving above him, an old soldier in faded blue sat enthroned on the cushioned seat. Very straight he sat, an old-time musket on his shoulder and the undying fire of patriotism shining in his eyes, as the inspiring strains from the gleaming instruments fell on his ears. By his side and holding fast to his unoccupied hand, sat a pretty young girl, in a fluffy white dress, decorated with fluttering ribbons of red, white and blue.

Intense silence at first hailed the approach of the carriage—then a voice from the succeeding carriage, where road the members of the commitee, broke the spell:

"Three cheers for Sergeant Jones, veteran of the Civil War!" called the voice. "Now! One! Two! Three!"

Cheer after cheer resounded all along the line. Flags were wildly waved. Betty held closer to her grandfather's hand; but he, unmindful of the battle and excitement, gazed calmly forward, living in memory other days and other scenes, beside which the present was but a dim reality.

"Why, it's father—God bless him!" said a sudden, broken voice, when, through a blur of tears, Betty's father gazed on the glorified figure beneath the floating Stars and Stripes. His wife made no reply, beyond a muffled sob and a vigorous wiping of her eyes. But the two boys climbed to the seat of the democrat wagon and cheered and cheered till they were hoarse.

Wreaths and flags were reverently laid upon the dozen scattered graves in beautiful Oakwood, where rested the soldier boys of whom their people were so proud; and then Grandpa Jones, now "our esteemed fellow-citizen, Sergeant Jones," responded to a request for a speech. Gravely mounting the draped grand-stand, he stood before the people in the old uniform, which had seen such service in defense of his country, and made a personal appeal to every heart in behalf of the country he loved, and eloquent of tribute for the brave sons, his own comrades, who had laid down their lives for her sake. When he finished, men, women and children pressed forward to grasp the old soldier's hand and to thank him with tear-dimmed eyes for his inspiring words. Betty's heart was so thrilled with loving pride that smiles and tears mingled and blended strangely on her rosy face.

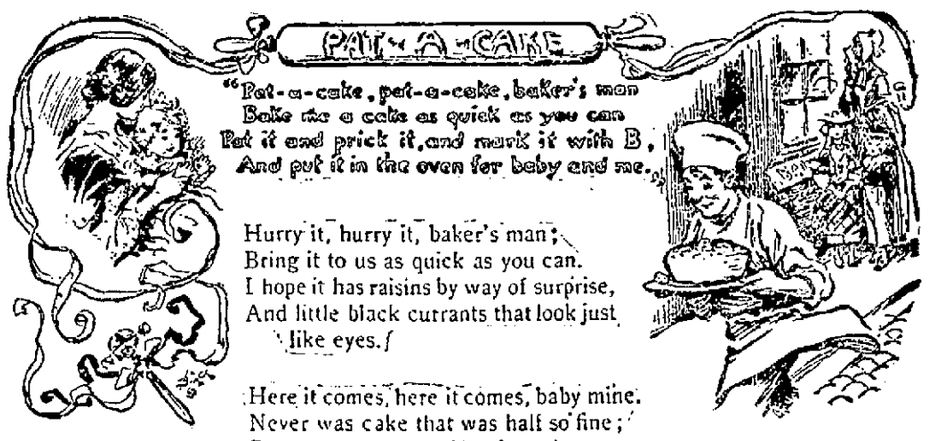
The democrat wagon jogged homeward behind the carriage in which Sergeant Jones and Betty were being driven back to the porch and the apple-blossoms. Father and mother were silent, each busy with thought, but in the back-seat the boys were talking it over.

"I tell you what," cried Phil with shining eyes, "I never realized before what a hero Grandpa Jones has been."

"Yes, and is," added Robert. "I tell you, Phil, it's a fine thing to have a hero for your own grandfather. I mean to let them see we appreciate him, and I'm going to try to grow up to be as brave and good as he is, too."

"And so am I," cried Phil. "I'm proud of Grandpa Jones."

"Amen," said the father softly. "It shan't be only Betty who appreciates him now."



"Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man
Bake me a cake as quick as you can
Pat it and prick it, and mark it with B,
And put it in the oven for baby and me."

Hurry it, hurry it, baker's man;
Bring it to us as quick as you can.
I hope it has raisins by way of surprise,
And little black currants that look just like eyes.

Here it comes, here it comes, baby mine.
Never was cake that was half so fine;
Brown as a berry, and hot from the pan,—
Thank you, oh thank you, you good baker's man!

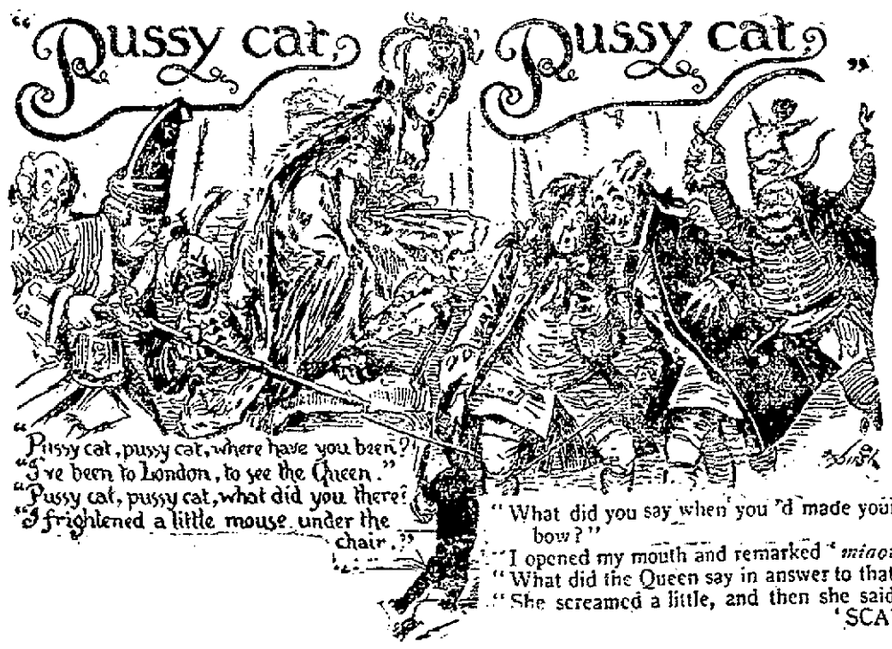
BRUSHING TEETH

All little boys and little girls,
Remember this, I pray,
To brush your teeth both morn and eve
And do it every day.

Remember in the morning, please,
To brush your teeth with care.
It 's best, I think, to do it, just
Before you brush your hair.

TANGLED HAIR

When you fix your hair
Tangles, bear in mind,
Must be combed with care;
And it 's best, you 'll find,
Not to tug and pull and hurry,
Putting tempers in a flurry,
But a gentle girl to be;
Then they come out easily.


"Pussy cat, Pussy cat,"
"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?
"I've been to London, to see the Queen."
"Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
"I frightened a little mouse under the chair."
"What did you say when you 'd made your best bow?"
"I opened my mouth and remarked 'miaow.'"
"What did the Queen say in answer to that?"
"She screamed a little, and then she said,
'SCAT!'"

IN THE NANCY BELL

By FANNY ADAMS WILKES

BACK of the barn, where the cherry-trees threw cool shadows, lay the "Nancy Bell." Propped upon blocks of wood, she pointed her jib-boom toward the haystack, her rudder toward the hen-house, and stood immovable in a sea of weeds. The "Nancy Bell" was a big, broad sailboat that had been used to carry passengers between Dunville and Port Maitland. She was cast aside because people preferred to go to town on the noisy little tug rather than trust themselves to uncertain winds and the stalwart "Nancy Bell." But the useful days of the "Nancy Bell" were by no means over for one summer some children came and stayed at the farmhouse, and when they discovered the big boat, a few days after their arrival, they shrieked with joy, and scrambled into her without further waste of time.

"I'm the captain!" shouted the oldest boy, and the other cried, "I'm first mate—the rest of you can be passengers."

"All aboard!" bawled the captain, and took his place at the rudder.

"Hurry up!" called the first mate. "Can't you get aboard! Climb on to the fence, first, and take hold of the cherry-trees."

"Help me get the baby up," panted a small girl who had grown red in the face in her efforts to lift up a smaller sister.

"Wait a moment, Doris. Now boost her and I'll take hold of her hands and pull her in—there!"

"All on?" inquired the captain. "Let out the sails, Ray."

"Aye, aye, sir." Then a puff of wind rustled in the cherry-trees and the "Nancy Bell" sailed away.

"Fine breeze, Captain," said the first mate.

"Yes, it's all right. If she doesn't lie down, we'll get to Dunville in half an hour. Look out for the center-board, ladies. Reef the sails a bit, Mate."

"How's that? All right, Captain?" asked Ray, pulling at imaginary sails with a great display of energy.

"All right," grunted the captain, and munched a bit of hay in perfect imitation of Mr. Dow, who was captain of the "Lucy," and took the summer boarders out on the lake.

"Aren't we almost there?" asked Doris, swinging her legs over the side of the boat.

"Almost."

"Out *now!*" said the baby, and climbed kitten-fashion on to the deck.

"Wait a moment," commanded the captain; "we'll be there in a jiffy."

"Out *now!*" repeated the baby, pounding the deck with both fists.

"Here we are," and with a good deal of swagger the captain made a supposed landing at the supposed Dunville wharf. When the passengers were all out, the captain began preparations for the return trip.

"Ray and Charlie come on," called Doris, suddenly reappearing from behind teh hen-house. "Dennis is just going across on the ferry, and he says we can go."

"All right." And the ship's crew swung themselves ashore, and deserted the good bark "Nancy."

The Port Maitland ferry was a large scow, which was worked by hand. The ferryman turned a crank and slowly, laboriously, the scow with its load moved across the river. Dennis was very fond of children, and when they reached the opposite shore he leaned against the railing and opened the conversation engagingly.

"I hear you're sailing the 'Nancy' this season. I used to run her two years ago. Many passengers last trip?"

"Why, yes," answered the would-be capain, lounging beside Dennis. "Business good so far this season."

"Good, Good!" I'm glad to hear it. I guess I'll take a run up on her tomorrow, if you let me know when she starts."

"Have you any little children, Dennis?" asked Doris, coming close.

"They're not very little any more. I've got three strapping big boys. I had a little girl like you, once, and I lost her, and I lost the only picture I ever had of her, too. Well, children, here comes a team, and I guess we'd better be gettin' back quick, or your mother'll be wonderin' where you are."

The next day the children sailed again on the "Nancy Bell."

"There comes Dennis," cried Ray. "He promised to take a trip with us—Oh, Dennis!" and in another moment Dennis was swinging himself aboard. It was a fortunate thing that Dennis arrived when he did, because the captain and first mate presently fell into a very warm dispute.

"You're all right, Captain," said Dennis, soothingly, "and so are you, Mate. The back one *is* called the main-sel, and that front spar the jib-boom. That's the cockpit below, and this is the deck." Thus peace was restored. Soon after, Dennis was obliged to leave, because a wagon-load of people came along and called to him to ferry them across. The game dragged a little after that.

"What are you doing down there, Doris?" asked Charlie, sharply.

"Oh, just poking around in these cracks with a rusty hat-pin I found."

"Well, stop poking, and sit up like a lady if you want to be a passenger on this boat." But just then Doris gave a cry.

"Oh, goody! Look what I found!" and she held up a small gold locket.

"Let's see it," cried the boys, and pressed close to Doris' side.

"Now, don't you keep it, 'cause I found it, and it's for a girl anyhow."

"I won't keep it; I just want to see if it opens." And as Charlie pressed the tiny spring, the locket flew open and disclosed the picture of a little girl about Doris' age on one side of the locket and a little locket of brown hair on the other.

"I believe it's the picture of Dennis' little girl," said Doris solemnly. "There he comes back on the ferry."

"Dennis!" she caroled: "Dennis!" and flew to meet him, her face rosy, alight with happy excitement. "Look, look, Dennis! Isn't this your little girl?"

"It—sure—is," said the man, and the big hand shook a little as it held the locket. "Where did you find it?" he asked, turning it over in a dazed way.

"In the boat," answered Doris, capering about. "Aren't you glad I found it?"

"Well, I just am. But the missus'll be fair crazy, she'll be that pleased. She never saw it. I bought the locket for her two years ago—she felt so bad when the little one died—I had the picture set in it, and was keeping it for her birthday, and then on one of the trips I lost it."

"Let's go right up to your house now and show it to her," laughed Doris, tugging at his hands. "I want to tell her all about how I found it in the 'Nancy Bell.'"

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